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CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXIX.

ART.	Page
I.—1. Passages of my Life—by Frederick Charles Ferdinand Baron of Müffling.	
2. Memoirs of the Prussian General of Infantry Louis Baron of Wolzogen.	
3. Recollections of the War Times. By Frederick von Müller.	
4. Commentaries on the War in Russia and Germany in 1812 and 1813. By Col. the Hon. George Cathcart	1
II.—1. Popular Guide to the Royal Botanic Gardens of Kew. By Sir W. J. Hooker, K.H.	
2. Kew. Report of the Director for 1850.	
3. Hortus Kewensis; or a Catalogue of the Plants cultivated in the Royal Botanic Garden. By the late William Aiton.	
4. Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Perspective Views of the Gardens and Buildings at Kew in Surrey, the Seat of Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales. By William Chambers, Member of the Imperial Academy of Arts at Florence.	
5. The Botanical Magazine. 1787-1851	- - - 34
III.—1. Nasology; or Hints towards a Classification of Noses. By Eden Warwick.	
2. Polycletus:—or On the Proportions of the Human Figure, according to Sex and Age, with the Natural Dimensions by Rhenish Measure; with a Treatise on the Differences between the Features of the Face and the Form of the Head in the various Races of the Earth. By G. Schadow.	
3. The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression, as connected with the Fine Arts. By Sir Charles Bell, K.H.	62
IV.—1. The Authorship of the Letters of Junius elucidated. By John Britton, F.S.A.	

5623

ART.	Page
2. Junius, including Letters by the same Writer under other Signatures. With new Evidence as to the Authorship. By John Wade - - - - -	91
V.—1. Report to the Board of Supervision on the Western Highlands and Islands. By Sir John M'Neill, G.C.B.	
2. Letter to Sir John M'Neill on Highland Destitution. By W. P. Alison, M.D.	
3. Letter to Lord John Russell on Sir John M'Neill's Report. By Dr. Mackenzie - - - - -	163
VI.—Notes by Sir Robert Heron, Bart. - - - - -	206
VII.—The Roman States, from 1815 to 1850. By Luigi Carlo Farini. Translated from the Italian by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for the University of Oxford - - - - -	226
VIII.—Révision de la Constitution. Paris [n. d.] - - - - -	257

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXX.

Art.	Page
I.—Sir Roger de Coverley, by the Spectator. With Notes and Illustrations by W. Henry Wills	- 285
II.—The Garland. By the Hon. Horace Walpole	- 311
III.—Diary of General Patrick Gordon, during his Military Services with the Swedes and Poles from 1655 to 1661, and his Residence in Russia from 1661 to 1699	- 314
IV.—1. Alfred: an Heroic Poem. By Joseph Cottle.	
2. King Alfred: a Poem. By John Fitchett.	
3. Napoleon: an Epic Poem. By W. R. Harris.	
4. Sacred Incidents, doctrinally considered and poetically described. By Psychologist.	
5. Luther, or the Spirit of the Reformation. By the Rev. R. Montgomery, M.A.	
6. Jesus: a Poem in Six Books. By H. Stebbing, D.D.	
7. The Wars of Jehovah, in Heaven, Earth, and Hell: in Nine Books. By Thomas Hawkins, Esq.	- 333
V.—1. Catalogue of the Contents of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.	
2. Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate Animals. By R. Owen, Hunterian Professor.	
3. Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals. Part I., Fishes.	
4. A History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds.	
5. A History of British Fossil Reptiles, &c. &c. &c.	- 362

ART.	Page
VI.—Notices sur les Voyages faits en Belgique par des Etrangers. Par Isidoor Hye - - - -	413
VII.—1. A Treatise on Naval Gunnery. By General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B.	
2. Observations on the Past and Present State of Fire-Arms. By Col. Chesney.	
3. Observations on Muskets, Rifles, and Projectiles. By Henry Wilkinson, M.R.A. and M.S.A.	
4. Des Nouvelles Carabines, et de leur Emploi. Par Favé, Capitaine d'Artillerie - - - -	445
VIII.—Conservative Principles and Conservative Policy. By Ed. W. Cox, Esq. - - - -	492
IX.—1. The Grenville Papers; being the Correspondence of Richard Earl Temple, K.G., and the Right Hon. George Grenville, their Friends and Contemporaries. Vols. I. and II.	
2. Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries, with Original Letters and Documents now first published.	
3. History of England from the Peace of Utrecht. By Lord Mahon. Vols. V. and VI. - - - -	503
X.—Histoire de la Restauration. Par A. de Lamartine. Tomes III. and IV. - - - -	543
XI.—Two Speeches delivered by the Earl of Derby, in the House of Lords, on the 27th of February and 15th of March, 1852 - - - -	567

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—*Aus meinem Leben, u. s. w.—Passages of my Life, by Frederick Charles Ferdinand, Baron of Müffling, otherwise by name Weiss.* Berlin. 1851.
2. *Memorien, u. s. w.—Memoirs of the Prussian General of Infantry, Louis Baron of Wolzogen.* From his MSS. Leipzig. 1851.
3. *Erinnerungen, u. s. w.—Recollections of the War Times of 1806—1813.* By Frederick von Müller. Brunswick. 1851.
4. *Commentaries on the War in Russia and Germany in 1812 and 1813.* By Col. the Hon. George Cathcart. London. 1850.

OF all the subsidiary materials upon which the writer of history, the man who analyses, weighs, and compares, can place reliance, the posthumous memoir has perhaps the most chances in favour of its value. With respect to the great transactions of an eventful period, the persons most competent to afford evidence are not seldom the least willing to speak out on this side the grave; and such is perhaps the case with none so much as those who have borne a prominent part in warlike affairs. The spirit of comradeship, which had its early growth in the barrack-room, clings to the soldier through his active career, and follows the veteran into retirement. The accidents of professional employment and of social intercourse alike keep him in contact with many to whom the publication of what he knows to be true might be, to say the least, unpalatable. We have had access to more than one military MS., written by men whose names would be a guarantee for knowledge, veracity, and justice—for every claim on belief short of infallibility. There was not one among these narratives the author of which could have entered the United Service Club with comfort to himself two hours after its appearance on a bookseller's counter. He is on the best of terms with the mutilated K.C.B. who is dining at the next table. He knows him to be a brave and worthy gentleman, but was present when he clubbed, or overmarched, or undermarched his battalion, or committed some blunder which all but compromised the issue of some bloody day. The unhappy

incident may be too important to be omitted from any faithful record. Thirty years may have elapsed, and still the white-haired one-armed phantom rises, with a score perhaps of others, between the chronicler and the publisher. The historian, worthy of the name, will commonly wait for at least that period before he settles himself to his work. It is indeed easy to gather from the Gazettes of the day and other official sources facts enough to load the shelves of Paternoster-row with Histories in a dozen volumes. The numbers of killed and wounded—the guns which either party took into the field and brought out of it—these and many other essential particulars may be collected and classified and put into exquisite language by any clergyman without a cure, or lawyer without a brief, who feels himself inspired to the task; but the result will no more be recognized by the initiated as a fair and sufficient picture of the past than the French bulletin from which it is in part derived. The human mind craves something more than a superficial knowledge of results. The best materials for its satisfaction may come slow—but they come at last. The statesman, and especially the soldier, the depositaries of the real history of the events in which they were principal actors, mute through life, are often eloquent after death. The memoir, shown, perhaps, by its author to at most one or two intimates, is bequeathed either for immediate or still deferred publication. Our view of this subject is well illustrated by the German press. It is not long since the sister of General Clausewitz, not without some hesitation, sanctioned the printing of his very valuable lucubrations. It is but yesterday that those of Wolzogen and Müffling have followed.

The two latter are the works of men who, without the highest ostensible command, were privy to all the secrets of head-quarters, and exercised a strong practical influence over the movements of colossal armies. Both abstained from speaking out while surrounded by those to whom the disclosures required by truth might be unwelcome; both reserved those disclosures for a time when the grave should have received alike themselves and their fellow actors in the great drama. We venture to assert that no general history of the wars of Europe from 1812 to 1815, composed without access and reference to these, and such works as these, can have any claim to enduring trust and estimation.

Such posthumous evidence must of course be taken with due reference to the character maintained through life by the witness, and with all allowance for the fact that he cannot be subjected to cross-examination. The first of these tests may be courted on behalf
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of the chief testimonies now before us with all the confidence due to soldiers and gentlemen of known service and untarnished reputation. The unavoidable imperfection of their evidence under the second head must be supplied by comparison with other sources of information and with each other. It will be found that one narrative occasionally corrects the other—but far more frequently that they meet on common ground only to corroborate each other with all the force of unconcerted accord.

We have to thank Colonel Cathcart for a work so far of a different complexion—inasmuch as he, having been, in virtue of his youth, rather an intelligent and impartial observer than an influential actor, can afford to publish in his own lifetime his personal reminiscences, with the pregnant comments which subsequent experience and study have enabled him to append. English writers on strategy are rare. We owe Colonel Cathcart's solid and unpretending volume a notice, and he will not be ashamed of the company in which we have placed him.

Of the foreigners on our list General Müffling will obtain the most attention in this country. The surviving companions at least of the Duke of Wellington will welcome with interest *his* reminiscences of 1815.

Frederick Baron von Müffling was born about the year 1775, for he describes himself as thirty years old in 1805, at which date he was married and had three children. His education had commenced, as he takes occasion to lament, at a period when—thanks to Frederick the Great—all that was considered necessary for a young officer was comprised under the single head of fluency in the French language. His father, a veteran of the Seven Years' War, submitted implicitly to this anti-national system; and as the *Docenten* in vogue taught French entirely by ear, and not by grammatical rule, the instruction of Müffling's boyhood was very limited. He lived to regret but not to repair the absence of that solid intellectual substratum which is usually obtained through the medium of the dead languages. A natural taste for mathematics saved him, however, from many dangers and temptations of youth; and after ten years of active service on the Rhine he took to these with such success that he was appointed to assist the astronomer Zach, in a survey of Thuringia. At the close of three years thus spent, his good fortune attached him to the staff corps, and gained him the patronage of that eminent patriot and scientific soldier Scharnhorst.

General Müffling at the outset lays down two rules for himself, his strict observance of which ought to be imitated by all who follow him in this path of literature. He promises to narrate

in detail nothing but what he saw, heard, or thought at the time of the occurrence. With respect to that which he did hear and see, he passes lightly over all which has become notorious from other sources. We scarcely know a work of its class which would so little bear abbreviation or omission of passages. We certainly know no German autobiography so utterly exempt from twaddle. In pursuance of the second rule he dismisses the actual campaign of Jena with a sentence, though, as serving on the staff of Prince Hohenlohe, and admitted to the confidence of the Duke of Brunswick, he was more than a witness of that great transaction. He gives, however, some graphic pictures of the councils which were held in the Prussian camp, and some delineations of the character and resources of the men who undertook to meet Napoleon in the field, which would alone suffice, if other evidence were wanting, to explain the disaster that prostrated his country at the feet of France. Before the commencement of hostilities he had been attached for a while to a corps pushed forward, under General Blücher, to observe the movements of Marshal Bernadotte. Here he had found opportunity to note and admire the alert movements of the French infantry. He saw even their colonels marching with no wardrobe but what the knapsacks on their shoulders could contain; while the officers of a single Prussian battalion required fifty horses for their personal accommodation. He reported this observation to General Ruchel, soon to be distinguished for his large share in the defeat of Auerstadt. The General replied, 'My friend, a Prussian gentleman does not go on foot.'

The Commander-in-Chief and those next in authority are thus introduced to us :—

'The Duke of Brunswick enjoyed in his seventy-third year a remarkable degree of bodily activity and freshness of intellect, but had become mistrustful and circumspect to excess. He wanted simplicity in the discharge of his business; and events had so far outgrown his stature that he was led by instead of leading them. He had accepted the command in order to prevent the war. I can assert this with confidence, because I heard it repeatedly from his own lips at moments when his subordinates had been aggravating the difficulties of his position, or indulging in practices behind his back to which he was anything but a party. At times, when I in strict confidence had been suggesting to him methods for enforcing and maintaining obedience, his ill humour vented itself upon the culprits in the plainest and bitterest descriptions of their peculiarities. He would call Prince Hohenlohe a vain and weak man, who suffered himself to be governed by Massenbach; Ruchel a *fanfaron*, Mollendorf a stupified dotard, Kalkreuth a cunning intrigue-monger, and the subordinate generals, in the lump, a parcel of talentless *Routiniers*—concluding uniformly, "and it is with

with such a set we are to encounter a Napoleon! No: the best service I can do the King will be if I can succeed in keeping peace."—p. 15.

Prince Hohenlohe, at the moment he appeared on the scene, was endeavouring to suppress an active fit of gout by fierce friction with opodeldoc, which betrayed, by its perfume, the secret of his ailment to those who frequented his head-quarters.

It is easy from sketches like these to divine the causes of the huge discomfiture, and to appreciate the infatuation which led Prince Louis and the war party of Berlin to believe that the traditions of Frederick the Great had in themselves virtue sufficient to afford a certain victory over the conquerors of Russian and Austrian armies. To understand, however, the full extent of that infatuation, it is necessary to collect from other sources a knowledge of the real condition to which a reliance on these traditions, and the lazy neglect of the War department, had reduced the army itself, from which so much was expected. A narrative which furnishes these particulars has been recently published, under Government authority, by Colonel Höpfner, of the Prussian General Staff. It is founded throughout on official documents, and exhibits, in scarcely credible detail, the vices of organization which brought the Prussian army into the field in a condition disgraceful as to equipment, with officers averaging, in their several ranks, double the age of their respective opponents, and with troops incompetent, in respect of tactics and movement, to cope with the agile and manageable masses of the French. While the Prussian march was encumbered with the officers' horses above mentioned, with poultry-carts, and even with pianofortes, the men took the field in autumn without cloaks. The muskets of whole corps were so worn in the barrels that ball had for some time been forbidden as dangerous. The best equipped troops, however, in the world must have failed when guided against Napoleon by such councils as that which this author describes as taking place at Erfurt. Those who wish to know how nobly the Prussian soldier stood and fought, and marched and starved, under these hopeless circumstances, must follow him from Jena to the Oder, through the pages of Colonel Höpfner.

Müffling accompanied the Duke of Saxe-Weimar through the miserable retreat of the remnant of the Prussian army to its final dispersion or capitulation on the Oder. The Duke had invited him, as a comrade in misfortune, to Weimar; and two years later he procured his discharge from the Prussian service, with the view of profiting by this invitation. The pretty little city, which had for some time been the literary capital of Germany, now became

became the focus of its patriotism, and the centre of intrigues for its emancipation, which foiled the scrutiny of the French police. Müffling, attached to the person of the Duke, was the confidant and active instrument of these machinations. They were pursued under the very eye of Napoleon, who, in 1808, fixed upon Erfurt as the place for receiving, as a guest, the Emperor Alexander. Müffling had the painful task of acting, on the part of the Duke of Weimar, as master of the ceremonies for arranging, in concert with the French officials, the fêtes of the occasion. One of these displays was, indeed, a strange device for cementing that friendship with Alexander which had been so carefully blazoned at Tilsit: it was a distribution of decorations and promotions to a French regiment which had specially earned these distinctions by its conduct against the Russian guards at Friedland. The ceremony lasted two hours, and the Czar was kept in attendance on it, in the hollow square in which it was conducted, till the last cross had been awarded. The Grand Duke Constantine, less patient, slipped out of the circle. Other specimens of the faithful reflection of the tone and bearing of their master, on the part of his subordinates, are given. All was borne quietly for the time.

Another posthumous memoir has lately appeared, that of the Chancellor F. von Müller, who at this period had frequent and familiar intercourse with Napoleon himself and the most marking men of his suite. The volume is rich in anecdotes of all these personages. Among its most curious relations is the statement that, during the festivities of 1808, Müller received from several Frenchmen then and there present the expression of their hopes that Napoleon might find in the resistance of Alexander a limit to the further indulgence of his measureless ambition. From Müller this intimation was carried to the Duke of Weimar, who, through the Duke of Oldenburg, conveyed it on to Alexander. A long conversation ensued between the Duke of Weimar himself and the Russian Emperor. The latter, after explaining his reasons for adhering to his course of submission, closed the interview with the significant words, 'C'est un torrent qu'il faut laisser passer.'

We beg pardon of General Müffling for introducing here such brief notice as our limits and main purpose allow of the amusing work of this civilian. In the hour of dismay and confusion which followed the French successes of 1806, Müller was employed to plead with the conqueror the cause of his master the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. His brief was an arduous one. His client was in arms in the service of Prussia; and, even when released from his military obligations, proved somewhat intractable and tardy

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in making that full submission which Napoleon was able to exact, and little inclined to dispense with. It is but fair to Napoleon to give him credit for the impulse which would seem to have restrained him from blotting out the state of Weimar, like that of Brunswick, from his revised map of Germany. Something was probably due to his wish at this time to conciliate Russia, but he really seems to have been mainly influenced by a genuine feeling of respect for the character and bearing of the Duchess, Goethe's great friend, who had remained at her capital through all the horrors of the neighbouring conflict, and had received Napoleon on its surrender with a dignity which extorted from him the compliment, addressed to Rapp, '*Voilà une femme à laquelle pas même nos deux cents canons ont pu faire peur.*' The fate, however, of Weimar long trembled in the balance. It was the lot of our Chancellor not only to negotiate with Napoleon in person for its salvation as a state, but to advocate its material interests, as a country under military occupation, with a host of successive French authorities. With all these except Daru, whose harshness was brutal, he seems to have been successful, and not the least so with some of the roughest soldiers of Napoleon's court militant, Rapp especially, and Ney. With others, such as General Clarke, Denon, Maret, his business relations led to lasting intimacies, afterwards cultivated at Paris, and he was admitted a familiar and a favoured guest into the circle of Talleyrand.

Some of the most agreeable pages of the memoir are devoted to the festivities of Erfurt. It was here that before an audience of sovereigns, and their men of council and action, the chef-d'œuvres of the French classic drama were acted by such performers as Talma, Lafond, Raucourt, and Duchesnois. It was difficult, amid the confusion of great names and grand equipages, to preserve intact the rules even of military etiquette. The drums of the guard of honour at the theatre rolled thrice for an emperor, once only for a king. On one occasion the armorial bearings on the Wirtemberg carriage all but obtained the honours due only to France or Russia. The officer was just in time to check the drummer with '*Taisez-vous, ce n'est qu'un Roi.*'

Among those who most keenly enjoyed the verses of Racine in the mouth of Talma was the author's friend, Goethe, of whose principal interview with Napoleon he gives a particular account. Napoleon was not inexpert at cramming for this kind of conversation. Wolzogen tells us how at Stuttgart he captivated the electress, albeit a daughter of our George III., by his remarks on English literature. For Goethe, however, he needed less preparation. Bourrienne mentions the Sorrows of Werther as one

of

of the few books which he took with him to Egypt; and he now assured Goethe that he had read it seven times, accompanying the assertion with some detailed criticism, which Goethe acknowledged to be at once subtle and correct. Turning to the drama, he censured Voltaire's *Mahomet*, pointing out how unnatural it was to represent the religious conqueror as giving an unfavourable description of himself. He condemned more severely the *Fate-Dramas*—*Schicksal-stücke*. 'They belong,' he said, 'to a darker age. What have we to do with Fate? Policy is Fate.' After an interval spent on matters of business with Daru and Soult, he returned to Goethe and the drama. 'Tragedy,' he said, 'should be the school of kings and nations. That is the highest function the dramatic poet can attain. You, for example, should treat the death of Cæsar as it ought to be treated, in a grander style than that of Voltaire's piece. This might be the greatest performance of your life. You should show the world what Cæsar would have done for its welfare; how its destinies would have been altered, if time had been spared him to execute his lofty designs. Come to Paris. I demand this of you. There is the true point of view from which to contemplate the world. There you will find materials for your powers.' After every observation he added, 'Qu'en dit Monsieur *Go-et*?' As the courtly poet retired with his self-esteem fully consoled for the murderous divellication of a diphthong and the suppression of a final *e* in his unpronounceable name, Napoleon said to Berthier and Daru, 'Voilà un homme.'

At a subsequent ball, Napoleon, after a conversation with Goethe, turned suddenly round on the Chancellor, and asked, 'Where is Wieland?' The question was rightly interpreted as a command, and a carriage sent by the Duke soon returned with the invalid veteran. The Emperor went to business with his wonted abruptness. After obtaining from Wieland a somewhat hesitating preference among his own works for Oberon and Agathon, he put a question which he had once at Berlin addressed to Müller the historian:—what period in the annals of mankind he accounted the most fortunate for humanity? Müller had given his verdict for the age of the Antonines. Wieland evaded the question. Greeks had been happy, emperors had been good. Good and evil, virtue and crime, alternated in the history of our race. It was the part of philosophy to make the evil endurable, by giving prominence to the good. 'Bien, bien!'—said Buonaparte—'but it is not just to paint, as Tacitus does, everything in black. True he is a skilful artist, a bold and seductive one, but his only aim was effect. History admits of no illusions. It is her part to enlighten and instruct, not to deal in impressive imagery. Tacitus
has

has not disclosed the causes and inner motives of events, has not investigated the mystery of transactions and ideas, sufficiently to lay the foundation of a fair and impartial verdict on the part of posterity. The Roman emperors were not so bad as Tacitus has described them. In this respect I give by far the preference to Montesquieu; he is more true and more just.'—Napoleon then adverted to the Christian religion and its history, especially to the causes of its rapid diffusion. 'I see in this,' he said, 'a remarkable reaction of the Greek spirit as against the Roman. Greece, overpowered in a physical struggle, recovered a predominance in spirituals by embracing and fostering every germ of good which Providence had scattered on the earth. For the rest,' he continued—here he drew close to Wieland, and held his hand up, so that no other but myself could hear—'for the rest, it still remains a great question whether Jesus Christ ever existed.' Wieland, hitherto a listener, replied with promptitude and animation, 'I know well, Sire, there are some senseless persons who doubt it; but it seems to me as reasonable to doubt whether Julius Cæsar ever lived, or whether your Majesty now lives.' On this Napoleon clapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'Good, good. The philosophers torment themselves to discover new systems; they will seek in vain for a better than that of Christianity, by which man is reconciled to himself, and which gives pledges for public order and the peace of communities, as well as for the happiness and the hope of individuals.' Napoleon seemed well inclined to continue the conversation; but the old man showed symptoms of fatigue, and was considerably released. Müller thinks that Napoleon had heard Wieland spoken of as the German Voltaire, and wished to test the justice of the appellation.

The Chancellor seems to have had the talent to ingratiate himself with the French occupants of his unfortunate country, and with none of them more than with Napoleon himself. The course of this true love did not, however, always run smooth, and before the memoir closes he has to recount one tremendous interview. In April of 1813 the advance of the Allies had reached Jena, while the French were concentrating in haste in and about Weimar. A contingent of Weimar, recently levied by order of Napoleon, had been carried off, and, as the French suspected, with very gentle violence, by a corps of Cossacks, or, as was further reported, of Jena students dressed up as such. Müller had been despatched to Jena, to provide quarters for the French, but, finding it occupied by Prussian hussars, had with some difficulty returned. He was himself so far

far under no charge or suspicion. Two, however, of his intimate friends, councillors and officials of Weimar, had been arrested on their way to join him at Jena without a French passport, but bearing letters in cipher on their persons. They were in the citadel expecting a military trial and a short shrift. The Duke was absent under circumstances of strong suspicion, and Buonaparte was at Weimar, incensed to the utmost, and with little leisure and less inclination to revise or mitigate the sentence of a court martial. It was under these circumstances that Müller found himself one morning trembling in the great man's ante-chamber, and that when the doors flew open he was greeted with the question, 'Where is your contingent?' The Chancellor's attempt at explanation was followed for some minutes by a torrent of menace and invective. 'I must,' concluded Napoleon, 'make an example. This evening the 5th corps will enter Jena. There, on my table, lies the order to Bertrand to burn the town. I am on the point of signing it.' Further discussion and entreaty ensued. Napoleon at last tore the order, but with fearful threats against the *idéologues* and *radoteurs* of the university, against German revolutionists and Prussia. Much steam had now escaped, but the affair of the prisoners was yet untouched. Napoleon approached it with his usual concision. 'The case is simple; they have corresponded with the enemy beyond the outposts—therefore ought to be shot.'—'Their letters,' said Müller, 'were addressed to me; why not arrest me also?'—'I have nothing to say to you,' replied Napoleon; 'I knew you of old at Berlin, Posen, Erfurt.'—'Your Majesty also knows M. von Spiegel. He had the honour to attend on your Majesty as Chamberlain, and to receive marks of your Majesty's satisfaction.' At the word Chamberlain Napoleon drily remarked, 'I see no reason why a Chamberlain should not be hung.' With this explosion the wrath exhaled. Our author was at last dismissed with compliments to the zeal of his friendship, and Berthier was empowered to deal with the case of the prisoners. They were shortly released, but one died of the shock inflicted by his adventure.

To return to Müffling. Through a dreary interval of surveillance and subjection he bided his time, cheered at last by reports, albeit partial and circuitous, of Buonaparte's disasters in the invasion of Russia, till the news of the York defection gave the signal for the return, which he had ever meditated, to the Prussian service. A messenger, despatched with a letter in his shoe-sole to Scharnhorst, brought back, indeed, a reply prescribing delay for a season—but Müffling soon afterwards found means to join his friend and protector at Altenburg. Scharnhorst was actively pressing

pressing on the now united sovereigns the scheme, of which he was in fact the author, of that hasty advance which met its first check at Lützen. Scharnhorst was imperfectly informed as to the strength of Napoleon, and the intelligence brought by Müffling was valuable for the purpose of correcting too sanguine an estimate of the effect of the Moscow campaign on the indomitable resources of France. The project, however, of advance was still warmly pressed and as hotly resisted. Scharnhorst had carried the Czar with him, but both were well nigh overruled by the counter influence of the Russian peace party, headed by Kutusoff. From this they were relieved by the seasonable death of that incapable, debauched, and effete old man.

Müffling saw at Lützen his protector, Scharnhorst, borne from the field with a wound which, though considered slight at the time, carried him off a few days later at Prague.

Scharnhorst was succeeded in his functions as chief of the staff, which amounted to no less than the real direction of the Prussian main force under the nominal command of Blücher, by General Gneisenau. A great portion of Müffling's volume consists of a running commentary on the operations of the army, as swayed by this able and influential person. It must, we have seen it suggested, be taken with the allowance due, not only to pretty frequent difference of opinion, but also to permanent differences in character and disposition, which made the two men congenial to each other. Gneisenau, no doubt, had endeavoured to procure the appointment of his friend Colonel Clausewitz to the Quartermaster-Generalship of the Silesian army, and was little pleased at the selection of Müffling for that post. They were not, however, either of them men to sacrifice the service of their country to petty jealousies, and they worked throughout honestly and well together. Müffling's criticisms are founded on very intimate knowledge of facts, and, we must add, we really can detect in them no traces of rancour. In comparing Scharnhorst with Gneisenau, he speaks of both as remarkable for determination and perseverance in pursuit of their objects—but of the former as a cautious and calculating preparer of the means—of the latter as more adventurous, disposed to underrate the strength of his antagonist, and to rely on his own eventual resources at the critical moment.

The most conspicuous of the Prussian actors in this great drama, the man of the exigency, Blücher, receives much illustration of his peculiarities from Müffling's pen. His influence in strategical movements and plans of operation may be quoted at zero. At all times, however, his moral influence on the spirit of

of the army was immense, and could have been replaced by no other commander. When actual collision occurred, his personal qualities found their application and displayed their value. His contempt of danger, however, often degenerated into obstinacy; and his propensity to boastful harangues sometimes led him into positions which he was reluctant to abandon and unable to maintain. A striking instance of this is given in the author's narrative of the battle of Bautzen. The previous battle of Lützen had been fought without a commander, or rather with half a dozen. At Bautzen the allied movements were directed by Alexander, and did, on the whole, no discredit to his military talents.

At the close of the first day's action Colonel Müffling was desired to attend the council held to determine on the orders for the morrow. The King of Prussia was absent, and Blücher is not mentioned. He was probably represented by Gneisenau. The Emperor was attended by Wittgenstein, who was still senior general of the Russian forces—Barclay having only just arrived, and having declined to assume the chief command till after the battle—and by the chief of the Russian staff, Diebitsch.

'The Emperor,' says Müffling, 'announced his conviction that Napoleon, who was inferior to us in cavalry, would attack our left in the mountainous ground and outflank us. I respectfully expressed my doubts; and being asked my reasons, I made an exposition of the features of our position on our right, which showed that that quarter was the favourable point for Napoleon's attack. I showed that, unless we extended our right wing as far as the windmill hill at Gleime, and occupied that height with a strong battery, Marshal Ney would be before us at Weissenberg, through which ran the chaussée to Gorkitz, the line of retreat for our right wing and centre. The Emperor did not abandon his idea as to Napoleon's line of attack, but admitted my reasoning as to the position of our right wing. He asked the generalissimo, "How strong is Barclay?" Wittgenstein replied, without reflection, "15,000 men." The Emperor asked me, "Are these sufficient?" On my reply in the affirmative, Barclay received orders to occupy the post in question.'—p. 37.

The battle commenced, and the weight of Ney's attack upon Barclay soon confirmed Müffling's anticipations.

'An aide-de-camp of the Emperor brought General Blücher the order to despatch me to Barclay. I found him at the windmill hill, where a strong battery was just opening its fire. I made him acquainted with the conversation of the previous evening, and that the Emperor, as he had 15,000 men, reckoned on the fulfilment of his commission. *Barclay was silent.*'

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The force of Ney meanwhile developed itself, till both Barclay and Müffling estimated his masses in sight at 40,000 men.

‘Barclay invited me to enter the miller’s house, and bolted the door with much formality, while the balls from Ney’s batteries were riddling the building. You believe, said he, that I have 15,000 men with me, and the Emperor believes the same. The moment is too important for longer silence. I have just 5000, and I leave you to judge whether I can hold out against the force you see in my front.’

After describing his utter consternation at this announcement, which affected the key of the allied position, every hope of victory, and every chance of retreat, Müffling continues:—

‘I looked at my watch: in twenty-five minutes they would be in possession of the mill. I galloped back to the Kreckwitz heights, reported facts, and showed the danger of our position. My wish to confine my communication to the General-in-chief and Gneisenau could not be gratified, for it had become the practice to communicate everything in hearing of all the officers at head-quarters. *A bad practice.* During my absence with Barclay the troops had taken their ground on the Kreckwitz heights. Gneisenau had formed an opinion that these were strong—impregnable even. A little exaltation was the consequence, and Blücher had delivered himself of some of his inspiring harangues to the battalions, in which he designated the Kreckwitz heights as a second Thermopylæ. I knew nothing of these antecedents. My foam-covered horse was a signal for all to come within hearing. I had nothing for it but to say with lapidary concision of style, “General Barclay cannot hold the windmill-hill. He demands a reinforcement which will not avail him, and which we cannot spare. He will therefore retire behind Baruth, so that the enemy may not reach Weissenberg before us; but we lose by this the cover of our right flank, and must take our measures in all haste.”

‘Gneisenau considered my views as not worthy of attention. Blücher treated the assemblage to another spirited harangue, which was received with loud applause, and had the effect of postponing the measures necessary. A little later I found opportunity to explain to Gneisenau alone my views in greater detail. He fell into a gloomy silence and assumed a show of incredulity. Barclay, as I had foreseen, was scattered like dust. I had wished to see Preitz occupied. This measure had been considered unnecessary. I galloped thither, and was received with a volley from the enemy. Nothing remained but to employ the reserve (four battalions of guards) to retake that village. Napoleon was moving against our front under a heavy cannonade. The Russian artillery attached to us (twenty-four 12-pounders) had engaged at too long a distance, and had expended its ammunition. Battery after battery dropped off to the rear. On our right flank, Ney was advancing with a great deployment of front towards the unoccupied heights, which there could be no question of disputing, as our reserve was already engaged.

‘Blücher,

‘Blücher, with Gneisenau and his staff, remained in the hottest cannonade, calmly observing what they could not prevent, the process of our being surrounded. After their recent discourses they could not command, they could at best consent to, a retreat. As Ney, after long hesitation, at length began to mount the heights, I drew out my watch, and said to General Blücher, by whom Gneisenau was standing, “We have still a quarter of an hour, in which it may be possible to escape from our difficulty; later than this we are surrounded. If we lose this opportunity, the cowards among us will surrender—the brave will die fighting, but unhappily without the slightest profit to their country.” There was a silence. Gneisenau was deeply agitated. He spoke at last: “Colonel Müffling is right.” Blücher consented to retire, and we escaped, taking the direction of Klein Burschwitz.’

It is to be noted, that though Blücher in this case risked his own person and the fortunes of his country rather than admit the practical refutation of his own eloquence, the calm obstinacy with which he clung to his position when the danger had become imminent saved the army. It produced a hesitation in the French movements which enabled the Prussians to reach Weissenberg before Ney.

Of the kind of service which Blücher was always ready to render, the following passage affords a capital example. A battle was to be avoided, and for this purpose it was necessary to cross the Neisse (p. 79):—

‘Some delay of York’s corps had produced a stoppage at the bridge, and an engagement at a disadvantage was unavoidable, unless the entire cavalry of the rearguard could pass a ford, to which, from its depth, they had little inclination, but remained, contrary to orders, impeding the passage of the bridge by the infantry. In this embarrassment I suggested to the General-in-Chief to set the example. Without a moment’s reflection he plunged into the stream up to the saddle-bow, followed by his staff. The cavalry could no longer hesitate, and under the protection of a 12-pound battery gained the right bank without the loss of a man.’

Whatever were the causes that induced Napoleon to consent to the armistice which followed the battle of Bautzen—whether, as Colonel Cathcart thinks, hope of Austrian accession, or, in Müffling’s view, fears for Northern Germany—the united testimony of the works before us leads us to the conviction that it was the salvation of the Allies, and one grand mistake of Napoleon’s career. Barclay had now taken the command of the Russian army, and with its responsibilities was determined to exercise its powers. Müffling was the agent employed to negotiate with him for the continued co-operation of his forces with those of Prussia.

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He found Barclay resolutely determined to risk no further collision with Napoleon, and to retire for six weeks beyond the Polish frontier to repair the disorganization of his troops. Such a movement would have reduced Prussia to the acceptance of an ignominious peace, and have cut off that promise of Austrian accession to the cause which the appearance of Napoleon's bitter enemy, Count Stadion, at the allied head-quarters was affording to those in the secret. At this critical moment Napoleon himself made overtures, which, with real eagerness and some feigned reluctance, were caught at by the Allies. The armistice ensued which enabled Russia and Prussia to recruit and organize their masses on the frontiers of Bohemia, and set Austria free to avenge the defeats of Austerlitz and Wagram.

We commend to special attention a most lively and picturesque narrative of Blücher's greatest victory—that of the Katzbach, over Macdonald. It began in a fog and ended in a deluge. The fortunes of the fray were largely affected by these elemental accidents; but the conflict was one of those to which the strong development of passion on the part of the Prussian soldier, divesting him of his usual character of a machine, gives a moral interest. It may be necessary to fight and subdue hostile nations and to occupy their territory. It is unwise to oppress, still unwise to insult, those whom we cannot extirpate.

The allied cause at the close of the armistice had received an accession, from which high expectations were entertained by some, in the persons of three men, two of whom had rendered great military services to France—Bernadotte, Moreau, and Jomini. The author's estimation of the value of the first may be gathered from the following statement. Blücher had received the orders of the Sovereigns to approach them in Bohemia by a movement to his left. The advices, however, received from Bülow, who with Tauenzien and Winzingerode kept a sharp eye on the Crown Prince of Sweden, were of such a nature that Blücher, on his own responsibility, moved to his right:—

‘Thus,’ remarks our author, ‘the first of the three Frenchmen recruited by the Allied Sovereigns to subdue Napoleon—required an army of 100,000 men to watch *him*.’

The second, Moreau, was quickly released from an ambiguous position by a soldier's death. Wolzogen is clear that he had not served the Allies long enough to acquire their confidence, and proves, we think, in spite of general opinion, that he was not at all consulted as to the arrangements for that operation against Dresden, in which he fell. Peace to his ashes!

The third, Jomini, did find sufficient opportunity at Dresden

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to impress the Sovereigns with his utter incapacity in the field, and was never consulted again. He was a great soldier on paper—in Müffling's language, a *Docent*—and is still, we see, cited by writers of that sort as an authority.

Müffling passes lightly over the remainder of the last German campaign, but devotes many pages to that tissue of vicissitudes through which in the following year the Silesian army doggedly fought its way to Paris. There is scarcely a line of his narrative and commentary which does not deserve the close attention of the military student. It is well known that before the closing struggle occurred Blücher's physical strength had given way; but Müffling refutes the assertion that his illness at any time incapacitated him for giving his attention and sanction to the orders issued from head-quarters. The expectation of his total failure or retirement brought to light the importance of his presence with the army. It was felt that no successor could be appointed who could be relied upon for the approaching crisis. Bülow had indeed joined from the Netherlands with a large body of fresh and vigorous troops. It is necessary, however, to study Müffling's pages to understand the jealousies and disputes which that very junction had created. General Bülow enjoyed a well-earned reputation for great successes achieved in independent command, but his appointment at this juncture to that of the Silesian army would have been most unpopular. He was not, however, the first on the list for that post, which would have devolved upon his senior, the Russian General Langeron. The latter shrunk with unfeigned terror from the undertaking. Retiring from a visit to Blücher's sick couch, and shocked at his appearance and condition, he said to Müffling, '*De grace emportons ce cadavre avec nous.*' Blücher fortunately rallied sufficiently to assist in an open carriage at the battle of Paris.

Upon the pacification of Paris, Müffling was appointed chief of the staff to General Kleist, upon whom devolved the command of the Prussian army. The duties incident to its withdrawal from France and its establishment on the Lower Rhine left him no leisure to accept an invitation to accompany Blücher to England. His functions on Kleist's staff gave him full employment till the moment when Napoleon's return from Elba summoned *Marshal Forwards* again to the chief command. The reappointment of Gneisenau to his old post on the staff was a necessary consequence. The incapacity of Blücher, not only to devise any plan of operations, but to form any judgment of his own upon such as others might suggest, was now a notorious fact. Gneisenau had

proved

proved his own capacity for the task of superintending and directing his nominal Chief, and no real question arose as to the expediency of these two appointments. Many, however, and perplexing were the questions which did arise as to the selection of the Generals to head the four corps into which the army of operation was distributed. The Field-marshal's age, health, and habits of reckless self-exposure made the two contingencies of his fall or failure equally probable. In either case it was desired by the Court and its advisers that Gneisenau should continue in command, and carry on to their result the proceedings he would have commenced. This would be impossible if on Blücher's disappearance any of the Generals senior to Gneisenau should be in the field to claim the succession. There were at least four among the Generals disposable, whose claims would be sanctioned not only on the score of seniority, but on that of service and reputation. Tauenzien had carried Wittenberg by assault; York had conquered at Wartenberg; Bülow had saved Berlin at Dennewitz; Kleist had saved Europe at Culm. It was known that none of these would serve under a junior, and least of all under Gneisenau, who, like Grollman, Boyer, and others, had been an active associate of the *Tugendbund*. That famous society was more than suspected of anti-monarchical tendencies, and as such was eschewed by the officers of the old school. The difficulty was solved by the process of shelving the veterans, with the exception of Bülow, who was appointed to the fourth corps, which, being destined as a reserve, was at this time not considered as likely to be actively engaged. Kleist was appointed to the command of the second German army assembling at Treves. Posts of honour and trust were found for Tauenzien and York in the interior. The three other corps of the army of operation were intrusted to Ziethen, Thielmann, and Borstell, all younger than Gneisenau. Of these, Borstell soon fell at variance with Blücher for a refusal to execute certain measures of severity against the Saxon mutineers, and was replaced by General Pirch.

Müffling meanwhile had applied for a front place in the approaching conflict. On the arrival of Blücher at Namur he received a reply which ordered him to our head-quarters, in the capacity of a confidential intermediary between the English and Prussian Commanders-in-Chief. With some reluctance, and lamenting that his English studies had never been extended beyond a smattering of acquaintance with the Vicar of Wakefield and Thomson's Seasons, he betook himself to a task which we will venture to say he found less arduous and more agreeable than he had been taught to expect, and which he succeeded in discharging to the full satisfaction of both the parties

concerned. It will amuse English readers to learn that Gneisenau warned him to be specially on his guard with the Duke of Wellington, for that the Duke's practice with subtle Nabobs and other Oriental potentates had made him such a proficient in falsehood as even to excel and outwit his teachers. We think it possible that the warnings of his predecessor in office, a certain General Roeder, were better founded. He represented the English officers as lamentably deficient in sound notions of ceremony and etiquette. One had kept his hat on in the General's room. Another, slow to comprehend his remarks, had answered him with a redoubled '*Hee!*' Armed with these admonitions, Müffling plunged into the new scene of his employment—to find that the Duke was singularly unaddicted to lying, and that his own military reputation was sufficient to place him at once on the best terms with English gentlemen and soldiers of the Peninsula. He had next occasion to observe that in one important respect the Duke exercised far greater power in his own army than Marshal Blücher in the Prussian, for that he could suspend and send home any officer of any rank for disobedience of his orders.

'To criticise or control the Commander-in-Chief was not a fashion with this army. Discipline was rigidly enforced; every one knew his rights and his duties. The Duke in matters of service was very short and decided. He allowed questions, but dismissed all such as were unnecessary. His detractors alleged that he was inclined to encroach on the functions of others. This charge is at variance with my experience. His Military Secretary and Quartermaster-General were tried men. His Aides-de-camp and *Galopins* were young men of the best families in England, who thought it an honour to devote to their country and its greatest commander all the energies of their will and intellect. Mounting the finest horses of England's famous breed, they made it a point of honour, whenever the Duke added the word "quick" to a message, to cover three German miles in the hour, or, for a shorter distance, one mile in eighteen minutes.'—p. 214.

It is unnecessary to follow General Müffling through his clear and succinct exposition of the arrangements of the two armies calculated to meet the two contingencies of the time—an attack by Napoleon in the month of June, or, should that attack be so long deferred, a combined advance against him. He writes:—

'The Duke has been accused of a defective distribution of his troops in their cantonments. *This censure is destitute of all foundation*; but it is the fact that his army was collected at its rendezvous later than he intended or expected. His principal masses were about Nivelles; and if on the 14th of June he had transferred his head-quarters thither, he would have received his reports from Mons on the 15th, and would have heard at nine o'clock the cannonade of General von Ziethen.'—p. 233.

We are not aware that we have met with this view of the subject in any other writer, and we think it probable that it is as sound and felicitous as many other suggestions which came after the event. We may remark now, that it follows upon General Müffling's full approval of the selection of Brussels for the headquarters, and upon his statement that the first news of the attack on Ziethen at Charleroi, which opened the hostilities, reached the Duke at Brussels at 3 P.M. on the 15th. It is well known that by some unexplained defect in the Prussian arrangements, the report from Charleroi was some hours later than it should have been. It was, in fact, not the first account which reached the Duke; for the Prince of Orange, who rode into Brussels to dine with the Duke, had brought intelligence of a cannonade in the direction of Charleroi. It is clear that on the 14th there was at least no more reason or temptation to shift the headquarters to Nivelles than had existed for some days previous. It is hardly necessary to state that General Müffling shows how entirely every measure adopted by the Duke was governed by his deliberate resolution not to risk the concentration of his forces on a false point, and to uncover prematurely the favourable line for a French attack by Mons. Our time would be wasted on any further confutation of Mr. Alison's theories on this business.

The intercourse between the Duke and Müffling was evidently throughout intimate and cordial, but we must suspect that the latter's ignorance of our language now and then occasioned grave misapprehensions. Of this we feel sure an instance occurs in his account of the interview between the Duke and the Prussian Chiefs at the windmill of Bry before the commencement of the battle of Ligny. He says:—

'The Duke glanced over the Prussian arrangements and seemed satisfied with them.'

We are quite certain that if Baron Müffling had heard and understood any remarks addressed by the Duke to his staff at this juncture, he would have known that his Grace's satisfaction was merely that of a man determined to make the best of circumstances which he could not alter. The Prussian arrangements had been very deliberately adopted on their own views of the system adapted to the character of their troops. They involved great and, as English officers conceived, avoidable exposure of their masses to the French artillery—and as such the Duke thought them defective.

In other respects Gneisenau's strategical reputation will hardly be increased by the narrative of his countryman:—

‘As the heads of Napoleon’s columns of attack were appearing at St. Amand, the Duke asked the Marshal and Gneisenau, “What do you wish me to do?” In few words I had already explained to General Gneisenau that the Duke had the best intentions for the support of the Field-Marshal, and that he would do everything the latter could desire except divide his army, which it was against his principles to do. It seemed to me that as few troops were yet arrived at Quatre Bras, and the reserve could not be there sooner than four, it was of consequence that the English should concentrate themselves forwards, somewhat beyond Frasnes, thence advance direct towards the Prussian right at Wagnele, and there, arriving at a right angle with the Prussian position, close in upon Napoleon’s left. Gneisenau had shaken his head, but had left me ignorant of what he had to allege against my suggestion. In reply to the Duke’s question he answered that the best the Duke could do for the Prussian army would be, when his troops were collected at Quatre Bras, to move by the Namur chaussée to the left, and place himself in reserve behind the Prussian army, near Bry. The Duke looked at his map and was silent.’—p. 233.

Muffling here gives some excellent and obvious reasons why this measure was neither more nor less than impossible, and useless were it possible. He proposed another expedient; but Gneisenau adhering to his own view, the Duke at length said, ‘Well, I will come if I am not attacked myself’—and rode off to assist the Prussian army, not indeed by a direct junction, but by occupying for the day and finally defeating 40,000 of Napoleon’s troops under one of his best generals. We must resist the temptation to many further extracts from our author’s terse pages on the three days’ campaign. The following note appears to us worthy of translation as explanatory of a feature of the operations which has hitherto, as far as we are aware, escaped discussion :—

‘The Duke had retired from Quatre Bras in three columns, by three chaussées; and on the evening of the 17th Prince Frederick of Orange was at Hall, Lord Hill at Braine la Leud, and the Prince of Orange with the reserve at Mont St. Jean. This distribution was necessary, as Napoleon could dispose of these three roads for his advance on Brussels. Napoleon on the 17th had pressed on by Genappes as far as Rosomme. On the two other roads no enemy had yet shown himself. On the 18th the offensive was taken by Napoleon on its greatest scale, but still the Nivelles road was not overstepped by his left wing. These circumstances made it possible to draw Prince Frederick to the army, which would certainly have been done if entirely new circumstances had not arisen. The Duke had, twenty-four hours before, pledged himself to accept a battle at Mont St. Jean if Blücher would assist him there with one corps, 25,000 men. This being promised, the Duke was taking his measures for defence when he unexpectedly

unexpectedly learned that, in addition to the one corps promised, Blücher was already on the march with his whole force, to break in by Planchenois on Napoleon's flank and rear. If three corps of the Prussian army should penetrate by the unguarded plateau of Rosomme, *which was not improbable*, Napoleon would be thrust from his line of retreat by Genappes, and might possibly lose even that by Nivelles. In this case Prince Frederick, with his 18,000 men (who might be accounted superfluous at Mont St. Jean), might have rendered the most essential service.'—p. 243.

In the course of his narrative of the campaign of 1814, Müffling finds occasion to condemn the too great licence allowed by Prussian regulations to commanders of division to act on the offensive at their own discretion. He prefers the system of which he finds an illustration on the field of Waterloo. The French infantry were retiring in great disorder from an attack on our left, the one in which Picton fell :—

'Upon our left wing,' says Müffling, 'stood two brigades of English cavalry, of three regiments each. I invited their commanders to cut in upon the infantry, observing that they could not fail to make some 3000 prisoners. Both agreed with me—but shrugged their shoulders and said, unhappily, they dared not; that the Duke was very particular as to the regulations on this head. I had subsequently occasion to interrogate the Duke as to these regulations, which I could with the less ceremony do, because the two officers in question were among the most distinguished of the army, and had with their brigades rendered the most signal service in the action. The Duke answered that the two generals had replied quite correctly, for if without his permission they had executed such an attack with the best success, he would have been obliged to bring them both to a court martial;—that it was a fixed rule that a general placed in a pre-arranged position has unlimited power to act within it according to his judgment—namely, if the enemy attacks, to receive or to meet him, and in either case to pursue him, but never further than the obstacle behind which the position assigned lay. In one word, that such obstacle, pending further orders, was the boundary of his action.'

The ample and detailed reasons for strict adherence to this rule which follow from the Duke's lips, as recorded by Müffling, satisfied him and will not fail to satisfy any reader. In the particular instance they found full justification, for these were the identical brigades which were moved from the left to the right at the close of the day, and contributed so much to the confusion of the French retreat from their last famous attack on the English position. Müffling claims to himself the having given the order for this movement. He had been despatched to the left to forward the approach of the Prussians, and apparently with a large discretion in consequence of the circumstances. Having ascertained

tained that Ziethen was near enough to put the English left out of all danger, he took upon himself to give the order to Generals Vivian and Vandeleur.

Müffling before the action had expressed some doubts as to the strength of Hougomont. After seeing the Prussians fairly at work he returned to the centre, taking with him a Prussian light battery. He found the Duke near La Haye Sainte. Pointing to Hougomont with his glass in his right hand, the Duke cried out, 'Well, you see Macdonnell has held Hougomont.' Speaking of the advance which soon ensued, Müffling says:—

'As the line of infantry moved forward, we saw nothing but small bodies of a few hundreds each with large intervals. The position in which the infantry had fought was marked out as far as the eye could reach by a red line. It was that of the killed and wounded.'

We quote the following as the best commentary on General Gneisenau's suspicions and warnings:—

'After this battle,' says our author, 'I had to congratulate myself on the never interrupted confidence of the Duke. He had seen that I had the common advantage at heart, and that I entertained towards him the reverence due to those talents as a commander which did not more distinguish him than the openness and straightforwardness of his character. Upon the march to Paris the Prussian army effected longer marches than the English. I took the liberty of respectfully calling the Duke's attention to this, and of suggesting that he would do well to keep better pace with his ally. He said nothing at the moment, but when I afterwards urged him on the subject, replied, "Do not press me upon this, for I tell you it won't do. If you knew the English army, its composition and habits, better, you would agree with me. I cannot separate from my tents and subsistence. My people must be kept in camp, and well taken care of, if order and discipline are to be maintained. It is better to arrive a couple of days later at Paris than that discipline should grow slack."'

The two instances of assault on fortified places which occurred on this march, Peronne and Cambray, afforded Müffling intense gratification as a spectator, by the parade precision with which they were conducted.

We cannot omit his narrative of his own conduct in a somewhat delicate negotiation between Marshal Blücher and the Duke:—

'During the march on Paris the Field-Marshal had one leading object in view, the capture of Napoleon. The delivery of Napoleon was the invariable condition stipulated by him in every conference with the French Commissioners sent to treat for peace or armistice. I received from him instructions to break to the Duke, that as the Congress of Vienna had declared Napoleon under outlawry (*Vogelfrei*), it was his (the Field-Marshal's) intention to shoot him whenever he got him.

him. He desired at the same time to learn the Duke's views on this subject, as, if possible, he wished to act in concert with the Duke.—The Duke stared at me with all his eyes, and in the first place disputed this interpretation of the Vienna declaration.—However this might be, as concerned his own position and that of the Field Marshal with respect to Napoleon, it seemed to him that after the battle they had won they were much too conspicuous persons to be able to justify such a transaction in the eyes of entire Europe. I had felt the whole weight of this consideration before I most reluctantly undertook my mission, and was anything but disposed to dispute it. The Duke continued—"I therefore wish that my friend and colleague may adopt my view; such an act would hand down our names to history with a stain, and posterity would say of us that we had not deserved to be the conquerors of Napoleon, the rather because the act would have been superfluous and without an object or advantage."

General Müffling adds, in an Appendix, three official letters, which he received on this subject from Gneisenau. The first is curious as showing that the Prussians really believed that the Duke could have no motive upon earth for not committing murder but the dread of the House of Commons:—

'*Compiègne, June 27.*—The French General de Tremelin is at Noyons with the intention of proceeding to the Duke's head-quarters, and treating for the delivery of Buonaparte. Buonaparte has been declared under ban by the Allied Powers. The Duke may possibly—*for Parliamentary considerations*—hesitate to fulfil the declaration of the Powers. Your Excellency will therefore direct the negotiation to the effect that Buonaparte may be *delivered over to us, in order to his execution.*

'This is what eternal justice demands, what the declaration of March 13 defines—and thus will the blood of our soldiers killed or mutilated on the 16th and 18th June be avenged.—VON GNEISENAU.'

The third letter is as follows:—

'*Sentis, June 29.*—I am directed by the Field-Marshal to request your Excellency to communicate to the Duke of Wellington that the Field-Marshal had intended to execute Buonaparte on the spot where the Duc d'Enghien was shot; that, out of deference, however, to the Duke's wishes, he will abstain from that measure, but that the Duke must take on himself the responsibility for its non-enforcement.

GNEISENAU.

'P.S. If the Duke declare himself against the execution, he thinks and acts in the matter as a Briton. England is under weightier obligations to no mortal man than to this very malefactor, for by the occurrences of which he has been the author her wealth, prosperity, and power have attained their present elevation. They are masters of the seas, and have no longer to fear a rival in their sovereignty of it or in the commerce of the world. It is otherwise with Prussia. We have been impoverished by Buonaparte. Our nobility will never be

be able to right itself again. And ought we not to consider ourselves instruments of that Providence which has given us such a victory for the ends of eternal justice? Does not the death of the Duke d'Enghien call for such a vengeance? Shall we not draw upon us the reproaches of the people of Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, if we leave unperformed the duty which devolves upon us? Be it so. If others will exercise theatrical magnanimity, I shall not set myself against it. We act in this from esteem for the Duke and ——— weakness.'

We give, as we find them, these curious letters, which show the spirit of the time rather than of the writer and his nation. The best defence of that spirit would, perhaps, be suggested by a perusal of M. Lamartine's elaborate detail of the circumstances of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. We should be sorry even on this ground to attempt the justification of the proposal. We think it fair, however, to call attention to the fact that the leaders of the army whose country had been the principal theatre of French insult and extortion retired from the rich capital they had conquered as poor as they entered it. Those who know the scale of income enjoyed by the average of Prussian officers even of high rank, as compared with the wealth acquired by French Marshals and Generals from the plunder of the Continent, will appreciate this fact.

We are quite sure that time and reflection left these stern victors no reason to repent of their deference to the Duke's wishes. Another signal instance of this deference was the appointment of our author to be Commandant of Paris, in preference to Ziethen, who had been designated to that office. It is true that the Duke's recommendation was couched in terms simple, but difficult to resist:—

'There is no person who in his situation has done more to forward the objects of our operation, and it appears to me that, having had so much to do with us both and with our operations, he is the proper person to be selected.'

With this eulogy from such a quarter we reluctantly quit General Müffling—we can only advise readers to follow him through the discharge of his duty as Commandant of Paris, and his last employment on a diplomatic mission to Constantinople. Both chapters are rich in good matter.

This German friend has for English reasons detained us so long, that we are unable to attempt a full dissection of the hardly less valuable work of his countryman General Wolzogen. Its main interest is connected with the Russian campaign. Educated in the military school of Stuttgart, and having studied the theoretical rather than the practical part of his profession in the
Württemberg

Württemberg and then the Prussian services, he became one of that band who, in the wreck of Prussia's fortunes at Jena, preferred swimming to the bleak shores of Muscovy to abiding by the stranded vessel. It may now seem strange that Russia, itself one vast military gymnasium, should have welcomed military instructors from a quarter which had so recently proved its own insufficiency to encounter the common enemy; but so it was. Virtue was still ascribed to a school which was supposed to retain the traditions of Frederick, and its professors were welcomed in peace, and used and trusted in the hour of need. The confidence indeed of the Czar was bestowed upon them so unreservedly and so pertinaciously, that all the efforts of the old Russian party in the army—efforts which drove the honest Barclay from command to replace him by the incapable Kutusoff—were insufficient to neutralise the influence of the foreign adventurers, whom they hated and suspected. To these strangers was committed the task of devising the strategic scheme of defence for Russia against French invasion. The leading principles of that scheme were laid down by the Prussian General Phull, the confidential military adviser and instructor of Alexander. Wolzogen was employed to survey the ground, and when its main feature, the camp of Drissa, took shape and substance, Colonel Clausewitz was sent to report upon its condition and capabilities. This famous camp of Drissa and its authors have undergone severe criticism. That it was a mistake and a failure there can be no doubt. It is as clear from the evidence before us that if Barclay, trusting to its capabilities, had waited within it for the attack of Napoleon, had waited even twenty-four hours longer than he did, the destruction or capitulation of his army would have been the consequence. The mistake, however, as appears to us, was neither that Phull's master idea was unsound, nor that Wolzogen's selection of the spot was, under the commission given him, injudicious. Phull's scheme was a continued but defensive retreat till the French army, marching from its base, should have been wasted down to an inferiority to that of Russia, falling back upon her resources and reinforcements. Nothing could have been sounder than that plan as applied to the vast extent of the Russian empire. The great mistake seems to us to have been, that it was attempted to combine this principle with the defence of the *western provinces*, and with a stand at a spot too near the frontier to allow of its development.

Wolzogen's instructions were to find a position *within the western provinces* of sufficient extent to contain the main army, and susceptible of such fortification as might prepare it for a defensive action. Clausewitz, a severe censurer of the camp, acknowledges that Drissa was not only the best, but the only spot

spot at all fit for this purpose within the vast district assigned for Wolzogen's investigation. Other mistakes, for which the Prussian officers are not answerable, and which they pointed out in vain, were committed. The Russian force on paper was enormously magnified beyond its real amount, and the disposable force of the invader was equally underrated. Wolzogen's suggestions for the artificial defence of Drissa were also most imperfectly carried out. The consequence was that if Barclay had lingered another day in Drissa he would have found himself behind deficient bulwarks with some 120,000 men *en duel* with 200,000 of Napoleon's best troops.

Our author's account of the transaction discloses very unreservedly the secrets of the Russian camp and councils, and shows on what a thread the fate of Europe at this moment depended. From Wilna to Drissa Barclay had conducted the retreat of the main army with great order. The question—to fight or not to fight—now presented itself for immediate decision. Alexander, still enamoured of all Phull's suggestions, was disposed for a stand and a battle. His generals, more sensible of the defects of the position, intrigued against Phull. The latter, a man of great honesty, but irritable, morose, despondent, and destitute of moral courage, threw up his cards in disgust and retired to St. Petersburg. The dilemma was submitted to one of those councils of war which are usually the expedient of weakness and indecision. It was composed, besides the Czar, of Barclay, Araktschieff (afterwards famous as the organizer of the military colonies), P. Wolchonsky, Quartermaster-General, Wolzogen himself, and Colonel Michaud, a Piedmontese engineer. Alexander first called upon the latter, a notorious opponent of the camp, who stated important technical objections to the construction of the defences. Wolzogen, as one of the authors of the camp, was invited to reply. His speech, however, only led to the conclusions of Michaud—for, while he was firm to justify its original selection as a position, he showed that many of the main conditions on which it had been recommended remained unfulfilled. Retreat he therefore considered imperative; but whether it should be immediate or not, might, in his opinion, depend upon what was known to others of the French force and movements, and of those of the second Russian army under Prince Bagration. The Emperor's answer to these questions was the rather astounding one, that nothing whatever was known of either. Wolzogen upon this advised instant retreat; his advice was followed, and Europe was saved.

The next service on which this adventurer was detached marks even more distinctly the confidence reposed in him. The reunion of

of Bagration with the main army had become of urgent necessity. When, however, Wolzogen pressed this upon Barclay, the latter replied, that repeated written orders had been sent to Bagration, but that whether he could not or would not obey them was still a mystery. Bagration was a pure Russian, older in the service than Barclay; and to soothe his national jealousy and reconcile him to active co-operation with a junior general of Scoto-German extraction, the Prussian colonel's services were offered and accepted. Wolzogen, starting on this delicate mission, fell in with Bagration in the act of passing the Dnieper. He found the Prince much indisposed to obey the order for a junction with Barclay at Smolensko, and bent upon effecting an excentric retreat on the Ukraine. In a single conversation, however, Wolzogen managed to convince him, and his chief adviser General St. Priest, of the prejudice to his own reputation and the cause of his country which would result from his further hesitation, and obtained an order for immediate movement in the direction required.

The reward of this signal service was the usual one—bitter hostility on the part of those who profited by it. The national party in the army had from the first been conspiring for the removal of Barclay, whom they detested for his foreign origin, and railed at for pusillanimity in retiring before double his own numbers. This party was headed by Generals Yermoloff and Toll. The latter, as chief of Barclay's staff, had frequently failed to satisfy that commander in his recommendations as to positions and movements, and had been overruled by the advice of Wolzogen. Upon the junction of the two armies at Smolensko these intrigues came to a head, and the clamour for an assumption of the offensive descended even to the lower ranks, with such danger to all discipline that Barclay was compelled to execute some of the malcontents. His prime assailants were, however, too powerful to allow of methods so summary. The Grand Duke Constantine, whose opinions on strategy were probably worthless, but who was not unable to clothe them in clever language, flung his whole weight into the scale. Barclay was compelled to receive a petition for battle from his troops, and to submit to its discussion in a council of war. It was opened by Constantine, who urged that the true frontier of Russia having now been reached, it became necessary to risk a battle for the defence of one of her great cities—Smolensko; that her forces were now collected in face of an enemy demoralized by the difficulties of his previous advance, and that they would themselves become demoralized by further retreat. Barclay's resistance to these arguments appears to have been feeble, and he promised to consider,

consider, with Toll and Bagration's chief of the staff, St. Priest, a scheme for an offensive movement on Rudnia. Wolzogen earnestly deprecated the project, and advised the fortification, as far as time would admit, of Smolensko, with a view to a defensive action under its walls. He was overruled—Barclay yielded to the current—and two days later the movement on Rudnia was begun. It was at first successful, for Pahlen and Platoff surprised the French outposts, and *all but* captured Marshal Sebastiani. An incident here occurred which was nearly fatal to the life or liberty of Wolzogen, and, as narrated by him, shows the precarious nature of the position of a foreign officer in the Russian service. Barclay had committed to Wolzogen the task of examining a portfolio which the Cossacks had seized on Sebastiani's table. In this was found a hasty note from Murat, to the effect, that he had just discovered the intention of the enemy to effect a strong reconnoissance on Rudnia, and warning Sebastiani to retire immediately on his infantry. It was impossible to conjecture by what channel Murat had made this discovery, but Wolzogen at once saw his own danger. He knew that Toll and his other enemies at head-quarters had already accused him of treason, and he told Barclay that the charge would now be repeated. Barclay promised him support, and kept his word. Suspicion fell on other quarters, and several Polish officers were removed from the army. It was not, however, till 1818 that Wolzogen learned the solution of the mystery and the full extent of the danger which he had escaped. An aide-de-camp of Barclay, Lubomirski, had picked up from Toll's indiscreet conversation a garbled account of the result of the council, and inferred that Murat's head-quarters at Ljadui would be a main point of the intended attack. His mother was residing in this place, and he rashly despatched a domestic from the outposts with a letter advising her immediate flight, which letter was intercepted by Murat. Wolzogen's informant, the famous Baron Stein, further disclosed, that he was present when the report of the occurrence was brought to Alexander at St. Petersburg, and that Count Tolstoi, assuming Wolzogen's guilt, pressed the Emperor for an order for his immediate execution. Stein, being at this time in great favour, contrived not only to defeat that amiable suggestion, but to reinstate his maligned countryman in the Emperor's good opinion. Be it noted that Tolstoi, in advocating the death of the traitor, was inadvertently condemning his own son-in-law—for the real culprit was, it seems, married to his daughter.

Other startling instances are given of the enmity with which
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the author himself, and other foreigners, had to struggle in discharge of their duty. He accuses Toll, and even Bagration, of attempts to procure his death in battle.

The substitution of Kutusoff for Barclay in command of the army is described by Wolzogen as effected against the will and opinion of the Emperor by the influence of the old Muscovite nobility, aided by popular clamour. Other historians have invested Kutusoff with the glory due to a hoary fire-eater, who devotes his last energies to the service of his country. Wolzogen pictures him as an ambitious, worn-out debauchee, with much diplomatic cunning, but with no talents as a general, and as little taste for the personal exposure and fatigue of which Barclay was as lavish as the Duke of Wellington. He finds him, at a critical moment of the battle of Borodino, feasting with his staff two miles in rear of the line of fire, and ignorant of the state of the action, while Barclay's aides-de-camp were falling around him, like the Duke's at Waterloo. Something may be allowed for party feelings in this description, but it entirely accords with what Clausewitz tells us of that terrible day. The only feature of it on the Russian side which savoured of a genial conception was the attack made by Ouvaroff's reserve cavalry on that of General Ornano upon Buonaparte's left. Executed in greater force, and properly supported, it might have paralysed the further advance of the French, and have inflicted irreparable ravage on their rear. As it was, set about by some 4000 men instead of 15,000, it made Napoleon mount his horse, and checked for an hour or two the advance of his left. Russian narrators have not failed to attribute this splendid failure to the genius of 'the old warrior,' whom they depict as undisturbed by shot or shell directing the fortunes of the fray. It turns out that the old warrior had nothing more to do with the movement than by giving a half stupified assent to the suggestion of a young and promising officer attached to Platoff, Prince Ernest of Hesse Philipsthal.

Kutusoff's rapid retreat and evacuation of Moscow formed a lamentable commentary on the victory which he claimed and the rewards which he received. His claim was founded on the fact that his troops remained through the night on a portion of the field of battle. Wolzogen asserts that he took the precaution of sending his report of the day to St. Petersburg by a mere chasseur, and not as usual by a staff-officer, whom it would have been inconvenient to expose to an imperial cross-examination. To justify the strange consequences of his alleged success, he resorted to the base device of impugning the anterior conduct of Barclay, and representing the surrender of Moscow as a corollary of that of Smolensko,

Smolensko, and as a necessary result of the condition in which he had found the army on taking the command. Wolzogen further accuses Kutusoff of an attempt to allot to Barclay the fate of Uriah, by assigning to him personally a quarter beyond the line of the outposts. Barclay, who had cheerfully served through Borodino under the man so absurdly set over him, now retired in disgust. Our author, released by this event from his duties on the staff, fell back on his situation as aide-de-camp to the Czar, and joined his Majesty at St. Petersburg. Here, with the brief exception of a confidential mission to the Russian left, he remained inactive till the commencement of the German campaign in 1813, through all the anxious vicissitudes of which he accompanied Alexander. We cannot attempt to follow him in his minute personal narrative of these great transactions from Lützen to Leipzig. We may recommend for special attention his account of the day of Culm, into the complicated details of which accidents of employment gave him a close insight. This action, though fought on a small scale as compared with others, must, as the turning point of Napoleon's fortunes, take rank among the most important battles of the world. The honour of its success has been very generally assigned to Ostermann and Kleist. Our author awards it in the first instance to his own former pupil, Prince Eugene of Würtemberg, who persuaded Ostermann, in disregard of Barclay's orders, to oppose the Russian guards to the advance of Vandamme; in the next to the King of Prussia, for a timely collection of troops, solely upon his own judgment, to Ostermann's support; and lastly, to the Austrian Colloredo, for attacking without waiting for orders from Schwarzenberg.

Wolzogen was present at head-quarters during the whole of the conflict of Leipzig, which, measured whether by the numbers engaged, by the mutual slaughter, or by ulterior consequences, must be considered the greatest of modern times. His criticisms on certain Austrian movements, which he attributes to General Langenau, have excited a sharp controversy in Germany. That officer, having held long command in the Saxon army, was intimately acquainted with the ground, and was for that reason much consulted by Schwarzenberg and the already highly distinguished Radetsky. To him Wolzogen attributes certain vicious dispositions, which led to bad consequences, and among others to the capture of the Austrian General Meerfeldt. To us it appears only surprising that, with an army composed of so many nations, affected in its movements by so many influences, and attended by so many Sovereigns, so few great mistakes were committed by the allies. At a dinner, many years afterwards, at Carlsbad,

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Blücher gave the health of Schwarzenberg, as the man who, with three monarchs at his head-quarters, nevertheless gained the victory.

Wolzogen's list of the allied loss at Leipsig is as follows :

		Killed and Wounded,	
		Officers.	Non-commissioned Officers and Privates.
Russians	.	800	20,000
Austrians	.	360	7,000
Prussians	.	620	13,550
Swedes	.	10	300
Total		1,790	40,850

The French loss he estimates at 38,000 killed and wounded, 30,000 prisoners, and 300 guns.

Having followed Wolzogen thus far, it remains to state that he acted as chief of the staff to the third corps of the German contingent, commanded by Duke Charles of Saxe Weimar, which made the campaign of 1814 in Belgium under Bülow. Upon Napoleon's return from Elba he quitted the Russian service, and re-entered that of Prussia with the rank of General. He was destined to the command of a brigade in Blücher's army, but an attack of painful disease, requiring a severe operation, prevented him from accepting that post. He was employed in various military and ministerial functions till 1836, when his increasing infirmities afforded the Prussian War Minister, Witzleben, a pretext for compelling his retirement. He survived till 1845, and occupied his latter years in the composition of a narrative which must be classed among the most excellent that have hitherto appeared to claim the attention of the soldier, the statesman, or the historian.

The approbation we have ventured to express is unavoidably subject to one qualification. With every confidence in the honesty of the writer, we are without means of judging how far the friendships cultivated and the enmities encountered in the course of his eventful career may have clouded his judgment and embittered his censures. From all such misgivings we are released in the perusal of the work which stands last on our list. Colonel Cathcart's position as aide-de-camp in the suite of his excellent father, the late Earl Cathcart, gave him facilities for observing many most interesting transactions of the war, while it exempted him from any interest or participation in the jealousies, rivalries, and intrigues that all the while fermented around him.

His personal narrative commences with the campaign of 1813. The previous portion of the volume comprises indeed a clear
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and compendious summary of the operations in Russia of the preceding year; but between this and the author's own narrative there is all the difference which exists between the 'this I was told' and 'this I saw' of Father Herodotus.

The young aide-de-camp, a lieutenant of nineteen, had been preceded by his father at the Imperial head-quarter of Kalisch, and joined it, at a day's journey in advance of that place, early in April. From this time till the fall of Paris he was constantly attached to it. His testimony confirms that of General Müffling in showing that the advance of the Allies into Saxony, by which they committed themselves to an immediate general action, was founded on false calculations of the French force. He says that it was not till the 24th of April, on reaching Dresden, that they became at all aware of the extent to which Napoleon had repaired his losses; and even when they engaged at Lützen they appear to have been little prepared for the superiority of numbers which he developed before the close of the day. Both here, however, and at Bautzen they relied with justice on their great superiority in cavalry, which enabled them to break off the action almost at pleasure, and retreat with security. Lützen was not a victory, as it was the fashion with the Allies to describe it; but they lost no guns and few prisoners, and inflicted a somewhat heavier loss than they sustained. It tested also the quality of their troops, which was considered by impartial judges as better than that of Napoleon's young levies, who behaved admirably as to courage, but showed defects of inexperience.

Colonel Cathcart's volume contains some amusing incidents of the life of a staff officer on active service, but is still more fertile in lessons on the art of war, founded on observation and reminiscence. Of the former there is an instance connected with the retreat from Lützen, in which, at the expense of a cross country ride of 30 miles and a hazardous passage of a river, Lord Cathcart anticipates the Czar at his quarters, and the father and son are rewarded by a *partie carrée* at dinner with his Majesty. We apprehend that these feats must have ingratiated our officers with the Cossacks, whose habits of self direction over the plains of Germany were pretty much those of our English fox-hunters.

The retreat of the Allies on Bautzen without disputing the passage of the Elbe suggests one of the many concise and pithy paragraphs for which students will thank Col. Cathcart:—

'Sufficient examples have arisen to prove to the satisfaction of all military men, that though a large river is without doubt an important strategic feature in other respects, yet in modern warfare it is not to be relied upon as an obstacle that presents any serious feature in the way of a large advancing army; for the leader of such an army can always

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out-manceuvre his opponent by concealing his movements from those on the opposite bank, while the intervention of the river is sufficient to frustrate the enemy's means of watching by patrols, and a few hours gained at a suitable point will suffice to repair an old bridge or construct a new one, even in the presence of any hostile detachment likely to be on the spot.'—p. 138.

In the way of military sketches we scarcely know any more striking than one in which Col. Cathcart describes the Allied Sovereigns watching from their position at Bautzen, on the second morning, the manœuvring of a single mass of 10,000 men drawn up under the eye of Napoleon in person. The appearance in the group of an individual dressed in 'a bright yellow uniform,' led to the supposition that the tasteful King of Naples, and with him his Italian levies, had joined the French army. It was afterwards ascertained that a Saxon postilion, in his usual livery jacket, had been telling Napoleon the names of the different villages (p. 160).

The sentences that ensue afford a brief but sufficient commentary on a passage of Napoleon's career which enjoys the special admiration of Mr. Alison and others as an instance of his strategic ability :—

'In the following chapter it will be found that Napoleon through obstinacy—like a headstrong gambler playing a losing game—contrary to his own experience and former practice, determined to cling to Dresden and make it a centre of operations. Under existing circumstances this was a wilful departure from the principles of strategy; for by doing so he left the line of communication with his true base, the Rhine, at the mercy of his powerful enemy. The author is the more desirous of calling attention to this subject because a popular, and in most cases accurate writer of general history, has characterised this policy of Napoleon's as profoundly conceived and most ably carried into effect! He trusts that the events recorded in this book alone will suffice to justify the true principles of strategy, and prove the worthlessness of the miscalled *profound conception* of operations with large armies radiating from an insulated centre without reference to the true base and line of communication.'—p. 254.

Another grand maxim—never attack without a reserve—is well illustrated by Col. Cathcart's remarks on the cavalry affair of Liebertwolkowitz. In this action 5000 French horse, headed by two cavalry officers of the greatest reputation as such in Europe, Murat and Latour Maubourg, had the fairest of chances for a blow, à la Murat, at a far inferior body of the Allies; but, as the Colonel says,—

'They were obliged to abandon their enterprise, and fly before a force of light cavalry which altogether could not have amounted to 2000 men; a result manifestly to be attributed to the greatest oversight or

fault a cavalry officer can commit—that of engaging his whole force without a second line or reserve.’

We could wish to see Col. Cathcart’s work re-printed in a shape suited to an officer’s travelling library. Lucid, concise, and pregnant, it seems to us to be equally valuable for its facts and its commentaries. Literary piracy has of late been a lion in the path of translation. We hope it may have had the compensating effect of inducing more general study of the German language. But we think our extracts will support our assertion that all the foreign books on our present list deserve translation; Müffling’s especially—if it were but to cheer old companions like him who to Roeder’s German-French responded only with that irreverent *hee! hee!* and who, we presume, would be still less likely to understand General Müffling’s German.

We must here conclude a notice which has led ourselves insensibly back to times when the ‘twanging horn o’er yonder bridge’ was wont to awaken the thrill of mingled hope and fear in every English bosom. For our own and for all other nations of the earth we pray that the trumpet of war may long remain as silent as that postman’s horn has since become;—but we are, we confess, far from confident in our anticipations on this subject. Who will not concur with the great winner of battles, that next to a great defeat a great victory is the greatest of human calamities? We cannot, however, secure peace by ignoring the lessons of war, and no time is more fit for the study of these lessons than when the danger is, or is supposed to be, remote.

- ART. II.—1. *Popular Guide to the Royal Botanic Gardens of Kew.* By Sir W. J. Hooker, K.H., Director. 1851.
 2. *Royal Gardens, Kew. Report of the Director for 1850.*
 3. *Hortus Kewensis; or a Catalogue of the Plants cultivated in the Royal Botanic Garden.* By the late William Aiton, Gardener to His Majesty. 5 vols. 1810-13.
 4. *Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Perspective Views of the Gardens and Buildings at Kew in Surrey, the Seat of Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.* By William Chambers, Member of the Imperial Academy of Arts at Florence, &c. &c. 1763. Atlas folio.
 5. *The Botanical Magazine.* 1787-1851. 75 vols.

IN one respect there is little difference of opinion about a garden—that it is a good thing to have and a pleasant thing to

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use and enjoy, even temporarily and briefly. But if we go a step further, and look at the various modes of use and enjoyment—the forms, purposes, projects, reflections, and speculations of which gardens have been made the subject—we find a wondrous amount of diversity. Gardens, in the first place, ought to furnish only pure delights. ‘God Almighty’ (says Lord Bacon) ‘first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks.’ And yet gardens of old were systematically made scenes of voluptuousness and indecency under the sanction of religious rites. Their tutelary deity was in outward form the most disgusting of the heathen Pantheon. The emblems then used to typify the reproductive powers of nature were indeed gross and sensual. We may not uncharitably believe their alleged hidden meaning to have been the shallowest of excuses for the raising of vile ideas. Gardens, again, should be gay—and Watteau has appropriately pictured them as saloons and ball-rooms—thus carrying out the idea of a full-dress promenade, in which the French of the old *régime* delighted. But Hervey’s ‘Reflections on a Flower Garden,’ though well meant, are so dull and doleful that the reader suspects he has taken up the ‘Meditations among the Tombs.’ What would become of the earth—he asks, as a cheering topic—if the sun were gone? ‘Were that radiant orb extinguished, a tremendous gloom would ensue, and horror insupportable.’ Ordinary ladies and gentlemen would not see much analogy between an avaricious curmudgeon and an unopened blossom. Hervey, however, is more perspicacious:—

‘On every side I espy *budding* flowers. As yet they are like bales of superfine cloth from the packer’s warehouse. Each is wrapt within a strong enclosure, and its contents are tied together by the firmest bandages; so that all their beauties lie concealed, and their sweets are locked up. *Just such is the niggardly wretch* whose aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminate upon himself.’—

To the laborious Nehemiah Grew, M.D. and F.R.S., his garden was a school of anatomy and a dissecting room, wherein he endeavoured to trace the secret processes of vegetation; while the respectable Gerarde took a wider as well as a more prepossessing view:—

‘For if delight may provoke men’s labor, what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered worke, set with orient pearles and garnished with great diuersitie of rare and costly jewels? . . . Giue me leaue onely to tell you that God of his infinite goodnesse and bounty hath,

by the *medium* of Plants, bestowed almost all food, clothing, and medicine vpon man.'

With such recorded examples — (which we could multiply *ad libitum*)—people will plead for the indulgence of their respective horticultural whimsies ; nor would we deny the claim ;—but if the right of private judgment is allowed to others, we hope it will be tolerantly extended to ourselves. Now the leading idea at the present moment is, that there must be made, some how and some where—and there soon will be made, else the public will fret itself to death—a vast covered garden, in which we are to have we know not what, in we know not what way exactly. Something of the kind is inevitable. Smithfield is to be a Ward's Case of several acres, where cryptogamic students will be able to extend their knowledge of moulds and mycelium ; the Crystal Palace—whether kept where it is or re-erected elsewhere—is to be a conservatory containing ponds blooming with *Victoria regie* (the singular number would be unseen in such a space), and yet remain cool and dry ; or Battersea fields, when not under water, are to bear the honours of a winter garden ; or the whole of London is to be put under a glass roof. No project, based on this principle, is too wild to be entertained with attention and discussed seriously. But there may be lookers-on who believe that the people are seized with a remittent covered-garden fever—an infatuation from which they will recover by-and-bye, though perhaps after much outlay and disappointment, and after two or three fortunes have been made by those who minister to the mania. But what can a cool and disinterested dissentient do, except treat Master John Bull as a spoiled child clamouring for an expensive toy, which, when he gets it, may do him more harm than good ? A goodnatured friend will endeavour to soothe and comfort the capricious young giant. He cannot immediately have his glass-roofed garden—still the dear infant shall be shown what pretty gardens he nevertheless has to play in. He shall not be too much contradicted, for fear of spoiling his temper, which must not be with a young gentleman come of such a good family and with such large expectations. He shall be shown where to pop his head and shoulders into Naples or Madeira any day of the year (except Sunday) that he chooses ; and if that will not do, he shall have a little Calcutta to call his own ; but his guardians and tutors cannot quite yet consent to a Sierra Leone.

Let us, in short, respectfully suggest that it would be prudent and wise to know and enjoy the good things we do possess, before running headlong after new inventions, and craving for acquisitions of uncertain usefulness. 'The slothful man,' we have been of old admonished, 'roasteth not that which he took in hunting.'

hunting.' Englishmen in general are not justly chargeable with slothfulness, but if the power of accumulation be indulged to a degree greatly disproportionate to the faculty of concocting and digesting, the folly of the sluggard is in reality committed. And is not *Kew* one remarkable enough instance of an accumulated hunting, as yet but half or a quarter roasted and digested? It is only just beginning to be known throughout the country as a *public* treasury of a certain class of facts. A principal bookseller in an important provincial town, of whom we ordered the 'Guide' a few months ago, was unacquainted with it, and thankful to become cognisant of the existence of so useful a little book, '*for the sake of chance purchasers and general readers.*' The number of visitors to the Gardens has of late increased greatly, and may be expected to do so still more, now that, by the liberality of her Majesty, and the judicious arrangements of the director, the *pleasure-grounds* are thrown open *daily*—Sundays not excluded—during the summer months.

Everything relating to Kew indicates what a vast quantity of vegetable prey we are constantly taking, by the industrious hunting of our *employés* all over the world. In George III.'s time, the Old Arboretum—five acres—was considered sufficient to contain all the hardy trees; now, two hundred acres are not thought too much. Our venerable Pinnock, of course on the authority of Linnæus, states that 'it is supposed there are upwards of *twenty thousand species* of plants, which compose what naturalists have termed the *Vegetable Kingdom*; nor will this number appear so very surprising when we consider that the whole surface of the earth is covered with them.' In 1851, the private herbarium of the director of Kew Gardens contains 150,000 species, which number, however astounding, falls far short of those yet to be discovered and collected.

The plants here have attached to them, with but few exceptions, their scientific name, and, when it can be given, a plain English one, with the native habitat. But we are not here, as in St. James's Park, mystified and confounded with the information that willows are *Salicineous* trees, and walnuts *Juglandeous* trees; that *Berberis vulgaris*, the common barbery, a native of Britain, is a *Berberideous* shrub—and that *Corylus arborescens*, the arborescent hazel, a native of Siberia introduced in 1829, is a *cupuliferous* shrub. The same school of science would perhaps add the information that Mr. Flamborough, who is staring at the black swans, and who cannot make head or tail of *cupuliferous*, is a bimanous mammal from the coast of Yorkshire, and that his little friend Pincher, who has been refused admission by the gentleman

gentleman in bottle-green, is a canine quadruped from the Hebridean Archipelago.*

There is hardly a variety of horticultural appetite, unconnected with the orchard and the kitchen-garden, which may not be reasonably gratified at Kew. It is the Encyclopædia of such matters, presented to the eye in the shape of facts instead of printed words. Thus, when the Pino-maniac enters the beautiful iron gates—almost worthy, as was said of those for the Baptistery at Florence, to be the gates of Paradise—instead of proceeding to the attractive architectural conservatory before him, he is arrested, in summer, by two large specimens, in tubs, of the *Araucaria Cunninghami*, or Moreton Bay Pine, on either side of the principal walk. These are to him the Pillars of Hercules, which he courageously passes; and turning sharp to the left, is at once in the Mediterranean expanse of the Old Arboretum. Still on his left is a noble specimen of the *Pinus Laricio*, or Corsican Pine, something in the way of the Scotch fir, but with a more airy and upright carriage. By this handsome tree he is reminded of the very circumscribed native home of several of his favourites, and resolves to cultivate them with the greater diligence, from the consciousness that if their tribe is by accident brought low in its original habitat, it will utterly perish, unless he aids in disseminating it. Cephalonia, like Corsica, claims a pine to herself—and it bears her name. Another, *P. occidentalis*, not yet in the gardens, is supposed to be confined, or nearly so, to Cuba. The true pines have another limit; they are restricted to the northern hemisphere, though *coniferous* trees are brought from the southern. A fine ruin of a Cedar of Lebanon illustrates the former contingency. There are now in England more individuals of this species, first brought home by Dr. Pococke, than in all the range of Lebanon put together. Next to the *P. Laricio* is the ever scrubby *P. Pumilio* of Carniola; the *P. Pinaster* looking not at all at home—(the sea-side might suit it better):—succeeded by a true Scrub Pine, *P. inops*, from North America, presenting the curiosity of a weeping fir. A Deodara Pine, and a species called *P. macro-*

* The date of the introduction of plants is valuable—but the majority of such dates can only vouch that the plant was settled here *before* a given year. Aiton, in the preface to his *Hortus Kewensis*, says:—‘Some plants are by tradition known to have been introduced by Robert James, Lord Petre, but the times when are utterly forgot. To remedy as much as possible this inconvenience, they are always stated as having been introduced before 1742, the year of his lordship’s death. Mr. Miller, in his Dictionary, often mentions plants as having been communicated to him by Dr. Houstoun; but he frequently omits the time when he received them; these, therefore, are stated as having been introduced before the doctor’s decease—in 1733.’

Mr. Aiton, and after him his son and editor, did their best to arrive at more precision in these matters;—but we cannot say much for their success.

carpa, from California, on either side of the path, are rivals in beauty. Immediately to the right is an unknown tree from Japan, called *Taxodium distichum*, var. *nutans*, with a straight taper stem and bark spirally twisted, like the horn of the Narwhal. Its neighbour is the true Deciduous Cypress, the *Taxodium distichum* from North America—a very elegant and feathery tree. These are only the most obvious members of the coniferous party at hand. Proceeding, the visitor leaves on the right the Temple of the Sun and a grand Cedar of Lebanon;—the Palm House, like a gigantic bubble, is just visible in the distance, and draws him on, in spite of the temptation to linger. Soon, an avenue of standard roses receives his footsteps; but to continue even in that flowery path is impossible, for to the left appears what might be a tree of the very olden time, out of the German coal-mines or the quarries of Craighleith—the *Araucaria imbricata*, the oldest specimen in Europe, brought home by Vancouver after his voyage round the world. Larger individuals exist in the far eastern (or western) banishments of the Old World, but *seniores priores*. On one of the topmost branches appears something like a bird's-nest:—it is a cone or globe. Such have been put forth for several years past, but all in vain. The tree is a solitary female. The hapless *Araucaria* mourns her absent lord; and, unlike that wonderful instance in the great Palm House, to be noticed presently, attests the sincerity of her sorrow by producing only imperfect nuts.

These dicecious plants are sad puzzles to the popular mind. But the enthusiast in pines, when he enters the *Museum*, will there find, contrasted with the abortive English fruit, native specimens from the mountains of Chile. The cone of the *Araucaria imbricata* grown in the garden, and with imperfect seeds, is nearly globular, and has an equatorial circumference of $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches; another, from South America, similar in form, measures in the same way 20 inches; another $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The nuts are 2 inches long, plump and smooth; and knowing that they are eaten for dessert, like the kernels of the stone pine in Italy, one longs to taste of the forbidden fruit. In a neighbouring compartment of the case are other monstrous cones—*e.g.* that of *Pinus Coulteri* (not unanimously allowed to be a synonym of *P. macrocarpa*), measuring 10 inches from apex to base; of *P. Lambertiana*, 13 inches:—but the top of the tree are the cones of Bidwill's *Araucaria*, the Bunyah Bunyah, from Moreton Bay, North-East Australia, as big as a child's head, and shaped like a pine-apple, only without the crown. The nuts are even larger than those of *A. imbricata*, and resemble a chestnut in flavour. The aborigines of Australia at the proper season migrate

migrate to the pine-woods for the sole purpose of collecting them as an article of food: so that unless we, civilized, cool philosophers, as is probable, exterminate the natives, they may in their barbarous ardour exterminate the tree. It is, no doubt, well worth the saving, being indeed one of the highest aristocracy of the vegetable kingdom; but, unfortunately, it is tender here. Attempts are made to keep it protected and trained against a wall like a peach-tree—a curious situation for any Conifer to find itself in. The beautiful *Cryptomeria Japonica*, not hardy in Scotland, is hardy at Kew. Several other noble trees, however, as the *Sophora Japonica*, make this distinction between the north and south sides of the Border.

But instead of the coniferous amateur, we will suppose a small mixed party started in quest of any botanical or horticultural marvels that may seem worth staring at. Such visitors will probably, on first entering, follow the crowd, and make for the Architectural Conservatory. It will gratify the curiosity of many to know that three greenhouses, exactly alike, were erected at Buckingham Palace, from designs by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville; and that in 1836 William IV. had one of the three removed bodily to this place. The second has been converted into a Chapel Royal—and the third is still a conservatory at the Palace; so that her Majesty's subjects here behold the exact counterpart of the building which fulfils the same office in the private grounds of royalty. In this they will find an extremely rich collection of bottle-brush-flowered, zigzag-leaved, grey-tinted, odd-looking things, to most eyes rather strange than beautiful, notwithstanding that one of them is named *Banksia speciosa*. They are the 'Botany Bays' of old-fashioned gardeners, but are more in the shrub and tree line than that of flowering pot-plants. *Banksia Solandri* will remind them to turn to their Cook's Voyages when they get home, to read how poor Dr. Solander got up a mountain and was heartily glad to get down again. Else there is little to fix the attention of our party. Whether *Dryandra*, *Grevillea*, *Hakea*, or the other Proteaceæ, all may take part in the same glee—

'It was a shrub of orders grey
Stretched forth to show his leaves.'

Thence, the main path will be followed to the cloak-room, where the ladies may leave their shawls or other cumbersome what-nots. In descending the steps, notice the two *hardy* palms, *Chamærops excelsa*, on each side, in large China vases. The mass of ivy at the back of the cloak-room is worth looking at; which reminds us to note here the pretty and uncommon cut-leaved ivy in front of the Museum.

Reascending the steps, a noble walk is before us, terminated by the

the smoke-shaft of the great Palm House, in the guise of an Italian Campanile. It stands nearly five hundred feet from the structure to which it is accessory. The smoke from the furnaces is conveyed by flues to a shaft within the tower, and by the use of coke for fuel little is perceptible. Hidden by shrubs, not far from the base of the tower, is a coal-yard, and also the entrance of the tunnel, which, by means of a tram-way, conveys fuel, and brings back ashes, &c., from the furnaces. The tunnel is about eight feet high, convenient to walk in, and lighted and ventilated by shafts from above, many of whose grated openings are concealed in flower-beds. Of course, the public are not indiscriminately admitted to these subterranean wonders. An understanding must first be had with the well-behaved gnomes who

‘ Here, in a grotto shelter’d close from air,
And screen’d in shades from day’s detested glare,’

give the first impulse to the machinery which elaborates the beautiful vegetation overhead.

Water is the vehicle to the grand Palm-stove of whatever philosophers may decide heat to be, whether substance or accident, essence or effect. Twelve mighty boilers, six belonging to one half, six to another, are the hearts propelling the ‘thermidor’ fluid through pipes, which, by the circulation passing within them, represent rudely a venous and arterial system. This battery has been wisely calculated with a prospect to extreme cases. During the three years the Palm-house has been in action it has never been found necessary to light more than eleven furnaces. In July and August four fires are sufficient to keep things going. There always ought to be a reserved power in establishments whose very existence depends on the maintenance of a given temperature; otherwise, a frost might occur to destroy the whole invaluable contents of this Palm-house in a single night. We shall never forget the story told us by a lighthouse-keeper, on a coast much exposed to north winds, of the awful anxiety lest the oil should congeal, and the lamps go out, at a time when a gale, we know not how many degrees below freezing point, *must* drive every unwarned vessel on a lee shore.

But we caught sight of the smoke-tower on leaving the cloak-room, and have not yet advanced far along the vista. On our right are some beautiful large Conifers in tubs, out for their summer airing. They are tender; the more’s the pity—for the *Dacrydium cupressinum*, from New Zealand, is perhaps the most unmistakeably weeping and disconsolately mournful tree in the world; and no one can look at the Norfolk Island Pine without being angry with it, that so much beauty should be combined with so much effeminacy. Perhaps we blame *and punish* other weaknesses

weaknesses and unrobust idiosyncracies, with the same degree of reason and justice as we should exercise in scolding the delicate *Araucaria excelsa* because it is not gifted with the obstinate temper of a Norway fir. On the left is the Great Orangery, one of Sir William Chambers's solid magnificences, now empty of its inmates, but soon to become the winter garden of those High Tendernesses for whose infirmities we have been offering a sentence in apology. As we proceed, Mr. Nesfield spreads on each side of us bright pieces of carpet, each tinted with one colour. The materials of which this living tapestry is woven are, Calceolarias,—*C. amplexicaulis*, a clear canary yellow; Pelargoniums—pink-flowered, ivy-leaved, and 'Frogmore,' of a scarlet bright enough to blind weak-eyed mortals; blue *Campanula Carpathica*; grey (when considered *in toto*) *Alyssum variegatum*; *Ageratum Mexicanum*, of clear lavender; the dingy blue (as seen in mass) *Lobelia Erinus*, var. *compacta*; fringed with black and yellow, the *Sanvitalia procumbens*; and Verbenas that bid defiance to the tinctorial art. There stands the Palm House—certainly the most elegant if not the most bulky glass structure in the world; but we will leave it for the present, and turn to the left, for the sake of the Victoria and other houses. Here, on the grass, grows a puzzle for hybridists—a laburnum between *Cytisus nigricans* and *C. Laburnum*. The plant has put forth one branch of *nigricans* and one of *Laburnum*; the rest is hybrid. Further on we pass between two paper-mulberry trees—*Broussonetia papyrifera*—from the Society Islands, which have stood the last seven winters without any protection. We are inclined to discard the word *acclimatize*, for denoting the supposed process of making a plant capable of living with us the year round in the open air, and to adopt *conclimated*, to express the innate power of doing so, originally given to it. On the rockery there, on the other side of the non-perplexing labyrinth of British plants, are a few spare Cactuses and Euphorbias, inserted to give a little style to the group. They are scarcely expected to conclimate, though some of the *Opuntias* do set up a sort of pretence to half-hardihood, which is no hardihood at all. But till plants, in a new home, are thus tested one by one, the most skilful vegetable anatomist and the most learned physiologist cannot say decidedly, on mere inspection, what lowest degree of temperature any novel species may be exposed to and survive.

We are now approaching an assemblage of glass houses conveniently near to each other, and of most varied contents. Their very outside shell is made to protect and support plants that would by themselves give interest to an ordinary garden. Here, in a narrow bed in front of the house No. 13, are growing in the

open

open air both the Black and the Green Tea shrubs, from either of which the Chinese appear to make any sample at pleasure. (See Fortune's 'Wanderings.') The Museum has shown us the powdered Prussian blue which confers the bloom, and other matters employed in the *first* adulteration in the East, before tea becomes acquainted with the strange company introduced to it in England. In No. 16 is the Assam tea, by means of which we hope to keep these amusing processes entirely to ourselves. Side by side with the Black and the Green grows the Sasanqua Tea, whose blossoms are used to give the *bouquet* to the two former. At the end of another house grows a Chinese tree pæony, the showy and delicate Moutan;—not apparently a very remarkable specimen—but it is the original plant introduced by Sir Joseph Banks, and the grandmother or great-grandmother of most of the Moutans that have settled in European gardens. Take off your hats to it, ye Nurserymen—that plant has been the means of putting something like 100,000*l.* into your pockets!

There are one or two low small houses that everybody is anxious to peep into. Prying curiosity examines what can be discovered through the keyhole and some supposed chink in the door. Many are the noses flattened against the glass; little regard is paid even to the damaging of a bonnet; a crushed trimming would be a cheap price for a glance into the interior. Why is this?—On the door stares the word PRIVATE. 'The Director may be a sort of Blue Beard, and these are his secret dens. Oh, if I could but rummage in *these* for one five minutes! And they call this throwing open the collection to the Public! It is pretty cool of the Guide-book to tell us that "No. 21 is a substantial new Propagation-house, *kept private* :—at this time chiefly occupied by the numerous young plants reared from Dr. Hooker's seeds of Sikkim-Himalayan Rhododendrons;" and that "No. 4 is another Double Propagation-House on an admirable construction; that it is used as a hospital for valetudinarian vegetables, and rickety or sea-sick plants which require peculiar care and attention, and, therefore, *this house is most frequently kept locked, because what is in it is of little or no interest to the public generally!*" Very provoking. I do not believe it.'—Do not, quite; for we contrived to insinuate ourselves into one of the tyrant's hiding-places, having caught him in one of his *mollia tempora fandi*, and detected there in the very fact—'of what?'—of growing—a double cocoa-nut, all the way from the Seychelles. There!—that *was* a secret. While double cocoa-nuts were believed to grow in sub-marine palm forests, one of them would purchase a ship's cargo; but now times are sadly altered, and their price has dropped thousands per cent.

Into

Into this small and recently erected low stove we *may* enter, on the disobliging condition of shutting the door after us; for a little cool breath would be agreeable—and see what grimaces those persons are making before they dare venture to plunge into the heated air, though it is not worse than the gallery-stalls at the Opera. Really the public are very amusing; they have an idea that this, on a large scale, will exactly suit their taste. But wonders and beauties crowd upon us. The plant there should have been dedicated to St. Vitus. It has got the fidgets incurably. Night and day, from its seed-bed to its repose in the compost heap, it twitches and twists the two little leaflets that grow on each side the larger oval leaf. Without perceptible cause or motive—except the indulgence of its own caprice—the Moving-plant, *Desmodium* (once *Hedysyrum*) *gyrans*, goes on with its antics. But other beauties in this nice boudoir have taken lessons of the posture-master. A tall gentleman, who is followed by a string of listeners eager to catch every word he drops, takes from his waistcoat pocket a pair of scissors; with these he snips the tip of a pretty leaf, whose divisions seem made up of scores of little leaflets;—and, mark!—each leaflet folds itself close to the midrib, like the sticks of a shut fan, and the footstalk itself of the leaf has a joint at the axilla, by which it drops and stands at ease. This is the Humble Plant, *Mimosa pudica*, very different from the Sensitive Plant, *M. sensitiva*, which you will see in the great Palm Stove. Though both are so curious, and one so pretty here at home, in Brazil and the West Indies they are nuisances to be exterminated by fire. Their prickly stems choke the growth of sweeter herbage;—neither is it clear that the cattle like to have their noses tickled by the motions of living plants that *writhe* when they begin to be eaten. And now a small bell-glass is lifted; the scissors touch a pair of scaly leaves fringed with green bristles; they close: it is the American Fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*), which has, as its name implies, a veritable living trap at the end of its leaves. Listen to what is said:—

‘The moment an insect (or any extraneous body) touches the hairs on the disc, the two lobes close firmly and press the luckless intruder to death; the struggles of the victim indeed, occasioning the lobes to shut more firmly, hasten its own destruction. As soon as the insect ceases to struggle, and dies, the trap opens, ready to continue the work of destruction; but there is no reason whatever to suppose that the dead insects in any way nourish the plant.’

What, then, can be the object of the contrivance, unless the checking a superabundance of insect life? The facts are not novel, but are too wonderful ever to become stale. Gigantic plants existed in præadamite times. If there were then a Fly-trap

trap large enough to catch a man! You have rightly guessed that our conductor, so full of information and so kind in imparting it, is Sir W. H. himself. He crushes an evergreen leaf, and gives it to a friend to enjoy the perfume, perceptibly that of the clove; to another he offers a bruised morsel of the lemon-grass, having a delicate odour like the three-leaved Verbena. Tea from this fragrant herb was a favourite beverage with the good Queen Charlotte; and the rumour is that it is not unpalatable to the most illustrious of her Majesty's descendants. Observe the Caricature Plant, with bright green leaves something like those of the Bay-tree, but marked down the middle with yellow blotches, the outline of many of which bears a very accurate resemblance to the human face, more or less divine. Here is the Duke, and here Lord Brougham, *dos à dos*, on the same leaf; there is Pitt; Punch and Judy seem the principal characters on the next. You may remember that, on the first restoration of Louis XVIII., a coloured print of a bunch of *violettes* was contrived to show profiles of Napoleon, his Empress, and the King of Rome;—a leaf turned back did the office of the immortal cocked-hat. That little pot-plant, labelled *Dorstenia*, shows a curious fructification. It is something like a flat piece of green leather growing at the end of a flower-stalk, and is, in fact, a flat, *open* receptacle of minute flowers visible with a magnifier. It is a strange intermediate form; for roll it up with the flowers outside, and it is a bread-fruit; with them inside, and it is a fig. Were the ripened receptacle large and juicy enough to be eaten, it would be literally a *fruit-cake*. In that corner stands a pot of ginger, *not* preserved, except from unnecessary handling. It would take a long day to pay due attention to everything in this one small hot-house. We will visit it again.

A moderate-sized apartment not far distant must be entered with courage, and yet with reverence. Therein swims in state the Queen of Plants. She would be confessedly a Cleopatra, were she not something better, a *Victoria*. It is stifling hot; and pray mind the descent. Warm work for the young man who remains here on duty, even though her Majesty consents to admit him to her presence in uncoated full dress! It feels the closer for the roof being so low; but most plants thrive the better for being brought near the glass, or for the glass being brought near to them. The cultivation of low-growing plants and shrubs would not be easy in a crystal cathedral. A forest of palms or a wilderness of bamboos would be more thrifty there than a series of flower-beds, to be sauntered amongst and gazed upon by promenaders of ordinary stature. But that is not our affair. Pictorial arguments are the order of the day. Mr. Leech's most alluring sketch of 'John Bull

Bull in his Winter Garden' gives the blooming *Victoria* as a detail. But the plant is dormant in winter, unless it is to be forced; and the forcing *that* will make it a nice task for the gardener to avoid boiling it. By such shows as this—as *Punch*, smiling in his sleeve, well knows—the multitude are led. Another dioramic feeler of what may be *tried on* was explained by a lecturer, who, while modestly abstaining from discussing the feasibility of the project, still informed the admiring spectators of the Winter Garden by gas-light, that it was proposed to cultivate in a large canal, crossed at intervals by tasty bridges, the *Victoria regia* and other *marine* plants! The *lapsus linguæ* dispelled the whole charm of the scene. A new aquarium at Kew will by-and-bye receive the *Victoria*; but even in its humble tank it is a vegetable wonder, putting forth alternately a blossom and a leaf, the latter not the less curious of the two, and looking, as it begins to emerge, very like a hedgehog swimming on its back. The little wheel, used at Chatsworth, at Syon,* and in the Regent's Park Botanical Gardens, to keep the surface water in agitation, is here found unnecessary for the health of the plant. The leaf attains its curious rim, and also perfects the honey-combed air-chambers in the under surface, by which its buoyancy is increased, enabling it, with management—that is, by equalizing the pressure—to support as much as ten stone weight. Another floating contrivance is seen in a corner of the same tank, in *Pontederia crassipes*, the footstalks of whose leaves are swollen into bladders. At the foot of the *Victoria* reposes the pretty *Nymphæa pygmæa*,* a dwarf water-lily, with white flowers the size of a shilling; and on one side the *Nelumbium speciosum*, which furnished the bouquet to the ladies whose mummies adorn the British Museum, still offers to us its blossoms, though of paler colouring.

Let us pass the handsome symmetrical lake, thread the parterre of gaudy flowers, mount the steps conducting to the terrace, and enter the Palm-stove. We can now form some idea of a tropical forest; a tiger might start out from among these tree-ferns, a boa-constrictor might be climbing the trunk of that cocoa-nut palm, humming-birds might be darting amidst the leaves of those Bananas. Every plant has its own interesting history, but we can only glance at a few of the most remarkable. The tall shrub with crimson

* The plant was first introduced at Kew—from which the rest are offsets. It first flowered at Chatsworth, next at Kew, then at Kew's charming neighbour, Syon—where this summer both the leaves, like enormous green card-tables, and the unrivalled splendour of the flower, were admired by so many visitors, through the princely generosity of the Duke of Northumberland, who may be said to have for the season of the Great National Exhibition surrendered to the public both his London palace—the only real one of our old nobility now remaining—and this equally unrivalled suburbanum.

hollyhock-like flowers is the *Hibiscus—rosa Sinensis*; its blossoms are used in China to black shoes with! A plant inconspicuous in such a place as the great Palm-stove, but of considerable botanical importance as an exaggerated instance of what might be called vegetable malformation, which yet works well in the long run, is the *Xylophylla falcata*, i. e., the scythe-shaped wooden-leaf, from the Bahamas. It has phylloid branches, or green branches flattened and resembling leaves, even more deceptive than those of the New Holland Acacias, being inserted horizontally, in the usual position of leaves on the stem, instead of vertically. The flowers, and occasionally, though rarely, true leaves, appear in what would be the serratures in a true leaf, but what in the metamorphosed branch must be considered as *axillæ*. A vegetable of some notoriety is the *Cibotium Barometz*, or *Scythian lamb*—the vegetable lamb of Tartary, which—according to the writers of olden time—ate up all the herbage within its reach, but, being itself rooted to the ground, eventually perished of hunger. The proof of the story was the presence of this lamb in the cabinets of the curious. Seeing, it was thought, must be believing. Our plant reveals the mystery. The woolly rhizoma (of which the hare's-foot fern is an analogous example) is of considerable substance, and grows into curious contortions and nodosities. Four shortened frond-stalks, left for the dried specimen to stand on when turned upside down, completed the verity of a vegetable lamb. There grow here, however, things useful as well as things passing strange. Observe the chocolate-nut tree, *Theobroma Cacao*, 'food for the gods,' putting forth flowers from the thickest part of its woody trunk, to be succeeded by nuts in the same situation, instead of on the twiggy branches. Here is the mango tree, *Mangifera Indica*, with its fruit pendulous at the end of a long stalk, playing the most tempting bob-cherry; for though bad varieties are no better than tow and turpentine, first-rate numbers leave a delicious taste in the mouth, which is remembered for years and years, like the cream-tarts by which the widow of Noureddin Ali recognized the neighbourhood of her cruelly mystified Bedreddin. Each fruit here is secured in a little bag-net, to prevent accidents, and to make hereafter a dainty dish to set before a Queen.

From pleasant fruits and 'Herbes of Vertue,' turn we now to the 'banes and poysons of pernicious and malignant temperature.' The *Caladium sequinum*, or dumb-cane, had better not be bitten, or it will bite in return, depriving lips and tongue of all power of speech. Instances of its virulence have occurred here. The gardeners are now, however, pretty well aware where such mischievous powers lie dormant, and strangers have no busi-

ness

ness to volunteer dubious experiments. The horticultural official, who serves a friend of ours, places a stinging plant, the *Loasa urens*, with its pretty yellow flowers and dangerous leaves, in a conspicuous part of his greenhouse, to teach meddlesome children—and ladies—by the blisters on their poor hands, that it is safer to admire than to touch. Public and private establishments are quite different affairs, and such tricks at home look much like inexcusable treachery, but the instance will show what caution ought to be exercised in a national botanic garden.

The most deadly plant ever possessed by Kew, the *Jatropha urens*, is no longer to be found there; it has either been killed off like a mad dog, or starved to death in isolation like a leper. Its possession nearly cost one valuable life, that of Mr. Smith, the present respected curator. Some five and twenty years ago he was reaching over the *Jatropha*, when its fine bristly stings touched his wrist. The first sensation was a numbness and swelling of the lips; the action of the poison was on the heart, circulation was stopped, and Mr. Smith soon fell unconscious, the last thing he remembered being cries of 'Run for the doctor.' Either the doctor was skilful, or the dose of poison injected not quite, though nearly, enough; but afterwards the man in whose house it was, got it shoved up in a corner, and would not come within arm's length of it. He watered the diabolical plant with a pot having an indefinitely long spout. If the vase itself contained a *quid pro quo*, he is not to be greatly blamed. Another not much less fearful species of *jatropha* has appeared at Kew—and disappeared.

We must ascend the spiral staircase, and run round the gallery—for the sake of looking down on the luxuriant tree-ferns and palms, admiring the charming effect of the symmetrical flower-beds, and gazing along the vista of infant Deodaras at the noble *Pagoda*—only wanting the Dragons and Bells at the angles of the *stratum super stratum* to present a complete fac-simile of the far-famed one at Nankin. At this height the creepers admit of close inspection:—Note the flowers of the *Aristolochia gigas*, shaped like a helmet, and so huge that the children in South America, according to Humboldt, wear them as hats. *Aristolochia* is Englished Birth-wort, for reasons which the scholar will understand. It is 'curious, if true,' that a not indigenous species should 'frequently be found wild in the neighbourhood of nunneries.' We certainly have stumbled on another detestable plant, the savin, in suspicious localities, and fancied it looked much ashamed of itself when detected. Before quitting the Palm-stove, which we must with reluctance, we should remark the delicate green with which the glass has been tinted at the suggestion

suggestion of Mr. R. Hunt, of the Geological Survey, in order to temper the too powerful rays of the sun—a purpose which the experiment has successfully answered. The sea-green hue is most visible outside towards sunset, or in winter when the sun is low.—The last look here shall be given to a subject unique in natural history, Mr. Smith's *own* plant, which he has recorded in the Linnæan Transactions, June 1839. Its nature will be indicated by translating the name he gives it—*Cœlebogyne ilicifolia*—as the holly-leaved bachelor-female; suggesting at the same time that it would have been better if Latin and Greek had not been united in the first word. Mr. Smith tells us—

‘Shortly after their introduction the plants produced female flowers; but, although I have watched them carefully from year to year, I have been unsuccessful in detecting anything like male flowers or pollen-bearing organs; and I should naturally have passed them over as dioecious, and considered the three introduced individuals as females, had not my attention been particularly directed to them in consequence of each of them producing fruit and perfect seeds, from which I succeeded in raising young plants. This, too, was not the result of one year, but of several successive years’ sowing. On considering the circumstances above noticed—in particular the absence of male flowers of the plant itself or of others related to it, with the fact of the stigma remaining so long unchanged, and not exhibiting the symptoms usually seen in stigmas after having been acted upon by pollen—I can arrive at no other conclusion than that it is not essential to the perfecting its seeds; but if an external agent be necessary, and really act upon the stigma, I am unable to say what that agent is, or how it acts.’

The real wonder is, that in Australia, though not in Europe, there are plants of the bachelor-female which bear not inconspicuous male flowers, and that there is nothing at Kew likely to hybridise the imported and *native-born* individuals. It seems a true case of parthenogenesis. Sceptics, who reason from analogy, never received a greater check.

Let us now visit the *Museum*, of three years’ standing only, and entirely originated by the present Director—but already a most instructive as well as interesting portion of the establishment. The ‘Guide’ endeavours to serve as a sort of Concordance between this and the Gardens, but the collection at present is merely the nucleus of what it will become a few years hence. The building was formerly a fruit-house to the kitchen-garden, but being rendered unnecessary by the improvements at Frogmore, has been liberally relinquished by her Majesty. The two wings are in the course of addition as receptacles of the accumulating treasures, and the Director’s *sancta sanctorum* will soon have to follow, by opening their doors to objects of *public*

curiosity and study. The destination of these apartments is 'to receive all kinds of *fruits and seeds, gums, resins, dye-stuffs, sections of woods, and all curious vegetable products, especially those that are useful in the arts, in medicine, and in domestic economy*; such interesting vegetable substances, in short, as the living plants cannot exhibit. This collection will, when more complete, require a separate catalogue:—which is in preparation. It will be a treasury of facts to be perused with eagerness by hundreds who have no opportunity of inspecting the specimens themselves. We only hope that Sir William will not defer the publication till he thinks it will afford a *complete* history of the contents of the Museum; for, in that case, the answer to many an inquirer will be deferred till the Greek calends.*

Great monopolies in certain materials and drugs have long been sustained by the concealment of the plants from which they are drawn. Instances will occur to every one connected with arts and manufactures. It is desirable for the public good that such selfish mystifications should be cleared away; and *here* we often have the product in the Museum labelled with a reference to its living secretor in the Garden or the Houses: *e.g.* Burgundy pitch, from the *Abies excelsa*; American turpentine, from *Pinus palustris*; Gutta Percha, in all its stages, from the inspissated juice to the decorative casting (*Isonandra Gutta*); India rubber as it flows from the tree, to the railway buffer ring, the drinking-cup and bottle—(*Ficus elastica*); cakes of maple sugar, looking like bad brown soap—(*Acer saccharinum*);—beet sugar, in loaves of the purest white, of French manufacture—and indeed the common sugar of France—from the *Beta vulgaris*, a native not of this country, but of the south of Europe; gamboge, of which there are various species, the best being the *Hebradendron pictorum*, although the gardens possess but one sort alive—viz. 'the *Xanthochymus pictorius* of Roxburgh, of which the fruits, which ripen with us, yield, on being punctured, the juice which concretes into one kind of *gamboge*, the most powerful of drastic medicines, and affording the brightest and best known of yellow colours.' The ivory-nut palm—(*Phytelaphas macrocarpa*)—from New Grenada, is fully illustrated. Here is the stem of the plant, a portion of the wood—if such it can be called—the spathes—the flowers—the aggregate fruit—like a Negro's head—the nuts—a nut with the radicle and plumule just germinating—besides various articles manufactured of this vegetable ivory.

* While we are correcting our proof sheets, the daily papers announce numerous additions made to this Museum from the breaking up of the Great Exhibition: among others, the noble collection of Scottish agricultural products formed at a vast expense by Messrs. Peter Lawson and Co. of Edinburgh.

The temples of Pan and of Confucius, which once ornamented the gardens, have alike passed away, but the Museum more than supplies their place as an admirable Temple of Science. Strange uses of vegetables are disclosed to whosoever shall seek for initiation into the mysteries of this unsuperstitious fane. It is true the Cannon-ball Tree of Guiana, *Couroupita Guianensis*, though it does put forth odd-looking globes, does not actually furnish ammunition to the South Americans. Its shells are not dangerously explosive, but are used, like the calabash, for domestic purposes. Its fruit is said to be vinous and pleasant when fresh, and the only mischief it does is to emit when decayed an insupportably offensive odour. But the Towel Gourd, *Luffa Ægyptiaca*, a native of the tropics, is used both as wadding for guns and as a sponge. The Bottle-gourds are well known—and the epidermis of the *Andromachia igniaria* (Quito), used as tinder, is only one of a numerous list of similar substances; but many of our readers will be surprised to hear of the Caripe or *Pottery-tree* of Para. The bark is burnt and ground, and the ashes are mixed with clay to make vessels. It enables them to stand the fire without breaking, and in the vast alluvial plains of the Amazon is doubtless a valuable succedaneum. In one single compartment of a case are shown leaves, wood, bark, ashes, and earthen vessels, all the produce of this pottery-tree. Then we have a small collection of *dairy plants*—a bottle of milk from the Cow-tree, *Galactodendron utile*, and a portion of its stem; leaves of the *Masseranduba*, or Milk-tree of Para, a little loaf of the milk in a concrete state, and a portion of the stem with the milk exuding; Shea butter from the Niger, made from the kernels of *Bassia Parkii*, with the kernels themselves and leaves of the tree. The spathe which protects the flowers of *Maximiliana regia* is used as a canoe; the natives paddle themselves across a stream in one, and then throw it aside as soon as done with. A spathe in the gallery measures 7 ft. 6 inches in length and 19 inches in breadth. Other unexpected uses of vegetables are disclosed. Dr. Hooker has sent home a pair of vegetable bellows made of the leaves of a tree, and used for *smelting iron* by the natives south of the Sone River, India.

Many of the fruits in the Museum differ much from what we expect to find them. The *Nux vomica*, *Strychnos nux vomica*, is a capsule like a large discoloured dried orange, containing a number of flat seeds which furnish the poison. The Sacred Bean of the Egyptians, so often seen in their monumental decorations, *Nelumbium speciosum*, looks in its dried state like a circular piece of over-baked pudding stuck full of hazel-nuts. The *Banksias* from New South Wales give the idea of shell-fish rather

than of fruit. They resemble a number of little oysters naturally adhering around a cylindrical stick and imbedded in mossy seaweed, the kernel representing the contained mollusc. There are pods of the *Cassia Fistula*, used in medicine as a cathartic, 2 feet 1 inch in length, like long thin sausages; pods of an unknown species of greater diameter are 2 feet 6 inches long; those of the *Entada Pursaetha*, another leguminous plant, may be seen 2½ inches across. A natural alarm is afforded by the *Hura crepitans* or Sand-box of Jamaica, a plant belonging to the Euphorbias, whose large circular seed-vessel, unless confined by a string or wire, splits into a number of pieces, and scatters its contents with a sound loud enough to wake a sleeping botanist.

We usually think we know all about tea by our acquaintance with its vulgar shapes of Hyson, Souchong, &c. &c.; but there is such a thing as *brick tea*, which Dr. Hooker has brought from Thibet, looking in its paper package something like a mis-shapen cheese—another sort compressed like scrap-cake for dogs: small *ball tea*, answering to bull's eyes for children, and large ball tea enclosed in the husks of Indian corn. The climax of all, as fancy articles in this line, are *wheatsheaf tea*, in bundles just large enough to make a good cup or two—and *twisted tea* or *old-man's eyebrows*.

As a pendant to the dairy-plants the light-giving ones may be adduced. In the first place we have candle-wicks from China, made of the pith of a plant, as well as our own rushlight wicks, the pith of *Juncus effusus*, of which a curious twisted variety is to be seen in the little *Froggery* in the centre of the hardy Fernery between the Temple of Æolus and the Museum. Then there are seeds of the *Croton sebifera* or Chinese tallow-plant, with candles manufactured therefrom; candles made from the acorns of an oak of New Grenada, from the *Myrica segregata* of New Grenada, from the wax of *Myrica parvifolia*, and of *Myrica macrocarpa*.

Those who are fond of observing *extreme plants* will find plenty in some shape. The Museum has in a dried state the *Rhododendron nivale*—the most alpine *shrub* in the world—brought by Dr. Hooker from an elevation upon Kinchin Jonga, equal to 17,500 feet above the ocean level. And the Garden has the most southern *tree*, the evergreen beech, *Fagus betuloides*, from Tierra del Fuego. That it is a real tree is evidenced by the fact that Captain King made large boats that would hold several men from one trunk, which happened to grow in a sheltered valley; while on the exposed heights of Hermit Island the same species is so dwarfish and stunted, and the branches so densely compacted, like other plants in similar situations—(see the undetermined

mined alsinaceous plant from Thibet in the Museum)—that the traveller is able literally to walk upon the tops of them! For such plants in the south of England the summer's heat is more to be feared than the winter's wet or cold. They droop and are overpowered, like the white bears in the Regent's Park, under the rays of our oppressive sun.

Herbivorous animals are well known, and are supposed to fall in conveniently with the natural order of things; but we are here informed that there exist—in revenge—carnivorous vegetables. On the mantelshelf stood, and may still stand, a glass case containing the perfect insect and larva of the creature, a Hawk moth, *Hepialus virescens*, which is preyed on by the Caterpillar Fungus, *Sphaeria Robertsii*. The caterpillar buries itself in the earth to undergo transformation into the perfect insect; while it is lying dormant there, the fungus inserts a root into the nape of its neck, feeds and flourishes on the animal matter, and, without destroying the form of the victim, at last converts it into a mummy. A similar slaughter of larvæ is performed in Van Diemen's Land by a representative fungus, the *Sphaeria Gunnii*; and another carries on the same work in China, *Sphaeria Sinensis*—while the *S. entomorphiza* tries it even in these parts, so far removed from cannibalism. Living wasps have been taken in the West Indies with a fungus growing from their bodies. Still animal-feeders are not common among plants—unless we include those orchids which a cockney visitor to the Gardens asserted to live entirely on hair!

The Museum not only communicates positive truth, but aids in the dissipation of vulgar error. Thus, it clears the poor darnel, *Lolium arvense*, from an unjust imputation. 'Darnel,' says the Museum through Professor Henslow, 'is generally reputed to be noxious, and is added to beer (or something else under that name) to increase its intoxicating properties. But De Candolle considers its ill report to be a popular fallacy, and says it is used by the French peasantry for bread in times of scarcity.' Grains of the calumniated grass are shown, looking not unlike grains of rye, whence its name of rye-grass; and Edward Salmon, labourer, of Hitcham, Suffolk, sends half a loaf (proverbially better than none) of Darnel bread, exhibited at his Horticultural show—(we suppose the bold fellow dared to eat the other half)—in appearance better than many a loaf of rye-bread which we have seen used as the common food of man and beast, but never had the heroism to taste. It is true, however, that the darnel, like rye, is apt to be attacked by the ergot; and persons eating rye-bread made from flour mixed with ergot are sometimes paralysed. The ergot itself affords a useful
but

but dangerous drug, and of uncertain efficacy. Some able practitioners have no faith in it *for good*.

Some light is also thrown on certain little quackeries, of not profound ingenuity. If dyspeptic patients were told that their sufferings would be relieved by a simple farinaceous diet, they might choose to be sceptically scornful; but if they are recommended, by advertisement, to breakfast on a something with a sonorous Latin name, who can resist the recipe? 'There is,' says the Museum, 'a plant called *Ervum Lens*—in plain vernacular, lentil—the meal or flour of the seeds was first recommended for use as *Ervalenta*, in conjunction with *Mélasse de la Cochín-China*, or common treacle! It met with a great sale at three times its value, till explained by Dr. Pereira. This led to another name being given to it, *Revalenta Arabica*, from the *Revalenta Estates!!!*—the seeds being much used in Egypt and Arabia. That again was explained by the same pharmacist, and it now meets with a ready sale, by vendors whose powers of face are not equal to their predecessors, as *lentil meal*, or *flour of lentils*.' The same shelf displays bottles of lentils of various growth, and also bottles of *Revalenta Arabica*, *Ervalenta*, lentil powder, and patent flour of lentils for comparison with the purchased packets at hand as witnesses. The permission of this disclosure is rather a cruel piece of demonstration on the part of the Director. If a man has genius enough to make his fortune by a rebus or an anagram, it is unkind not to let him do so. We should take it unfriendly to be in any way hindered in the accumulation of a plum from the rapid sale of muffins and crumpets at a high premium, after we had given them a run by the application of grandiose titles.

The cases containing specimens of injury to timber by insects, and from bad pruning, must be inspected to have their importance appreciated; while the cases of flax and its products are equally interesting to the ladies, who, while they are familiar with the 'Irish,' will be pleased and surprised by the coloured velvets manufactured from the same fibre. There are many beautiful modèles in wax in various parts of this room—but fruits, flowers, gourds, &c. in spirits show us the real thing. There is the Jack, or *Jaca*, the largest known edible fruit—and a portion of the wonderful *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, the largest known flower.

The series of *Papers*, from the untaught productions of the hornet and the wasp, followed by those prepared from various barks, will be completed by our highly-finished stationery of the present day, as soon as arrangements for its reception can be made. But as to barks, there is no knowing to what purposes they may not be turned. In the gallery are natural sacks, formed of the
bark

bark of the Sack-tree, *Lepurandra saccidora*, with a section of the tree left at one end to form the bottom. Another bark, that of *Bertholletia excelsa*, serves at Pará for caulking ships. Several barks are employed as cigar-tubes, or as envelopes for cigars—layers of that of one tree, called in Brazil Cascarilla, are cut into lengths of five or six inches, folded up the thickness of a tobacco-pipe, and are then ready for use in that capacity. A late importation is a rude sort of guitar from Paraná. It consists of a single joint of bamboo; the bark on one side is raised in four strips, answering to strings—a bridge at each end gives the requisite tension—a sounding hole is cut in the middle—and the thing is done. A native performer might produce effects that would charm native ears; but we may believe it was not this instrument with which Orpheus led the brutes.

It is here too we may behold *what* our daily food consists of. Pause over these three potatoes modelled faithfully in wax. How Cobbett would have gloried had he lived to see it *demonstrated* that a pound of this vegetable contains nearly 12 ounces of water, and only 6 pennyweights, 9 grains, and 6 tenths of a grain, of nutritive matter! To him Professor Henslow would have been a second Daniel. *We* should like to see the chemist put them together again, and make three honest potatoes of these ingredients.

The Reverend Professor's various services to the Museum are warmly eulogized in the 'Guide' (p. 49). He has, however, lately received a more flattering tribute than even this. A party of his parishioners, up for their Exhibition treat, were brought to Kew, and in conducting them through the houses a sort of clinical lecture on the contents was given. A gentleman, who caught a few sentences, begged permission to join the visitors, and listen to the delightful explanations. All concluded, he advanced to the showman, and in token of his great satisfaction offered him a shilling. Modest refusals, and hints that it was as much as his place was worth, were answered by an off-hand, 'Oh, take it! take it!'—We beg to charge Mr. Henslow with want of presence of mind in not taking it. Had such a chance been ours, we would have received it thankfully, got it double-gilt in the best style, and then displayed it as our professorial medal—a sincere *testimonial*.

The national value at this time attained by Kew must be at once admitted by whoever peruses the Director's last Report. The document is so full of matter that we have a difficulty in abridging it. The principal points, at least, shall be selected—though for our own reasons not exactly in the order in which Sir William Hooker, for his, found it expedient to arrange them.

'The

'The Garden is especially intended to be the means of introducing new, rare, and useful plants, and dispersing them through our own and other countries, and to give an impulse to nurseries and persons trading in exotic plants. Perhaps at no period has there been so great a stimulus given to this introduction of new, rare, *but more especially useful plants*, as during the last ten years; and the Royal Gardens of Kew have contributed largely on this head, partly by means of collectors sent out from thence, but still more by the extensive correspondence of the Director with intelligent persons in all parts of the globe, aided, as such communication has been, by the public and private services of individuals and companies, more than can be enumerated, in conveying our collections to and from the East and to and from the West free of expense.

'It were impossible here to notice a tithe of the rare, or useful, or ornamental plants which these Gardens have imported and distributed. A few of those quite recently received may be mentioned—such as the Tussack grass from the Falkland Islands, proved to be already of the highest consequence to the West of England, Scotland, and Ireland, particularly to the Orkneys and Hebrides, and analogous climates; the Pará grass (introduced by Earl Grey), now transmitted to various tropical and sub-tropical colonies; the deciduous and evergreen beeches of Tierra del Fuego; the lace bark-tree of Jamaica; the jute of India; the Chinese grass, as it is called, which affords the best material for calico, *and which has latterly been cultivated in the British territories abroad*; the African teak, *long celebrated in ship-building, yet till now unknown to science*; the best caoutchouc (*Siphonia elastica*); the cow-tree of South America; the double cocoa-nut (*Lodoicea Sechellarum*), that rarest of all palms; *the Huon pine, from Van Diemen's Land—which proves hardy*—[and is among the most beautiful of conifers]; the Cinchona bark (through Mr. Pentland); *a hardy palm from China, &c. &c.* The *Victoria regia*, introduced through our means, is perhaps one of the most remarkable plants ever reared in Europe; and the number of new and extraordinarily beautiful *Rhododendrons* sent to us by Dr. Hooker from India, has excited the astonishment of botanists both at home and abroad. In the eastern extremity of the Himalaya—at elevations varying from 6000 to 18,000 feet above the level of the sea—this traveller has detected, and in most cases drawn and described on the spot, no less than thirty-seven kinds, the majority of which are quite new. *Twenty-two of these have already been reared at the Royal Gardens.*

'We are sure that there is not a respectable nurseryman in the kingdom who has not profited by the riches of Kew, and is not willing to make presents to us in return. In such hands, the plants become commercial objects, multiplied, sold, and dispersed with a rapidity that few are aware of. *It was not long after the introduction of the beautiful Clarkia pulchella from North-west America into England, that a naturalist found it cultivated in the windows of the rooms at Hammerfest (the open air being too cold for it), in 73° north. The seeds had passed from England to Germany, Denmark, Sweden,*

Sweden, and Norway. It graced, says the traveller, the residence of our host, and I observed this delicate and singularly shaped flower in many cottages of very inferior description near the North Cape.'—Report for 1850.

Here is matter for reflection and congratulation among people capable of forethought and common sense! The reign of Victoria will be chronicled as the era of a mutual distribution of the vegetable productions of the whole world, through the agency of Kew. It is in consequence of her Majesty's considerate liberality in ceding such a large additional extent of ground, that the establishment has been able to raise itself into this influential position—to be a metropolis of plants. But we must quote further. Sir William Hooker gives *particulars* of what has been done.

'Our books of the Garden show that we have sent abroad, mainly to our own territories, between January 1847, and December 1850, living rooted plants, in glazed Wardian cases, as follows:—To Ascension Island, 330 plants (*mostly trees and shrubs calculated to bear exposure to the sea-breezes and the most powerful winds, and the success of these has been beyond all expectation, affording shelter and protection where none could be obtained before*); Bombay, 160; Borneo, 16; Calcutta, 211; Cape of Good Hope, 60; Cape de Verdes, 20; Ceylon, 136; Constantinople, 90; Demerara, 57; Falkland Islands, 118; Florence, 28; Grey Town, Mosquito, 30; Hong Kong, 108; Jamaica, 124; Lima, 33; Mauritius, 36; Port Natal, 29; New Zealand, 57; Pará, 33; Port Phillip, 33; St. Domingo, 34; Sierra Leone, 71; Sydney, 392; South Australia, 76; Trinidad, 215; North-West Africa, 65; West Australia, 46; Van Diemen's Land, 60; Valparaiso, 34: total 2722, despatched in 64 glazed cases, besides four cases of Pará grass. *N.B.—From nearly all the above-mentioned colonies or countries very rich and valuable returns have been sent either to the Garden or the Museum, or both.*

The agency of Kew in interchanging the plants of tropical climates is not the less important because the process is little perceived at home; but that much good still remains to be performed by this agency may be understood from the fact that till 1784 the mango had not been introduced to Jamaica, and the acquisition then happened more by accident than by design. The fruit is now largely cultivated there in upwards of forty varieties, which are known not by names, but by numbers, as in Haller's nomenclature, or rather lists, the finest fruit being No. 11. And even after various introductions have taken place, a central half-way house for tropical plants still continues

tinues necessary. The Jamaica ginger-plant, originally a native of the East, is found so superior to others, that Oriental cultivators are anxious to be re-stocked from the improved offspring of their own grounds. The value of colonial botanic gardens here becomes apparent; but they are the provincials, and Kew the head-quarters. Dr. Lindley had wisely directed attention to the importance of this point:—

‘There are (said he) many gardens in the British colonies and dependencies, as Calcutta, Bombay, Saharanpore [in the Mauritius], at Sydney and Trinidad, costing many thousands a year. Their utility is much diminished by the want of some system under which they can all be regulated and controlled. There is no unity of purpose among them; their objects are unsettled, their powers wasted, from not receiving a proper direction; they afford no aid to each other, and it is to be feared but little to the countries where they are established; and yet they are capable of conferring very important benefits upon commerce and of conducing essentially to colonial prosperity.

‘A national botanic garden would be the centre around which all these lesser establishments should be arranged; they should all be placed under the control of the chief of that garden, acting with him and through him with each other, reporting constantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving supplies, and aiding the mother country in everything useful in the vegetable kingdom. Medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manufacture, would derive considerable advantage from the establishment of such a system.’

We will revert to what has been done under the present directorship. Within the four years, 1847–1850, there were sent—

1. To botanical gardens on the Continent ... 1,132 living plants.
2. To botanical gardens in Great Britain. ... 1,155 ,,
3. To nurserymen and private gardens 17,616 ,,

Total of living plants 22,625

4. Seeds collected in the garden and distributed abroad and at home 4,819 papers.

The number of packets of seeds received at the Gardens it would be difficult to state. From Dr. Hooker alone, chiefly from Himalaya and North-Eastern Bengal, we have had 1532 packets within the last two years.

‘A part of the Royal Gardens, comprising about 200 acres, consisting of wood and extensive lawns and walks, usually known as Pleasure-Ground, and till lately occupied, as game-cover, by the King of Hanover, has been planted systematically and ornamentally with a great variety of such trees and shrubs as will bear the open air. *Already, in the short space of two years, it is, perhaps, the most complete*

plete collection contained in any single arboretum. The fullest catalogue of hardy trees and shrubs was published by Loudon in 1842. It included of presumed

Species	2170
Varieties	1072

The Kew Arboretum already contains of presumed

Species	2325
Varieties, or hybrids	1156.*

It is now ten years since these gardens were first opened to the public: and the following is not the least interesting passage of this Report:—

* In 1841 the visitors were	9,174	1846 the visitors were	46,573
1842 " 	11,400	1847 " 	64,282
1843 " 	13,492	1848 " 	91,708
1844 " 	15,114	1849 " 	137,865
1845 " 	28,139	1850 " 	179,627

‘The mass of this great accession of visitors comes, no doubt, for pleasure, or health and relaxation; but many come for the avowed purpose of horticultural or botanical study; many for drawing botanical subjects, for sketching trees to be introduced into landscapes, and copying novel or striking vegetable productions; others for modelling flowers and making designs for manufactured goods. The several schools of *drawing* and of *design* in London derive great advantage from this collection, and on making application they are supplied with such specimens as can be spared at their own rooms. Various objects in the New Palm House, the Orchidaceous House, the Fernery, and, above all, that noble aquatic plant the *Victoria regia*, have been eminently attractive to artists; and the number of engravings, and drawings, and models of them has been very great.* Every facility is given by the director and curator, and it has been suggested that one or two rooms might be advantageously appropriated to those individuals who come for the express purpose of copying plants. Numerous schools, especially charity-schools, are in the habit of frequenting these gardens, and they can hardly fail to gain some instruction from their visits.’

By the close of September, 1851, the number of visitors had reached the sum total of 308,000! On the whole, then—looking at the data before us, and making every allowance for the influx of strangers in consequence of the Hyde Park Exhibition—we cannot take the *present* certain aggregate at less than 200,000 annually;—nor have we the least doubt that a large increase is to be calculated upon. The annual grant to Kew is 7000*l.*, out of which are paid many humble but necessary expenses, such as taking down trees, &c. &c. Now 200,000 visitors,

* Let us call attention particularly to the splendidly illustrated work on the *Victoria Regia*, dedicated to the Duchess of Northumberland, by Sir W. Hooker himself.

at *ninepence* a head, would produce 7500*l.* per annum. Therefore—throwing aside all that may truly be called ignorant clamour and delusive hope about the chance of making such institutions self-supporting*—if the nation presents every individual who visits the Gardens with a ticket costing somewhat less than *ninepence*, it gets into the bargain gratuitously all the honourable advantage and horticultural precedence which the afore-quoted passages demonstrate to be its right.

A curiosity arises to know *how* these students in the Gardens comport themselves. The regulations are given in Sir W. Hooker's 'Guide':—

'1. Smoking, or eating and drinking, or the carrying of provisions of any kind into the Gardens, is strictly forbidden.

'2. No packages or parcels can be admitted. Ladies, who may feel incommoded by their cloaks, umbrellas, &c., can deposit them in the cloak-room, near the head of the first walk.'

John Bull and his family, absent from home, require a constant supply of little 'snacks,' however hearty and recent the last meal may have been. We once saw an old lady in a stage-coach pull out her pocket-pistol and her cake-basket, exclaiming, with a triumphant flourish, 'I've travelled *twenty miles* without tasting!' And so at Kew, the hungry tourists, just landed from the Boat or discharged from the Bus, buy as many pottles of strawberries or gooseberries as they can carry, in addition to their other provender, which is confidently brought for the purpose of being devoured under the first spreading tree in the Royal Gardens which has smooth turf and a seat beneath it. But—the janitors are as iron as the gates, and as stony as the gate-posts, and the fruit-vendors never drop a hint of the fact. Just *outside* the paradise grows a very unpleasant tree, and 'beneath fit umbrage' sits a faithful guardian, who, for the small fee of two-pence, 'takes charge' of any parcel that may inconvenience its owner till his final exit. A curious little pile of votive offerings to the Dryads is sometimes to be seen at the foot of this envious horse-chestnut, from the neat basket which *might* convey flowers and cuttings out, as well as comestibles in, to the paper bag of oranges, the pottles of fruit, and large uncouth packages of what the natural philosopher, on strict analysis, must pronounce to be hunches of bread and cheese. It might be said, in apology for this tyranny, that the

* 'It is to be lamented that the gardens of the great towns, such as Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, Manchester, Birmingham, &c. &c., reared by voluntary subscriptions, are many of them nearly in a state of bankruptcy for want of the continued encouragement of the inhabitants: Belfast, however, standing out in striking contrast, from the spirited character of its population, and the peculiar tact and talent of the present curator.'—*Report*.

gardeners have plenty to do, without the daily sweeping up of orange-peel, plum-stones, nut-shells, pieces of paper, gooseberry-husks, and ginger-beer corks; and that if people are famished and fainting, there are plenty of taverns and tea-gardens within a bow-shot of the gates. But the plea will not avail. The ruling powers are exceedingly unfeeling thus to stop the supplies. As housemaids would say, 'Missis is *very particular*.'

'3. No person attired otherwise than respectably can be admitted, nor children too young to take care of themselves, unless a parent or suitable guardian be with them; the police have strict orders to remove such, as also persons guilty of any kind of impropriety.

'4. It is by no means forbidden to walk upon the lawns; still it is requested that preference be given to the gravel-paths, and especially that the lawn edges parallel to the walks be not made a kind of foot-way, for nothing renders them more unsightly.

'5. It is requested that visitors will abstain from touching the plants and flowers: a contrary practice can only lead to the suspicion, perhaps unfounded, that their object is to abstract a flower or a cutting, which, when detected, must be followed by disgraceful expulsion.'

We have been anxious to learn for what set of people these restrictions *are* absolutely required; and it turns out to be *for those who ought to know better*. The 'lower classes' are not the people who pick and pilfer here. We have seen a group of dirty children, who would not have been admitted at all had Rule 3 been strictly enforced, dancing round the vases of flowers near the Palm-Stove in an ecstasy of delight, and all but worshipping them, but never daring to touch them. If, near the same date, a member of a liberal profession pockets part of a fern, denies it, is searched, and has to yield the chattel;—if women, in elegant attire, can pluck flowers which *they know* they ought to respect sacredly; a low opinion must be formed of the moral sense of such amateurs. It is clear that total abstinence is the only rule compatible with the very existence of the gardens. A luxuriant plant, as the Coral Tree, *Erythrina laurifolia*, may have on it two or three hundred tempting blossoms at once. 'If I take only one, it cannot be missed.' But you are one of a party of four or five thousand; and if others are as anxious for a specimen of the leaf as you are of the flower, where will the plant be when the gardens close in the evening?

Before taking leave of this Report, another point must be mentioned—one in which the whole civilized world are the gainers by such an establishment as Kew.

'Gardeners consider it a great privilege to pass two years in completing their education here, where they have, moreover, been recently provided with a small library and reading rooms. Those who have been

been most assiduous in improving themselves receive a superior testimonial. The number of applications for admission from foreign gardeners is so great, chiefly at the recommendation of the representatives of their sovereigns, that we have not vacancies enough for them. Applications are likewise frequent for good gardeners, both for public and private situations. The Government gardens of Ceylon, Trinidad, Jamaica, Ottacamund (Neelgherries), the Cape, Hobart Town, and others, have been recently supplied by us.

ART. III. — 1. *Nasology; or Hints towards a Classification of Noses.* By Eden Warwick. 1848.

2. *Polyclet, oder van den Maassen des Menschen, u. s. w. Polycletus, or on the Proportions of the Human Figure, according to Sex and Age, with the Natural Dimensions by Rhenish Measure; with a Treatise on the Differences between the Features of the Face and the Form of the Head in the various Races of the Earth; being a continuation of Peter Camper, &c.* By G. Schadow, Director of the Royal Academy at Berlin. In 2 parts, with 58 plates. Berlin, 1835.

3. *The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression, as connected with the Fine Arts.* By Sir Charles Bell, K.H. 4th Edition. 1847.

THERE is no single object presented to our senses which engrosses so large a share of our thoughts, emotions, and associations as that small portion of flesh and blood that may cover, which constitutes the human face. There is nothing we gaze upon with such admiration, think of with so much fondness, long for with such yearning, and remember with such fidelity—nothing that gladdens us with such magic power, haunts us with such fearful pertinacity—common as it is, meeting us at every turn, there is nothing we peer into with such unflagging curiosity, or study with such insatiate interest. Nor is there anything surprising in the effect thus produced. For the face is not, like the hand or foot, a mere portion of ourself or of our neighbour; it is the very representative of our race—the one synonym of humanity.

It is natural, therefore, that an object thus closely associated with our feelings and sympathies should have purposes assigned to it to fulfil in proportion to its power over us. And we are upon the threshold reminded of one—the most particular and comprehensive of all—the tremendous responsibility given to the human countenance, in the social economy of this world, as the great medium of recognition between man and man. The face is not only the appointed badge of distinction and proof of identity, but it is the sole

sole proof which is instantaneous—an evidence not collected by effort, study, or time, but obtained and apprehended in a moment; and that, as often as not, an unprepared moment. It is true that other parts of the person, the whole general effect of the person, are easily and constantly recognisable. The child will identify the mother's often-fondled hand as surely as her revered countenance—nay, will recognise her with closed eyes merely by the magical touch of it: but this presupposes intimate knowledge; the face is the only portion which, for the great purposes of identification, is committed to memory at a glance.

What else but a power rapid and unerring as this could preserve society from the most bewildering confusions and fatal mistakes! How else, in the similarity of age, size, dress, and habits in thousands of individuals, should one man convince another of what he knows so well—namely, that he is himself! The stranger in a foreign land, who, from a concurrence of these and other coincidences, stands charged with the crime of another, looks round, and joyfully discovering the face of one who has seen his face before—and that perhaps but once—knows that he is safe. The wretch whose mask fell off in the murderous onset—he looks round too, and, recognising with sickening certainty the eye that met his, though but for a moment, feels that he is detected. But, setting these graver instances aside, how, it may be asked, could the business of this hurrying world move on if the identification of every individual required the same closeness and repetition of observation necessary for that of everything else—if it were requisite to produce testimonials and summon witnesses to prove a man's title to be admitted as himself. The German philosopher, who, by a process of Pure Reason, has convinced himself beyond all fear of imposition that he is his own *Ich*, might perhaps for all purposes of personal comfort dispense with his face altogether, and no great loss to society; but most people deprived of such a witness would soon be reduced to the distress of the old woman in the song—for to doubt that you are yourself is the next step to believing that you are another person, and this fills our madhouses. To lift up a countenance to the world, secure of its identity, is the rightful inheritance of man—and proud of its identity, that of a good man. What so significant of guilt as that it dares not show its face; or of shame that it intuitively hides it? The long hair that wiped the Saviour's feet was also needed to cover the penitent's face.

We talk of strong likenesses—but we always do so with an understood reserve. We love to see a daughter inheriting the countenance which charmed us in the mother; or to trace the almost forgotten grandfather returning to life in the features of a little child—and

—and there are rarely stronger likenesses than these—but here the distinction of age provides against all fear of confusion, and we are left to rejoice freely in the real or fancied repetition. When however, as in the case of twins of the same sex, we turn from one to the other with bewilderment and doubt, though this even is rare, the feeling created in our minds, however lovely the type, is one of dissatisfaction: the birthright of man, that of distinct personal identity, has been invaded. The Comedy of Errors will only do for the stage.

With such an object in view as to preserve to man that distinct *I am*, which, even in our fallen state, is the great witness to our divine origin, the means which Providence has made use of might, not irreverently, be overlooked in admiration of the result. Nevertheless, it may be interesting to inquire somewhat into these means, and at all events to protest against some which are assigned. The idea that this power of rapid remembrance and sure recognition arises from the keen and habitual observation of the eye is one that has had its vogue. Our eyes are wonderfully and fearfully made, but they are not such conjurors to do our bidding as this would imply. If it depended on their power of memory many simpler portions of the person or raiment would be identified first, while the face, as containing the most intricate parts and varied lines, would be the most difficult and not the easiest portion to remember. And experience verifies this every day; for if we question men of average observation and intelligence—the army, the navy, legal and medical men—we except artists—as to the outer appearance of any lady who has conversed with them half-an-hour, they will be pretty sure of her blue dress, or of her white bonnet, but may not be able to describe a feature in her face, unless it be her long curls. Yet let the gown or the bonnet be seen the next day on anybody else, and they will pass it without a suspicion of its identity, while the lady herself, even minus her curls, will be instantly recognised after any reasonable lapse of time.

Some will say that it is precisely because the face does contain the most intricate parts and varied lines that the eye remembers it with such tenacity—not because it fastens upon any particular feature, but because the impression of the whole is more vividly stamped. But this would apply to other objects besides the human face. A plant offers as many intricate parts, and with its beautiful complexity of leaves, buds, and flowers, as varied a whole; yet, move it from the garden to the house, and who that had casually seen it once would identify it again? No. The features, as a chief cause, have nothing to do with the faculty of recognition—the mind does not think of them, the eye does

not

not gather them in. The passport system is sufficient to prove how small a part they can play under average circumstances. What was ever really told as to the true character of a face by *front ouvert*—*nez ordinaire*—and *bouche moyenne*? Nor is this ascribable to any hurry of observation or indifference of feeling—your most intimate friend, who knows the very tread of your footstep, will sometimes not remember whether you have brown eyes or grey. We must seek therefore deeper for the source of this power, and we find it next suggested in the unstudied language of the common people. Ask them as to the look of an individual—what he or she is like—and they will answer ‘he’s a hard-looking man,’ or ‘a stupid-looking fellow,’ or ‘she’s a bright-looking girl;’ for their recollection of a countenance is immediately associated with an *idea*, good or bad, something indicative of that inner man wherein lies the true distinctness from every other. Or, if you urge them to greater particularity, they will describe grey hair, or red hair, or bushy whiskers, which are the adventitious portions of a face—or a squinting eye, or a scar on cheek, which are the accidents of a face—or they will mention that the individual in question is very fat or very thin; but the unalienable, unalterable features are not dwelt upon, because not in one case out of a thousand remembered.

Yet here we are at fault again, for even the magic influence of that mind in a face which we call *expression*, though apparently more consonant with the nature of the power we possess, is not sufficient to account for it. An idea may give us pleasure or pain, but it cannot guarantee distinctness of recognition, since many individuals may be said to have the same expression, and some none at all. In truth the power of recognising our fellow-creatures is a phenomenon too great to be based on any physical cause whatever—however nearly associated some of these may be with our inward feelings; it is a gift, bestowed, because needed, for so momentous a purpose, and only to be rightly honoured and understood as such; every face of man being met with a wondrous adaptation in the mind of his fellow-man—as wondrous as any adaptation between his own mind and body—by which its distinctness from every other face is traced upon the mental retina in ineffaceable lines. Man is a creature of many instincts, some of which depend on certain states of society for development, but the instinct of personal identification is too important to depend upon any condition, except that of society itself, which keeps it in perpetual exercise. A twofold object in Divine Wisdom is thus attained—each man is secured in his own rightful separateness, and all men are drawn closer together. For

if the human face be a plea on our sympathy, one seen before is a double plea.

But, if we thus acknowledge an instinct in the power of identifying our fellow-creatures by their countenances, we may, with apparently greater justice, admit one in the universal tendency to judge them by them. Our faces are our friends or our foes before the tribunal of the world, first identifying us and then giving us a character. And here, strictly speaking, begins the province of Physiognomy, which offers too tempting a field for investigation and speculation not to have been ranged over by many inquirers, more enthusiastic than judicious in their views—their leading error consisting, to our apprehension, in overlooking this fundamental fact, that Physiognomy, being so intimately connected with a profound instinct in our natures, can never be digested into a Science. For the characteristic of science is, as the name bespeaks, that it consists in knowledge—in the discovery, through observation, of such invariably recurring facts as are therefore admitted to constitute a law in nature; but the characteristic of instinct is that it is not taught, because not possible to be taught, by any study or observation of our own, but given to us, or stimulated within us, as the name also bespeaks, independent of all knowledge. It is science which shows us the distinction between one species of animal and another, since that consists in certain general laws which are found never to vary. Man, however, made in his Maker's image, is but of one species (though, from local causes foreign to our present inquiry, divisible into a few leading races), but that one species, as its great divine attribute, so interminably and minutely varied, as not only to defy all classification by general laws, but rather to require one of the strongest instincts of our nature to recognise its individual differences. Lavater, therefore, while vainly endeavouring to classify only a very small portion of one of the present human races of this world, might well groan over the inadequacy of language to meet his supposed physiognomical discoveries, even though he professes to have collected more than four hundred epithets to express the varieties of faces he had observed—four hundred more would have left him just as far off the sum total, where the object of his study offered no two specimens exactly alike.

It is amusing to look back a little into these forgotten volumes—at the irreverence, absurdity, and good faith which pervade them. The language of all believers in the infallibility of a new system is invariably the same. It is always to be the foundation of a new era of wisdom, virtue, and happiness. Lavater is strong in this. He believes in the Scriptures, and quotes them most improperly, but Physiognomy is his real Revelation. Measure every face with a pair of pocket compasses—take black profile shades of every
one

one you meet—observe hair-breadth distinctions in the size and shape of features, and ‘ye shall become as gods, knowing good from evil.’ Fortunately for those inclined to such credulity, the very drawings and black shades he has left to illustrate his system are all-sufficient to overturn it. For the student of Lavater will find it, in one case, quite immaterial which engraving and which description he couples together, and in another he will detect the most ludicrous contradictions between them. The individual, for instance, in a nightcap, ‘who has felt the power of unfortunate love,’ far from bearing the slightest trace of the real victim stamp, has that peculiar complacency of smile generally found in those who never loved anybody but themselves; ‘the princely countenance’ has no analogy whatever with that title, unless as exhibiting the retreating forehead and chin recorded by so many canvasses, coins, and marbles of the last century; the plate of faces where ‘the noble mind is seen languishing, loving, and weeping,’ is sure to be confounded with the succeeding page where the same noble mind is seen in a state of inebriety; ‘the perfect countenance of a politician’ is far advanced in the same condition; while a face which Lavater bows before, ‘as to an apparition from the heavenly regions,’ is so far removed from any human qualities, that it does not exhibit sense enough even to be impudent.

As to the variety of countenances for which his epithets came short, we see no causes for such embarrassment; on the contrary, like the Kings of Scotland in the Gallery at Holyrood, for which the porter and the painter are supposed to have alternately sat, he has little more than two sorts of faces, and more especially of noses—not, as with them, a bottle and a Grecian, but a bold emphatic promontory of the former order, and a gentle, timid, apologetic declivity—the two being alternately designated as the physical types of the most opposite calibres of mind. Nose and forehead in most of these specimens recline comfortably back at an angle of 45° ; the nose, when of the apologetic class, returning to the face, at the junction of the *filtrum* or upper lip, with a weak elongated line, as if pointed and pushed up with assiduous snuff-taking. But the most remarkable agreement between letterpress and black shade will be found in the case of that nose of which Lavater asserts that ‘it will brook no insult.’ Few noses do; but this, on referring to plate No. xvii., proves to be a bottle of such magnitude that one would feel a kind of guiltiness even to be caught looking at it. How it submitted to pocket-compasses and black shade is indeed a mystery.

Otherwise Lavater’s physiognomical characteristics, when once you have the key, are easily followed; his wise men all having a frown—his fools a smirk—his heroes being ruffians of the ugliest description—

description—and his ruffians the very same, only all out of drawing, which is our divine's favourite resource for expressing his abhorrence of depravity: all alike, good, bad, and indifferent—(the divine being a pre-phrenologist)—are furnished with such a very stingy development of head, either before or behind, that without the wig a monkey and not a man would be left. The reverend theorist satisfactorily sums up his dicta on the physiognomies of others by an illustration of his own, in which a tapering snuff-taking nose meanders weakly above a happy chirping little mouth, while the forehead lies back in a line of the most luxurious *far niente*, and the very tie of the neckcloth displays the flutter of a small Swiss pastoral vanity.

Le Brun's Passions are another specimen of the physiognomical principles of the day, though far more modest in pretension. They are true to nature in one respect, for they are essentially French passions. The simper and the stare represent the softer emotions, the frown and the rolling eyeball the more sublime. These last, indeed, may be likened to a grand dramatic pantomime, in which the eyebrow is the principal performer. As this is rather startling in its effect, the mind of the spectator is mercifully prepared by a gradual process. Above, the hair appears a good deal agitated by the approaching tempest of the soul—next we behold the forehead furrowed with the heaviest clouds—then, bursting from beneath these, the eyebrow is seen descending with a fearful swoop, as if with the dire intent of carrying off the nose, while the terrified eyes and eyelids vanish through a trap-door into the head, and the mouth gapes wide in 'mingled horror and astonishment,' as well it may. Altogether there is an excitement in the scene—very different from the vapidities of Lavater—which one cannot help enjoying. It is more than the anatomy, it is the galvanism of expression.

To treat Physiognomy, strictly speaking, as an Art, would be as great an error as to consider it as a Science. Nevertheless we are instantly reminded that to study it something of the principles of art must be known, and to portray it the highest practice must have been attained. It is to the late Sir Charles Bell's graceful talent in drawing, combined with his profound anatomical skill, that we are indebted for those types of human expression which can never be surpassed. It is he who, had life and leisure served, might have supplied us with the best gallery of the passions in their broad distinctness—his knowledge checking all exaggeration of his hand, and his hand giving the fullest scope to his knowledge. And it is only in the highest masters of the art of portrait-painting that we can find those intricate shades and grades—those crossings and blendings of character, in which, upon close examination, the physiognomical identity of the

the individual, as well as of the passion, is found to lie. Who but such a consummate master of expression as Reynolds could have given Garrick with his face as much pulling him two ways as the spirits on each side of him? And who, one would hope, but Lavater could have found nothing for the student of physiognomy to dwell upon in Rembrandt's portraits? The human face in its predominate elements of beauty and goodness may be legitimately considered as the picture which gives us the most constant and varying pleasure through life;—but, like other pictures, it can only be fully enjoyed and understood by the cultivated eye.

All theories of physiognomy must be, from their very nature, limited in extent, but it is to the first artists in the world that we are indebted for the only safe basis on which they stand. In that philosophy of the fine arts which the Greeks have left us we alone find the rudiments of a true study of physiognomy. It is their principle of comparative anatomy which, by strictly separating the physical attributes of Man from those of the animal, has established the real characteristic of the human form. And it is by the same process that we are led to the first sure step in physiognomy; for, following it, we must soon distinguish two portions of the countenance which may be pronounced to be especially the human being's own, since the inferior creature possesses them in such limited measure as to be said not to possess them at all. Its profile takes, without exception, the form of a wedge, more or less blunt or acute. That of man presents a comparatively perpendicular line, rendered such by the addition of a forehead above and a chin below—the wedge shape being only approached by those savage races whose state of life is nearest that of the animal, and even in them never so much as totally to obliterate the better type. Accordingly, the average development of this upper and lower portion will be found the indispensable requisite on which the intervening features depend for giving us that pleasure which is produced by a rightful specimen of humanity. No matter how perfect those features if one of these conditions be egregiously failing—no matter how imperfect if they be there. Many a man has a face we care not to look at again till he takes off his hat; while, on the other hand, St. Neot, the martyr, with his head sawn off above the eyebrow, and represented with the unidealised features of the early German masters, is still no animal, for his chin saves him. And these portions, we must remember, are more especially man's own, as being inalienable and unchangeable—the same in sleep or in death—the outward indications of that energy and intellectual power which are so awfully his own for triumph and for temptation—by which he presumes the farthest, and falls the deepest, and which can be, and have been, developed
to

to the utmost in a state of society where they were the only law-givers—a power which we as Christians have no business to denominate godlike, but rather know to be essentially manlike—it being denied to animals on the one hand, and left to us, in our fallen condition, on the other.

That the Greeks in this respect should have reasoned as men, and men only, is but a further witness to the truth of their method. They believed, as Aristotle tells us, that the highest happiness lies in the exercise of the intellect, 'since it is difficult to conceive in what operation or energy besides, the felicity of the gods, whom universal consent pronounces most happy, can possibly consist.' To represent outwardly also their idea of deity they had but one standard, that of the human form; but while they knew how to avoid what was below that standard by strictly avoiding the animal attributes, they had no means of expressing what was above it, except by exaggerating what they felt to be the proper attributes of their own race. Hence their gods were represented under the loftiest and most perfect forms that humanity could be supposed to assume, while, on the other hand, guided by a fine artistic sense of beauty, mingled, it may be, with some mysterious instinct of man's being created in his Maker's image, they in return bestowed on their fellow-men that elevated form which they had pronounced the type of the godlike. Thus we find the grandest development of forehead and chin given, not only to their deities, but to those impersonations of earthly dignity and beauty which, in their aspiration not to make less than human, they made more.

Nor was their reasoning less consistent when applied to the other features of the face. The moral qualities they disdained for their gods. Aristotle says

'it would be ridiculous to suppose those celestial beings employed in making bargains, in restoring deposits, or in performing any other actions about which the virtue of justice is conversant. There is, if possible, still less room among them for courage. Can it redound to their glory that they encounter dangers *manfully*? Liberality cannot be ascribed to them, unless we suppose absurdly that they make use of money or something equivalent. The praise of temperance is beneath those who have not any unruly passions to restrain. Were we to go through the whole catalogue of virtues, we should find that they are conversant about actions totally unworthy of the grandeur and sublimity of the gods.'

And while the Greek philosopher, in that spirit of speculation which is grand in its very helplessness, thus argued upon things past finding out, the Greek artist arrived, on sound reasoning of his own, at very similar conclusions. He perceived well that the

the abstract virtues were but tame inhabitants of the human countenance, and that the animal passions were unworthy ones. Art was the only goddess he worshipped with a pure adoration—he understood what lay beyond her powers, and felt what lay beneath them. Thus steering between Scylla and Charybdis—avoiding, on the one hand, what was below the dignity of man, and, on the other, what was incompatible with the nature of art—he has bequeathed to us those exquisite but lifeless types of beauty which, except that of intellect, have no human expression at all. Nor, however he may seem to have narrowed the sphere of his own operations, was any other but a worse course open to him. That world of strictly human expression, which witnesseth not to the intellect but to the heart, lay as yet unrevealed in the great ocean of the future. Even the domestic affections were too little hallowed in practice to be esteemed worthy subjects for art—for the Niobe and the Laocoön, without dwelling on the fact that the latter belongs to the decline of art, represent only the extreme paroxysms of sorrow and suffering. There were in point of fact none of those truly human sympathies which daily rejoice us in the commonest walks of life for antique art to expand in. Faith, Hope, and Charity entered not into their creed; and while we know how impossible it was that the expression of these Christian virtues should have illumined their countenances, we may the more marvel at and admire that purity of worship among these great Gentiles, which, in respect of art, admitted no expression at all, rather than any of a baser kind.

Following, therefore, this fundamental rule, which the Greek elaborated, however he was limited in developing it, we find that each sex and every age of life has a physiognomy proper to itself, and only to be rightly defined by its dissimilarity to that of another. Each has a beauty *after its kind*, which it belongs to the true artist to observe, and to the true physiognomist to discriminate. A child's face is unnatural to us which has either the finished features or ripened expression of the adult—a woman's unpleasant to us which has any of the characteristics of the other sex—nay, the very action and employment of the face has its appropriate time in the 'seven ages of man,' and is out of place elsewhere. Sir Charles Bell, like a true philosopher, has embodied the passion of weeping in a roaring child; Le Brun, absurdly enough, in a middle-aged gentleman crying in a nightcap.

Such are the only safe rules by which we may trace the causes for our instinctive likes and dislikes to certain countenances. The great fallacy in those who have endeavoured to wrest physiognomy into a science lies in assigning to the features themselves certain attributes of mind; and that not in any broad and general classification,

fication, in which, with the speculativeness inseparable from a very extended study of the subject, we might be inclined to concur, but with the utmost assumption of minute particularity. Strictly speaking, we should rather deny any normal physiognomical office to the features at all. The question may be considered thus: There are two great things to be expressed in the face of man—his intellect and his heart. Now we all know that the intellect may be in many particulars improved or the contrary by right or wrong training and application—but, as respects its nature, power, and scope, we all see and feel that it admits of no essential change. All the cant of a thousand ‘friends of humanity’ will never persuade any one with eyes to see and ears to hear, that the little capacity, under the most favourable circumstances, can become the great one—or the great one, however misused, become the little one. The expression, therefore, of the intellect is consistently and naturally placed in those portions of the face which are unchangeable—which exhibit forms and quantities unalterable, as we have said, in sleep and even in death. But the case is widely different when we consider the passions, the feelings, the affections, the tendencies, which reside in the heart of man. These have a range wide as the poles; some may be extinguished, others created—all, by the mercy of God, *changed*. The old man may be crucified, with the affections and lusts thereof—the heart may become new, or it may be left to its own desperate wickedness. It stands to reason, then, that the portion of the face through which this graciously mutable department of man is expressed—that mere flesh and blood on which this power to rise or this tendency to fall may be seen—must in itself be a passive agent. In the features taken apart, therefore, as mere eyes, nose, and mouth, and in their minute varieties of form, it is manifestly absurd to look for the indications of that part of the human character which, to be responsible, must be capable of the extremest change; as regards that, they are, and must be, meant to maintain a neutrality, and to act merely as the wires and machinery through which the heart and habits telegraph their meaning to outward view. Judge them by their own merits when all action is suspended, and the wisest physiognomist will make but little of them. The most animated or benevolent face will in sleep be dull or severe, while, under the solemn blank of death, the mere mortal mask will wear no character at all, or call up likenesses to our minds which were never suggested by it when alive. As we have said before, in that instinct by which we identify a face the features have no real part—it is the spirit within witnessing, by some wonderful adaptation, with the spirit of the gazer, which alone touches the electric springs of recognition.

nition. The subordinate part which the mere features play in the memory may have something to do with that peculiarity in a dream by which we see our friends with all sorts of strange and new faces—even with other people's faces—and yet are not puzzled as to their identity, knowing them, by some other law, to be themselves. As regards also the exercise of the physiognomical faculty, it is undeniable that the majority of mankind have, at first sight, 'no characters at all.' Two-thirds of those faces which pass us in the street tell us nothing of their mission. The life is not in them, the wires are not at work—they show their features, but nothing more.

Thus alone, by an independence of all outward forms of feature, can we rescue our faith from the stumblingblock, and our proper pride from the humiliation, of a material necessity. Granting even that it exists in the development of those portions of the face which represent the intellect, it matters not. Granting that a man is predestinated by his material organisation to be above his neighbour in intellectual powers, what does he gain by them? We repeat, a great triumph and a great snare; but a triumph which is nothing in the sight of his Judge, and a snare which those very powers can assist him to avoid. These powers are glorious in our eyes as Christians, as they were divine in the eyes of the heathen, but in no respect is the doctrine of compensation so clearly revealed to us. The tax laid upon such possessions is graduated by Divine justice itself—their scantiness diminishes the moral responsibility of man, their superabundance increases it. 'Unto whomsoever much is given, from him shall be much required.' Let us, therefore, as regards these intellectual powers, be the sport of a material necessity in welcome. Let the conformation of our heads and faces entail upon us, *nolentes volentes*, keener perceptions, stronger judgments, and prompter decisions, than are given to our neighbours; but let no feature or any part of a feature affect that heart of the Scriptures by which man standeth or falleth to his Judge—by which the simple takes precedence of the wise, and which, while it transfigures the humblest features with a more than intellectual light, resides not by any law even in the most beautiful.

Nevertheless—as, by denying physiognomy to be a science, we assume for it none of that consistency of facts on which a science can alone be based, but rather, by classing it as an instinct, admit that it must be a mystery—we are quite ready to grant that general forms of features do indicate general tendencies of mind, though too uncertainly and capriciously to warrant any theory being raised upon them. The connection between body and spirit is too wonderful not to exhibit as many coincidences as discrepancies past our accounting for—for even physical causes which
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are beyond our knowledge may be at work. These may operate in making, as one of the Kembles stated, the eye the seat of genius, the nose of sensibility, and the mouth of temper; as we know they do in making the eye indicate the health of the brain, the nostrils that of the lungs, the skin that of the general frame, &c. But these last are found to be invariable witnesses, and are therefore fitted to form a link in the science of medicine; not so the first. There is plenty of genius, sensibility, and temper where eyes, nose, and mouth bear, in their normal forms, no evidence of one or the other. Also, when the general forms and arrangements of the features are such as to remind us of some animal, the characteristics of that animal will sometimes be found to accompany them. The long ponderous nose, quiet mouth, and small meaning eye will suggest the sagacity, docility, and heaviness of the elephant—the broad roughcast face, short nose, and steady eye the intelligence, fidelity, and also the impudence of the terrier. These are analogies which a physiognomist has a kind of æsthetic pleasure in observing, but which can never be laid down as dependable laws.

And granting even that the mere dumb feature does rightly interpret the mind, nothing is proved. There are other signs dumber still, yet equally eloquent. Physiognomy is not confined to the face. The mind of man, especially when it possesses one leading characteristic, is so redundant in expression, that, like the precious ointment which ran down the beard of Aaron, even to the skirts of his garment, it brims over upon his clothes, his gait, his commonest action—happy for himself and others when it is brotherly love or some other kindred quality which thus o'erflows. With the meaner qualities these signs are even more decisive in such accessories than in the principal, or face itself. The fashion of a bauble or the cut of a whisker will tell more than all the features put together. The mistress of a house as often rejects a servant-maid for her flounces as she chooses her for her face. Lavater pretends that the true physiognomist, by which he in fact means a mere materialist, will read the different characters, capacities, and even biographies of a crowd, as seen from a window, with their heads all turned towards one object. Certainly he would read something, but it would only be the prevailing feeling, the curiosity, attention, or anxiety which pervaded all their minds. Lavater's letterpress is as little graphic as his plates. Despite his supposed four hundred epithets, what do we gather but a succession of vague generalities which would fit any average individual—the latitudinarian phraseology which young ladies receive nowadays from pretended interpreters of character from handwriting—the convenient language of charlatanery all over the world? We

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are as ardent physiognomists as Lavater and his successors, but with this difference, that we accept the face as the medium whence to corroborate our opinions of an individual, not seriously to predicate them from. The countenance may be rightly defined as the title-page which announces the contents of the human volume, but, like all title-pages, it sometimes puzzles, often misleads, and as often says nothing to the purpose at all. Many individuals bear mottoes over their shields, which, however true for the fathers from whom they inherited them, are false for themselves. There are the pettiest men with commanding features, and the prosiest women with faces of sentiment. Nay, there are discrepancies between the outward sign and the inward spirit more barefaced still; 'for,' as Bacon says, 'there be many men with secret hearts and transparent countenances,'—while, applying the principle in his own way, Lord Chesterfield repeats to his son, about to travel, the Italian proverb, which a shrewd contemporary of Bacon's had quoted on a similar occasion—*volto sciolto, con pensieri stretti*.

Most faces are, strictly speaking, on trial with us—we judge them according to how they *wear*. Some are long in telling their secrets—others, after the first disclosures, have nothing further to say. Reason as we will, we seldom know what is really in the face till we know what is behind it. Our physiognomy, however we may delight in sending it a stage forward on speculation, only keeps pace with our experience. This alone is certain—that, whatever a man's face—however apparently inconsistent, or intentionally disguised—it is found to be a perfect exponent of his mind as soon as the one is known as well as the other; 'for the mind fashioneth a tabernacle for itself:' so that, were a man to receive a new face with every succeeding birthday, he would make each equally *himself* before the end of the year.

But if we dispute the title of the features generally as indications of character, we are still less likely to admit that it resides in one alone, as the ingenious author of 'Nasology' would have us believe. The nose he maintains to be the great facial sign-post which points to character. According to Mr. Eden Warwick, we have only to follow our noses to be on the right road—and, to help us, he classifies them according to their main varieties, and draws parallels between national noses and national manners, of which we can at least say that they are amusing. We cannot, certainly, admire his logic in deciding that, because the nose of the ancient Roman was hooked like an eagle's, and the characteristic of Rome was love of domination, there is necessarily a connection between one and the other. The eagle is a bird of power and prey, but it does not love conquest for conquest's

quest's sake—it carries off a lamb, as a spider carries off a fly, because it wants to eat it—it does not, like the wolf, worry a whole flock from apparent lust of bloodshed; while, as for the mere love of domination, there is no evidence in the natural history of the eagle to prove that it has even so much as a strutting, crowing, barn-door fowl. Nor can any feature be taken without its context. A German proverb says, 'Long nose and sharp chin, Satan himself dwells therein.' The Roman nose of supposed domination is nothing without the Roman chin of power. The Duke of Wellington's nose would not have gained all his victories without that inveterate chin to balance it. There are plenty of eagles' noses belonging to lambs' hearts. Our upper classes of society have Roman noses in abundance, but when, as often, united with a flat serene calf's eye, a fair complexion, and a scanty chin, the individual is amiable and peaceful enough. Domineering, bullying boys at public schools have oftener, we should say, the noses of the incipient cur than of the dawning eagle; and, indeed, if called upon to decide which sort of nose was the most troublesome to society, we should say that pug noses and pug-nacity, as in euphony bound, oftenest went together.

To prove also the inefficiency of one single feature to tell the face, or rather to identify the individual, we have only to try the common trick of placing a person behind a curtain, and exhibiting one feature of his face through a hole in it. No one, unless it were stamped with some salient peculiarity, would be able to decide to whom it belonged. The eyes of that mysterious figure at a masked ball, which stare at you so intensely through the holes of her mask, and into which you peer in return with equal intensity and bewilderment, are left free to you gaze, because, unless the owner chose to see neither you nor anybody else, they must be—but the nose or the mouth taken singly would be equally irrecongnisable.

And in proportion as we have endeavoured to prove how small a part the features in themselves play as to the higher purposes of a face—namely, its identity and its moral character—we have increased the responsibility of every one who carries a face as to the impression it ought to create. This responsibility of course extends equally to man as to woman, but a larger sphere of it belongs to her. With her is associated a separate idea, that of beauty, as *proper* to her—to the *fair sex*. The Loves and the Graces are felt to reside naturally in a woman's countenance, but to be quite out of place in a man's. His face is bound to be clean, and may be allowed to be picturesque—but it is a woman's *business* to be beautiful. Beauty of some kind is so much the attribute of the sex that a woman can hardly be said to feel herself a

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woman who has not, at one time of her life at all events, felt herself to be fair. Beauty confers an education of its own, and that always a feminine one. Most celebrated beauties have owed their highest charms to the refining education which their native ones have given them. It was the wisdom as well as the poetry of the age of chivalry that it supposed all women to be beautiful, and treated them as such. A woman is not fully furnished for her part in life whose heart has not occasionally swelled with the sense of possessing some natural abilities in the great art of pleasing, opening to her knowledge secrets of strength, wonderfully intended to balance her muscular, or—if you will—her general weakness. And herein we see how truly this attribute belongs to woman alone. Man does not need such a consciousness, and seldom has it without rendering himself most extremely ridiculous; while, to a woman, it is one of the chief weapons in her armoury, deprived of which she is comparatively powerless. And it is not nature which thus deprives her; few and solitary as sad are the cases when a woman is stamped by nature as an outcast from her people, and such a one is understood not to enter the lists. But it is rather a perverse system of education which starts with the avowed principle of stifling nature. What can be more false or cruel than the common plan of forcing upon a young girl the withering conviction of her own plainness? If this be only a foolish sham to counteract the supposed demoralising consciousness of beauty, the world will soon counteract that; but if the victim have really but a scanty supply of charms, it will, in addition to incalculable anguish of mind, only diminish those further still. To such a system alone can we ascribe an unhappy anomalous style of young woman, occasionally met with, who seems to have taken on herself the vows of voluntary ugliness—who neither eats enough to keep her complexion clear, nor smiles enough to set her pleasing muscles in action—who prides herself on a skinny parsimony of attire which she calls neatness—thinks that alone respectable which is most unbecoming—is always thin, and seldom well, and passes through the society of the lovely, the graceful, and the happy with the vanity that apes humility on her poor disappointed countenance; as if to say ‘Stand back, I am uncomelier than thou.’

Yet even such self-disfiguring ladies as these instinctively obey that law of nature which bids a woman hide her face when she knows it not to be attractive. Even these cry into their pocket-handkerchiefs and sneeze behind their hands, not because they are ashamed of either emotion, but simply because such paroxysms of the countenance are too ugly for the light. Timanthes represented Agamemnon covering his face, not because the painter

painter could not depict parental grief, or because that grief was wrong, but simply because it was incompatible with the first principle of his art—the idea of beauty; also, perhaps, because the veiled face told the tale of woe better than the fullest view of Le Brun's afflicted middle-aged gentleman. And it is the same with the fair sex, to whom, as to artists, the idea of beauty should be an ever-present refining instinct. No woman objects to show her grief while it is confined to the interestingly plaintive expression and gently-falling pearly tear; but when the features become agitated and the nose red, she very properly covers them up, knowing intuitively that the chief muscle set in action by such emotions is significantly termed by the anatomists *distortor oris*.

Let therefore those who are intrusted with the sweet but very discreet office of educating young girls be careful how they give ear to that sophistry which associates the nurture of vanity with the instinctive hope, belief, consciousness, call it what they will, of beauty. What other consciousness, it may be asked, would they put in its place? Is a young girl more attractive or less vain for depending upon any other secret consciousness of pleasing—for believing, not that she is fair, but that she is accomplished, learned, wealthy, or fashionable? Is the stale exhortation that she must study to be thought good rather than good-looking possible in practice, or rather the most monstrous paradox that she can be puzzled with? No, we may be sure that nature not only intended this feminine consciousness as a support in that age of ineffable self-mistrust when a girl cannot with true simplicity or modesty believe herself to have any other powers of pleasing, but has also ordained this to be the only belief in her own attractiveness which can be entertained *without* vanity. For there is no real instinct of feminine charms, without an increase rather than diminution of true feminine modesty, and those who endeavour to quench this instinct will find that they have only fostered a much worse kind of vanity, and extinguished that best part of beauty, which is grace.

There is nothing more interesting in this whole world for a lover of nature, or of art, than to watch the gradual development of the human countenance, especially when connected with the idea of beauty, as in the gentler sex. The new-born babe meets our curious gaze, an ugly enough specimen of 'mammalia'—the ugliest perhaps that this earth produces—with a tiny, red, raw, uncomfortable face, on which we look as vacantly as on the map of a country in which all names of places are omitted. For a while it lies there, a sleeping, wheezing, greedy little animal—till one day something is seen to flicker faintly over the features—flickering perhaps through the bonds of sleep—a something which

which alone is all-sufficient to distinguish man from the brute. It is the smile—that earnest of hope beyond, which Eve carried away, even through her tears, from the garden of Eden—and the human legitimacy of the infant's birth is at once declared. At this age all but that is uncertain: the mother sees beauty, and the friends trace likenesses, but form, colour, and expression are suspended, and even quantity goes for nothing. A few months later and the scene is changed; tender colours, bud-like, are there, and two large lustrous eyes, wide open, but with a solemn abstract attention in them, seeing nothing, for the babe is not yet of this world. No direct intelligence is yet to be seen—no encroaching on an older age—which would be a fearful sign, for the fairy changeling of the older times was known, even before its misshapen limbs came to view, by the look of intelligence with which its eyes followed the nurse about the room. And besides the smile there is an occasional laugh, but, though a direct characteristic of humanity, we like it not. It exposes toothless gums and a vacant gulf, and approximates the first and second childhood together with distressing likeness. It is produced also by tossing or tickling, or some foolery unworthy the little being's dignity, for young children are serious creatures, and, when not unduly excited, seldom condescend to such full-grown levity.

A year or so rolls on, and the brightest colours are painted on hair and cheek, and something of the pearly blue white of the eyeball appears, though the iris, in its full-orbed radiance, still reaches from floor to ceiling of its fleshly frame. And the nose is a little less concave; and though the cheeks are as full as ever, yet a dawning chin is detected, and with it also a will of its own. A varying expression too has superseded the rapt abstract look—the expression of April suns and showers—the latter forgot as soon as shed—no look of thought, memory, or hope, however, to remind us that it is doomed to be tortured by each—but all the rightful carelessness of the age of play. But still the laugh is foreign to it, for it is an imbecile thing in the mouth of a child—or it is the laugh and the scream mixed; fun, however, is there, and sweet slyness, and always, we should hope, a little impudence and coquetry.

A few years more and you will not know the same child—the age of play is not over, but hard taskmasters have broken into it. There is a morrow to be thought of which interferes with to-day. Consciousness has come, and the terrible burden of a kind of responsibility. There is the expression of the wish to please—or, alas! of the fear to displease. The features have come forth into some drawing—for the child is a graduate for this weary world, and the face has lengthened accordingly. But this age is beautiful,

beautiful, like every other, if expression and feature be true to it. The expression may be wistful and plaintive with timidity or tender health, and it is called fretful—or it may be careless and tomboy with sheer animal spirits, and it is called vulgar; but either is safe: it is the precocious look of cunning, or peevishness, or primness we turn from with intuitive dislike, for such are *old signs*. The features also may be common and characterless, but if they are soft and uncertain, and the spaces around them ample, they are safe as well. But the defined forms and the scanty quantities let us beware of—though fond mothers call them ‘chiselled features,’ and ‘regular profiles:’ what is admired as delicate and precise now may be too likely to turn out sharp and mean by and bye.

And now we reach the school-room time—from ten to fifteen—that trying interregnum in which the girl is alternately checked as too old for this and too young for that. But the little lady herself has quite made up her mind to which category she belongs, and is in a perpetual state of rehearsal for the part she is designed to play; with a mysterious confidential air, and a disdain of this and a decision about that, and an equal ignorance of both; the regular caricature of a woman—though all ready, at the least alarm, to fall back into the child’s part she affects to despise. This is a transition age, and mind and body are both in too rapid growth not to be angular. The face has lost the roundness it will acquire again; cheeks are often thin, and jawbone sharp; the complexion is pale or sallow, and the features stand out large. And this is all as it should be:—there are generally but two ages in life of perfect loveliness and freshness—that of the young child and of the young woman; and between them the features are stretched and pulled about by the hand of Nature with a seeming caprice which forbids any very positive judgment as to result. But these are the rightful years for such mysterious manipulations, and while they are going on there is always a hope of a change for the better. There is more chance of the plainest face of this period becoming interesting than of the thoroughly formed beauty remaining one. The lanky, dingy, odd-looking girl shall be progressing to a style of beauty which will never decline, while the finished wax-doll of fourteen, of whom so much was expected, has long been coarse, pudding-faced, or withered. For the one has treasured up her inheritance for the age when she needs it most, and the other squandered it early.

But here we stand at that boundary time when Nature has completed her majority, and, like a wise painter, refuses to alter or retouch, but, such as it is, leaves her handiwork for time to ripen; yet not so much to time, as to those to whom time itself is lent,

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and who, with the forming habits and struggling passions of the young, gradually set a seal on their countenances, which ultimately fixes the attention, for better or for worse, more forcibly than any features. It is hard if the female face be not fair at this period, or seem not so, for the fresh glow of the morning of life is upon it, and forms look soft and round which stronger lights and shadows may by and by bring out as the reverse. Expression, however, is yet in abeyance: there is still less than in the preceding age; the ambition of womanhood has vanished with the possession of it, and with it also is gone that disdain and decision which were only *l'ignorance du danger*. While the ineffable spell of this dewy tenderness, physical and mental, lasts, it is difficult to say what more sterling charm will survive it; for, in our woman-favouring land, the mere freshness of the girl is but looked upon as the preface to higher sources of admiration. However ensigns or sonnetteers may worship the evanescent rainbow of 'sweet seventeen,' bearded men—we should, perhaps, except some greybeards—turn with indifference from that beauty which too evidently *n'a qu'un quart d'heure pour l'être*.

The style of beauty most prevalent here is peculiarly in accordance with our national habits. It belongs to women who neither declaim with their voices, protest with their shoulders, nor demonstrate with their hands. It is eminently *reserved*. To such, therefore, as are accustomed to the perhaps grander forms as well as intenser colouring, to the fiery glances and lightning changes of a more southern race, our countrywomen at first may naturally suggest *insipidity*: nevertheless their merits have not wanted the testimony of good foreign judges. Millin, in his 'Dictionnaire des Beaux Arts,' describing the various schools of painting, says, 'La beauté doit entrer dans le caractère de l'école Anglaise, parcequ'elle est assez commune en Angleterre pour frapper sans cesse la vue des artistes.' We claim, however, for ourselves a more refined judgment in female beauty than any other nation, and for this reason, that we require a more decided admixture of mind to bring it up to our standard. Sheets of white paper, mental or physical, on which everything has still to be written, will not do with us. In no other country has the young girl more beauty and fewer suitors. Bacon spoke as a true Englishman when he said that the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express, 'no, nor the first sight of the life.' Our fair ones can afford to take their time. The candidate may, in general, be said to have three examinations to go through before she can obtain a degree of the highest class—the testimonials of permanent admiration: her features stand first and lowest in order, her gesture and carriage next, her expression highest and

last. Beauty is not considered to have come of age till all these in some measure combine; and the late period at which women are still worshipped in England proves not so much how uncommonly their beauty endures—though that be the proverb of the world—as how justly its noblest elements are appreciated.

Let features have their due: a woman is no candidate at all who has no positive foundation of this kind to build upon;—yet but little suffices to make good her claim. A fair idea will grow from the smallest material seed. A delicate form, or tender colour of face, the moulding even of one feature only, will be sometimes found sufficient to kindle the exquisite sense of beauty in a cultivated mind; but in all, the same principle we have dwelt upon will be found to be the leading cause: it is the humanity of the feature which accounts for its charm. Let us take a slight review of them in the order in which they may be supposed to come.

The complexion is that which naturally strikes us first. A charming essay in Schiller's *Horen* dwells upon the obvious derivation of the word *schön*, beautiful, from *scheinen*, to shine, to catch the light; thus tracing the first perception of beauty to the agreeable action of colour or light upon the eye. Etymology is full of facts of the highest significance to the physiognomist; and a slight comparison of different languages would go far to prove what particular quality is in different nations considered identical with beauty. As a proof of our popular and commonest standard, it may be alleged that all ill-complexioned faces, however perfect the features, are unattractive to us at first sight. The quality and colour of the skin is one great prerogative of man: no animal interferes with him here. We must look for its true humanity, therefore, in the difference between the complexion and those things in nature or art which come nearest to it. It must not be too like anything which it is not: it must neither look like wax, nor ivory, nor paint. There are faces so vivid in their white and red that they suggest the idea of masks; there are foreheads so smooth that they shine like glazed china: both transgress the true characteristics of the human skin. This is also why lilies and roses, and bright contrasts of colour, when not too much exaggerated, are the popular objects of admiration: as characteristic of youth and health, this style of complexion is pre-eminently human. But precisely because the surface of the human face runs no risk of comparison with animal life, we must take a yet loftier standard for our *ideal*. The one clear, monotonous tone, therefore, be it the olive or cream colour of a Venetian picture, or the pure pearliness of tint which is the undying beauty of the high-born English dame, will be the most attractive

attractive where the vote is most valuable; with the painter, because its tender and minute gradations, in their very dissimilarity to paint, divest his palette of all its materialism; and with every refined mind, as suggestive of superior intellect and spirituality.*

The general form will, we believe, strike the eye next. This is mainly determined by the relative position of the forehead and chin. No face can be truly ugly where these two opposite frontiers stand in tolerably perpendicular relation to each other. The forehead is to the face as the sky to a landscape: it lightens up the whole expanse. In no respect have modern form and taste more departed from the antique than in the shape of the forehead. The low growth of the hair was a feature of such attractiveness to the ancients as to be even imitated by skill—so Lucian tells us—where it did not occur by nature: the very reverse has been practised by the moderns, and that in the best period of art; for Castiglione describes the Italian women as plucking out their hair in order to increase the height of the forehead—which may account for the undue size of this feature in some of Raphael's pieces. In later days fashion has shown us our own ladies, first, with the forehead entirely bared, and then greatly covered up with the hair; and the pictures of each extreme may be safely left to decide which was most conducive to beauty. Our dislike, however, to the low growth of the hair must be admitted to proceed from the absence of the other concomitants of antique form. The real low, wide forehead of the ancients, with its godlike projection of line and grandly-developed temples, over which the hair naturally divides itself into the finest oval, is a feature of the rarest occurrence in English faces. The low forehead with us is generally the mean one in every other respect. Not that this is often seen in our average female faces; the too large, inane forehead occurs oftener, and is fully more prejudicial to beauty. The surface, also, of the forehead is as important as its form: here, on the very seat of intellect, that clear monotony of tone which we have mentioned as the highest attribute of the complexion finds its fairest field. One condition of the forehead therefore is, that it be smooth. Clouds and lightnings may pass over this sky, but none are intended to be stationary there. Why is the bandeau across the forehead of the nun so becoming, but

* Lodovico Dolce is supposed to have given us the *vivâ voce* precept of Titian, where he makes Aretino say (in the *Dialogo* bearing his name), 'I would generally banish from my pictures those vermilion cheeks with coral lips. Faces thus treated look like masks. Propertius, reproving his Cynthia for using cosmetics, desires that her complexion might exhibit the simplicity and purity of colour seen in the works of Apelles.'

because it is white and smooth, and thus sheds light down over the face? Every furrow that ploughs up that fair surface takes away so much light: common language says of the scowling, contracted brow, that it is a *dark* face. Nor let us be told that years and reflection will print their stamp. Thought and time must leave their lines; and these, in all superior cases at least, have even a certain beauty of their own; but assuredly the most disfiguring lines in the human, and especially the female forehead, are produced either by passions which ought to be held in restraint, or by the mere grimaces of idleness, want of thought, and waste of time.

The eye, however poets and lovers exalt it above the other features, is, strictly speaking, the one least complimentary to humanity; though this not from being of so low a character in man as of so high a one in the animal. No human eye surpasses that of an animal in material beauty, in clearness, delicacy, exquisite tint, and minute finish, nor scarcely in intelligence and sweetness of expression. The hawk's eye and the gazelle's eye are the types of energy and melting softness. The eye is thus the frontier where man and brute may safely meet, since the animal's utmost expression of intelligence and affection is concentrated here. The only privilege, it would seem, which man enjoys to himself is the squint. As regards the conditions of beauty in the human family, these mainly depend on the width between and levelness of the eyes; but largely also on the lid and lash—though even these latter attributes are not exclusively our own. The lidless eye is hard and cat-like; the lashless eye, naked and calf-like. The eye of man requires, it would seem, to be sheltered. The colour of the iris matters not; the pool may be dark, with the stillness of deep waters, or sparkling, with the reflection of summer skies, but without the fringed and overhanging bank neither is beautiful. The ancients, in such statues as were placed at a distance, exaggerated the projection of the eyelid, in order to make its shadow more forcible; and this exaggeration was so pleasing that it grew into general adoption, irrespective of all position. We have instinctively the same taste, and feel that it is in the shadow of the lid where much of the mystery of the eye's human fascination lies, and in the movement of the lid its human speech. Nay, the eye may be almost overgrown by its framework, and only be seen as a little spark, twinkling warm beneath the thatch of lid and brow, and this, though not beautiful, is still comfortable to behold; but there is something cold and wretched, as well as ugly, in the forlorn projecting orb which lies bald and exposed to all weathers,

like

like an unfledged bird, and that on the point of falling from the nest. There is more chance of beauty with a decided squint than with two such comfortless orbs as these, however straight.

The nose is a member of very independent habits, and trifles, often selfishly, with the countenance in which it plays so conspicuous a part. No feature seems to change its mind so often in the course of formation, or surprises us more with its final resolve. Thus frequently a highly composite style is met with which defies all order and precedent. But these eccentricities may account in some measure for a peculiar fact which meets us in the natural history of no other feature;—we allude to our great sensitiveness and reserve on the subject of our noses. The nose is the feature where all the *mauvaise honte* of our nature seems embodied. Its plainness on our faces amounts to a proverb, and yet we prefer to ignore its very existence. We care not what it is like, so that it do but elude observation, and can even better bear to hear our eyes consigned to everlasting perdition than the slightest personal allusion to our nose. Nor do its waywardnesses and irregularities interfere much with our modern ideas of beauty. There are pretty and good faces with every variety of snub, hook, bulb, boss, and potato. A beautiful nose is too rare an object for our pleasure in a face to be dependent upon it—nay, when it does occur it is caviar to the million. Without pretending to the symmetry of the antique, it may be said that a nose should be long and straight, with the nostrils small and fine, springing well from the face, and meeting in that delicate bracket which seems lightly to sustain the weight both of nose and forehead; yet also open and instinct with life, for the breath of man resides in them. Any nose that stands out well, be it large or small, is compatible with beauty, because strictly human; but the nose *couchant*, as approaching the animal, must be inadmissible in the heraldry of good looks.

Yet, however assuming and capricious the nose, it is the mouth which is the real ruler. Every portrait-painter knows that till this is safe the closest likeness of the other features goes for nothing. It is the lawgiver to the countenance—in every sense; for the lips, even when silent, overflow with the fulness of the heart. As to form, a small mouth is pronounced a beauty, and a large one a blemish; but this rule is often reversed. The truth is that in neither the small nor the large size lies the true human character of the mouth. This consists chiefly in the shape of the line formed by the junction of the lips; a line in which the human autograph is unmistakeably written. The mouth of an animal has but few actions: it opens and shuts merely in the quality of a trap-door, through which grist is supplied

supplied to the mill within. This done, the door closes, and looks exactly what it is—a dumb thing. But the lips of Man are emphatically the portals of speech—(the Greeks designated him as ‘the sound-dividing animal’)—and not the speech of the voice only, but that of the heart, before it becomes articulate. Their delicate springs are set in movement by every passing thought; they partake of every emotion, of every mood; they tell the tale, even though it contradict the very words they utter. The lips of the young especially are seldom quiet, or it bespeaks a self-restraint beyond their years if they are. For an action thus incessant that perfect ease of movement was necessary which the innumerable acting and counteracting muscles round the mouth have provided; and not ease alone, but the appearance of ease—and therefore the waving *speaking* play of the line at which the lips fall together, or rest instantaneously apart, corresponds exquisitely in idea with the frequency of the movement, and is in itself a real attribute of humanity.

The teeth are prominent actors in the human countenance: in some retreating so coyly behind the curtain of the lips, in others dancing forth brightly the moment it rises. Man differs from the animal in displaying his teeth, and may do so, since those which he principally shows are placed there to assist more in speech than in mastication. That they must be sound and white, and all in their places, it is superfluous to say; but it is not the most regular that we admire—or we admire them as we do a row of soldiers in perfect drill, and grow as tired of one as of the other. Slight irregularities give expression to the teeth. There are some which stand so honestly open, or fold so kindly over, that they seem to assist the general meaning, and therefore beauty of the face, to which they serve as a sort of occasional foreground, more than those formal faultless platoons which have the further objection of being never out of sight. The gums also have a tender speech, and, in their propinquity to the teeth, give us beautiful contrasts of colour and substance; but they are troublesome members if they gain too much liberty, and occasionally throw over the countenance an air of indescribable undress which nothing redeems.

Enough, however, about those niceties of the countenance which words can so ill describe. Generally speaking, the forms of the features depend much upon the partitioning of a face. A certain space, it may be assumed, is allotted to the ground-plan, and if one tenant take up too large a share his neighbour has to be limited. The large high forehead rarely leaves room for more than the short compact face. The long upper lip entails the short nose, or, when both nose and upper lip are long, the chin has to be defrauded,

defrauded, and that air of weakness ensues which frequently attends what are called commanding features. One feature has another *obligato*. The inane high eyebrow not only pulls open the eye vacantly, but sometimes the mouth too; the compressed lips seem to draw the whole face tight. There is a consent, for better or worse, among all the portions: they are a family party, and very rightly pull together.

But this unity, more than any individual elegance of feature, is, it need hardly be said, the principal element of beauty, for by this the one needful leading idea is given to the mind. Granting therefore features which, being strictly human, are not incompatible with beauty, there is no limit to its variety, since one healthy or poetical idea, perfectly, or even dimly embodied in a face, constitutes it. There is the beauty of happy carelessness or of pathetic timidity—there is the beauty of serene loftiness, which it awes and yet calms you to look upon—and there is that of a shy wildness, as of a creature just caught; a face all graceful but only half tame. There is the beauty of mere innocence and mere loveliness—there is the sharp-cut sparkle of animation, or the deep glow of intellect. There is the beauty even of an indefinable kind of singularity, like that of an orchidaceous plant, beside which all others look vulgar; there is the embodiment of the perfect healthy human creature, in which the utmost ‘pride of the eye’ is satisfied;—and there is also the mysterious face—we have seen it but once—for which this world has no type; strange in form, colour, and expression; the features to be invoked in a dream; fulfilling, strictly speaking, no human conditions of beauty, but rather leaving them behind in the dust to which they belong. All beauties, all faces, we would hope, bear some stamp of their high vocation upon them;—all give us glimpses of a native immortality struggling with the weight of time—but the idea which this face left on the mind was that of immortality alone, and that, alas! if such an earthly sentiment may be uttered, inherited too early.

It is the absence of this leading idea by which an apparent paradox, the little real pleasure inspired by the beauty *par excellence*—that of perfect regularity—may be solved. The mind of the gazer must have a principal beauty, however slight, to build its idea upon; but where every portion of a face is perfect alike, that one principal source of pleasure is as much wanting as if every portion were plain alike. This will also account for a fact often mentioned as indicative of a lamentable diminution in the article of beauty, namely, that we seldom or never hear about such wondrous stars of loveliness as, in days of old, rose from time to time, ‘and

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set the world on fire.' The circumstance is in truth ascribable not so much to a greater rarity of beauty, as to a greater commonness of good looks: these stars shine all the same, but are now surrounded with such myriads of lesser lights that their supremacy is no longer so apparent. It is possible too that the world may have become more fastidious in its admiration, since that monster has been overthrown which warred especially on the young and comely, and that an unscarred face is a thing too common even to be thankful for.

But granting that the fair creature stands before us, fulfilling the conditions we have supposed, and suggesting a pleasing idea to the mind; the next question is, will she sustain it? Beauty is a gift, but also a virtue. It is a woman's business, we repeat, to be beautiful, but a business which not all understand even with the fairest capital to start with. Half the misery of this world comes from those wicked faces which make the promise to the eye, but break it to the heart. For a woman may hold a beautiful face as a card-player a good hand; but if she plays it badly she not only loses the game, but entails the intensest disappointment on those who have staked, more than money, a sweet idea upon her.

And this brings us in truth to the only sense in which physiognomy can be really considered as a science interpreting the character by external signs. Beauty of feature is the hook, as it has been called, bestowed by nature; but grace, the attractiveness with which it is baited, is the offspring of the individual mind. This, therefore, can have no dwelling-place in any organic part, but consists in those minute and spontaneous movements which may be termed the life of the features, and which, though independent of them, decide mainly the impression they permanently create. These actions are also exclusively human. An animal has none—except those of a lower kind which instinct dictates; being bound by a law of Nature as much in the character of its actions as in the shape of its limbs; so that it can neither alter its own nor imitate others—unless as a monkey imitates, who is essentially the monkey in so doing. But the human being is independent here: he must accept the features Nature gave him, but his actions are his own. Yet his own only in a kind of subtenure; he not directly governing them, but rather governing his mind, well or ill, and his mind them; his responsibility for them, and their independence of him, being thus made to co-exist. For the movements of the features, and also of the person generally, which convey the impression of grace, or the reverse, are the involuntary

involuntary exponents of the mind—otherwise they would cease to be such important elements in physiognomy, and would only express not what the mind is, but what the individual wishes it to be thought; and who cares to know that?

Of all actions the most peculiar and the most important is the smile:—it is, as it were, the blossom to the face, chiefly deciding its value in the market. Who has not known that moment of suspense before a beauty smiles, lest the second state should not be so attractive as the first? The mind is sure to tell its secrets in the generous and open smile, or its concealments in the hard and false one, or its inanity in the *bête* one; or it may perhaps suspend your judgment in the mere polite one—though even this, from the force of habit, will say more than it intends; for the smile is drawn up from the heart like waters from a well, and, though the filter of artifice may in some measure neutralize their inherent properties, it never fails to betray the fact of its having been at work. It is only just to all parties that beauty should be given time to develop itself. The faces of the young are generally, for all purposes of physiognomy, a sealed book, because their actions are not yet formed. Most have none at all, or what are not worth studying, mere company ones. In truth they do not yet know their own minds, and therefore tell little more than that ignorance to others. The face may be less innocent, but it is far opener, as it learns to know mankind and itself, for a certain self-possession is necessary to give the mind fair play.

Native vulgarity or refinement are the qualities soonest displayed by the general actions. Woe to the idolater when a common-minded woman has a face wherewith to play fantastic tricks before high Heaven! All that can be said is that his misery, though intense, is not long. One action after another in quick succession tears the veil from his eyes; the ivory forehead is corrugated—the delicate lips distorted—pencilled eyebrows are stuck up at an aching height, or knit down in cramped contraction—for no earthly reason that can be guessed, sweet *andante* features are played about at a *presto* pace; the smile dismays, the laugh disgusts him, and henceforth the fair woman without discretion ceases to be fair in his eyes at all. To such disappointments as these may be ascribed an anomaly not unfrequently met with in English society—the beauty who passes through life, admired by all in succession, but courted by none. She has the hook, but not the bait.

The actions of foreign women are seldom to our taste, as lacking what we like the best—reserve. They have usually too much

much action; tearing their faces to pieces with it, and wearing them up before their time. On the other hand, the faces of the cold-hearted and inanimate seem often to be gifted with a perpetual youth; years roll on, and the skin remains smooth, and the colour bright; but it is at best but a chilly bloom, and betrays the ice that has preserved it. No human face over which suffering and sympathy have passed but must reveal their traces; but there is a fact from which we may gather grateful evidence of the prevalence of joy and gladness over sorrow in the earlier part of life, namely, that the first lines which appear upon the face are almost always found to be graven by the repeated action of smiles and laughter.

There are a set of actions also which proceed from external circumstances, and constitute a lower kind of physiognomy. The sun is not only a colourer of the skin, but an inexorable contractor of the features. A husbandman and a sailor may be recognised by that sneer of the whole countenance with which the eyes habitually try to shield themselves from intense light. The same is seen, but in far greater exaggeration, in the face of the dweller in tents. Every artist's folio, returning from the East, shows us the Arab of the Desert with a knit brow, small contracted eye, and nostrils drawn up at a sharp angle; signs which are far less attributable to any national physiognomy than to the two fires—the glowing sun above and dazzling sand below—between which he spends his days.

Royal personages have certain actions induced by their peculiar position in life. The self-possession and reserve they are required to maintain give an openness to the eye and a serenity to the lid highly expressive of dignity. The fashion likewise of dressing the hair affected the features: high eyebrows lasted as long as pigtails were in vogue. All the French portraits especially, of that period, exhibit the eyebrow at a weary height midway between the eye and the roots of the hair; but a tale is told of one of our own soldiers, whose pigtail was tied so tight, that he sent in a complaint to his commanding officer that he could not shut his eyes!

But now the face has passed through two examinations, and presents itself to us for the third and highest test—that of expression. Here, however, the *physiognomical* connectedness of the subject ceases;—for expression is not, like the actions, the mere straws thrown on the stream to tell the course of the mind; it is the mind itself flowing clearly through the face, and needs no signs by which it may be deciphered. That therefore which is the highest development of Physiognomy goes utterly beyond it;

it; and we have reached an elevation, the first result of which is to hide from our view the steps by which we have climbed. If the beauty who has accompanied us, in our mind's eye, grow gradually beneath our gaze into the living impersonation of feminine truthfulness, modesty, and devotedness—if that triple crown of virtues which the heathen knew not of, the greatest of which is charity, beam upon her brow, she may unite to it all the elegancies of lineament and graces of action, but she needs them not. A halo is round her which blinds the eye to everything but itself. Rules of outline and proportion have no hold upon her, for when that expression which witnesseth not to the eye, but to the spirit, is seen, we scorn almost as much to speak of her beauties as we should of her defects. Painters are wont to depict the faces of angels with features of the utmost perfection, but with no expression whatever. They reason, as did Aristotle, that it is below the dignity of celestial beings to be conversant with earthly feelings; nor can the painter help himself here, though the reasoner now may; but did it lie within the limits of their human art to reverse this system, and rather to depict the countenances of the heavenly hierarchy with expression alone and no features, we conceive they would approach nearer the truth; since such faces as we most hope to meet above, and which by an irresistible influence lead us most to heavenly thoughts, are those on which by the force of expression mind has triumphed over matter, and the bonds of flesh seem already vanishing from our sight.

ART. IV.—1. *The Authorship of the Letters of Junius elucidated.* By John Britton, F.S.A. 8vo. 1848.

2. *Junius, including Letters by the same Writer, under other Signatures. With new Evidence as to the Authorship.* By John Wade. 2 vols. 8vo. 1850.

JUST eighty years have elapsed since Junius in the most emphatic of his writings, his Dedication to the English Nation, asserted that he was the sole depository of his own secret, and that it should perish with him. During that period the question of his identity has engaged the attention, and frequently occupied the pens, of our most experienced politicians and subtle critics. Perhaps the confidence with which he defied detection may have had its share in stimulating inquiry. Sir Roger de Coverley gratified his friend the Spectator with a sight of the nose of a fox which had cost him not only fifteen hours'

hours' hard riding but the loss of a brace of geldings and half his dogs. The nose itself, though carefully preserved and distinguished by a mark of honour, appeared, we dare say, to the silent man not one whit worthier than other noses gained with half the fatigue and hazard. In all such cases, whether the exercise be mental or bodily, it is the toil which dignifies the trophy.

This question, however, is of a nature peculiarly calculated to engage the English mind. If ever solved, it must be solved, not by a mere effort of the intellect, like a mathematical problem, but by the evidence of facts, in much the same manner as questions of guilt or innocence, of right or wrong, are determined in our courts of law; and as we may justly boast that we have attained a higher position as to all matters depending upon the clearness and certainty of evidence than any other people, it cannot be thought surprising that this point of disputed identity should have been minutely examined by so many able minds.

And the author of these 'Letters' must, as it has been well observed, be sought for in narrow limits. He could not have been one of those obscure professors of literature who are to be found by thousands in our own day. He must have moved in the highest rank of political life; he must have been contemptuous of the emoluments of authorship. That these compositions, spreading over a period of about five years from first to last, should have been the only effort of the alert and energetic intellect which produced them, is most unlikely. When Junius is really discovered, we shall probably see him disappearing, like a storm-cloud, from one part of the political horizon to burst with thunder and lightning in another. The great difficulty has always been to find among the public men of his time one who united his restless and vigorous capacity with his peculiar partialities, his violent resentments, his amazing command of information, his general opinions, and, we must add, his total want of principle. Of all those persons yet named—some on mere conjecture—not one displays the elemental qualities of that character which Junius, however unconsciously, has drawn of himself.

We are inclined to believe that had the true man ever been so much as named, all uncertainty on the subject would have ceased before this, for truth is always progressive. There is in its very nature an attractive power, which collects evidence and light about it, with ever-accumulating force and splendour, until scepticism itself is silenced. Error is changing and multiform,
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because it never thoroughly contents the understanding; truth is permanent and uniform, because it supplies every requisite for conviction. From the time when Copernicus expounded the solar system, every advance in science has but served to confirm his doctrine.

The separate treatises which have recently appeared—not to speak of the continuous and often very able discussion of this controversy in our periodical literature—are sufficient proof that the public curiosity is unsatisfied. The work of Mr. Britton, attributing the authorship to Colonel Barré, with Lord Shelburne and Mr. Dunning for associates, is a curious instance of the delusion to which ingenious men may resign themselves, when they have a favourite opinion to uphold. The Letters of Junius are most plainly stamped with the impress of a single mind—one of most rare and peculiar power. His political sentiments burn with the force of passions; they are not speculative opinions, to be maintained by calm reasoning, but propagandist principles, to be enforced by terror and proscription. In a confederacy of writers, his fierce intolerance would assuredly have been smoothed down. Had he been guided by the counsels of but a single friend, not one half of his compositions would ever have been committed to the press.

Mr. Britton has, besides, been lamentably unlucky in his choice of names. Lord Shelburne is ridiculed and maligned by Junius as the Jesuit Malagrida, and is frequently and coarsely assailed for his political conduct. *E. g.*

‘The life of this young man is a satire on mankind. The treachery which deserts a friend, might be a virtue, compared to the fawning baseness which attaches itself to a declared enemy.’—*Jun.* iii. 173.*

Let the reader imagine Barré presenting this one sentence to Shelburne for his approval, and he will have a correct notion of the claim which Mr. Britton makes on our credulity. Again, Barré, so far from being attached to Mr. Grenville, had the strongest reasons for opposing him. During the Grenville ministry, he was dismissed from the honourable and lucrative appointments he held, for the vote he gave in favour of Wilkes. On the first introduction of the Stamp Act—always defended by Junius—Barré was one of the few members of the Commons who resisted it; and so constant was he in repugning its principle, that, says Mr. Britton, ‘the Congress solicited him to sit for his portrait to Mr. Stuart, the then famed American painter.’

* Woodfall's Junius, 3 vols., second edition, 1814, is the one uniformly referred to in this article.

We regret that the time of this respectable veteran has been spent in supporting a theory which is not tenable for a moment.

The letter of Lady Francis to Lord Campbell—reprinted in Bohn's edition of Junius—has revived the title of Sir Philip. If we are implicitly to receive all that she states in her gossiping communication, we must conclude that Sir Philip did, without committing himself by any express assertion, give her reason to suppose that he was the veritable Junius. But without analyzing the worth of her statements, we have to observe that Sir Philip's declarations on the subject to all other persons than herself, amounted, even by her own showing, to a plain and indignant denial of the authorship. When the supposition was first put forward by Mr. Taylor, he treated it scornfully, as a 'silly, malignant falsehood.' That he might have characterised it as a falsehood, had he desired to remain unknown, is probable enough; but had he been Junius, is it probable that he would have branded the conjecture as 'malignant?' Junius, we know, was proud of his 'great work;' he believed it would live with the Bible, and carry down his shade of a name to the most distant posterity with honour and applause. Junius, in *propria personâ*, might have positively disclaimed the Letters; he might, as Scott actually did when the Waverley Novels were ascribed to him, have joined in a tribute of admiration to the writer, and have modestly urged his own inability for so high an effort as a sufficient answer to the presumption. But that Junius should in his own person have ever characterised the imputation of the authorship as a calumny—as a charge which reflected dishonour on his name—is contrary to all our experience of the constitution of an author's mind. The vanity of Junius, it is true, was confined within a narrow circle; but he was not the less fixed in his belief of his intellectual greatness, and, perhaps, of his moral elevation, because the writer was so completely separated from the man.

But we are not dealing with a single emphatic rejection. The malignancy of the charge was always maintained by Sir Philip, and it finds expression in that very letter of Lady Francis in which she strains every nerve for 'the Franciscan theory.' His replies to inquirers, we learn from her, were sometimes impatient and angry, even to fierceness. To one he said, '*I have pleaded not guilty*'; and if any one after that chooses to call me scoundrel, he is welcome.' To another, who said, 'I'd fain put a question to you,' he exclaimed, 'You had better not; you may get an answer you won't like.' To a third, 'O, they know I'm an old man, and can't fight!' If Francis was Junius, we must suppose that he

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voluntarily stigmatised himself as a scoundrel, and that at the close of his life, when he had no longer reason to fear discovery, he hypocritically pretended to regard as a mortal insult the charge of being the author of compositions which in secret he regarded with the highest pride.

Thirty-five years have elapsed since Mr. Taylor first published his 'Junius Identified.' Sir Philip has died and made no sign—and—'notwithstanding the strongly-expressed belief of Lady Francis—in the interval not one material circumstance has come to light to strengthen the opinion that her husband and Junius were identical. This goes far of itself to negative the theory, and might almost excuse us from alleging particular reasons against it; but in deference to the very eminent persons—Mackintosh, Canning, Macaulay, Campbell, and Mahon must be numbered among them—who have expressed themselves convinced, or all but convinced, by the evidence brought forward on behalf of Sir Philip's claim, we propose to notice a few leading objections before dismissing him from view.*

In the first place, let us see to whom Francis, after he had returned from India, and had obtained a seat in the Commons, was proud to publicly acknowledge his obligations in youth. In his speeches there occur the following allusions to his history:—

'In the early part of my life I had the good fortune to hold a place, very inconsiderable in itself, but immediately under the late Earl of Chatham. He descended from his station to take notice of mine; and he honoured me with repeated marks of his favour and protection. How

* We have, while revising these sheets for the press, received the fifth and sixth volumes of Lord Mahon's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht. In the fifth (pp. 320-340) there is a most lucid statement of all the chief ascertained facts connected with the authorship of Junius—which, by a train of reasoning singularly close and acute, Lord Mahon endeavours to bring home to Francis. In an argument having truth for its object, there are many advantages in encountering an opponent who can put forth the whole strength of his case, stating his facts with the greatest precision, and urging his reasons with the utmost force. Had time and space permitted, we should like to have fairly shivered a lance with Lord Mahon. As it is, we can only refer to the conclusion he draws from similarity of style; and lest our own opinion should be accused of prepossession, we oppose to him authorities we are sure he will respect. Dr. Parr, noticing the writings of Francis, observes, that 'very faint indeed is their resemblance to the spirit, and in an extended sense of the word to the style, of Junius.' Mr. Charles Butler, too—a very competent judge—asks, 'Where do we find in the writings of Sir Philip those thoughts that breathe, those words that burn, which Junius scatters in every page? a single drop of the *cobra capella* which falls from Junius so often?' That there should be some resemblance is only what might have been anticipated. Francis must have read the letters of Junius as they appeared with great attention, and would naturally and unconsciously catch something of the manner, and retain many of the expressions, of a writer so much admired. The passages adduced from Francis exhibit, we think, many strokes of the copyist, but not one flash of the spirit of the original.

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warmly in return I was attached to his person, and how I have been grateful to his memory, they who know me know.'—*Jun. Ident.*, 97.

'He had been bred up in the Secretary of State's office. . . . In 1763 Mr. Ellis had appointed him to fill a station of great trust in the War Office.'—*Ibid.* 32.

From these public declarations—voluntarily made, be it observed, and with the air of a man who felt proud to record his obligations—we learn that Lord Chatham and Mr. Ellis were the two principal benefactors of his youth. Now, how does Junius speak of these personages at the very time that Mr. Francis was steadily fulfilling the duties of that 'station of great trust' in the War Office? What is his language as to Chatham?

1767.—*April* 28.—'A man purely and perfectly bad.' 'A traitor.' 'The artifices, the intrigues, the hypocrisy, and the impudence of his past life.' 'An abandoned profligate.' 'The upstart insolence of a dictator.' 'The patron of sedition, and a zealous advocate for rebellion.' 'So black a villain.' 'We have impeachments, and a gibbet is not too honourable a situation for the carcase of a traitor.'—*Jun.* vol. ii. pp. 451-458.

1767.—*May* 28.—'The Earl of Chatham and his miserable understrappers deserved nothing but detestation and contempt.'—*ib.* 464.

June 24.—'The stalking-horse of a stallion.'—*ib.* 467.

Sept. 16.—'A lunatic brandishing a crutch.'—*ib.* 474.

Dec. 22.—'To Lord Chatham we owe the greatest part of our national debt. . . . I cannot bear to see so much incense offered to an idol who so little deserves it.'—*ib.* 518.

1768.—*Aug.* 29.—'His infirmities have forced him into a retreat, where, I presume, he is ready to suffer, with a sullen submission, every insult and disgrace that can be heaped upon a miserable, decrepit, worn-out old man.'—*ib.* iii. 108.

1769.—*Jan.* 21.—'Unfortunately for this country, Mr. Grenville was at any rate to be distressed because he was minister, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Camden were to be the patrons of America because they were in opposition.'—*ib.* i. 394.

Let us see how the unknown speaks of Welbore Ellis:—

1770.—*April* 3.—'The little dignity of Mr. Ellis has been committed.' 'Welbore Ellis, the Guy Faux of the fable.' 'Whether he makes or suppresses a motion, he is equally sure of his disgrace.' 'Little mannikin Ellis.' 'The most contemptible little piece of machinery in the whole kingdom.' 'The minister took fright, and at the very instant that little Ellis was going to open, sent him an order to sit down.'—*ib.* ii. 129-30.

1771.—*May* 28.—'Welbore Ellis, what say you?—Speak out, Gril-drig.'—*ib.* 239.

On

On the supposition that Francis was Junius, we are required to believe that at the most critical period of his life, and when anxiously expecting promotion as the reward of his attention to his duties, he incessantly assailed, with the most virulent and contemptuous abuse, those patrons to whom he was bound not only by the recollection of benefits conferred, but by that gratitude which, according to Sir Robert Walpole, consists in a lively sense of anticipated favours.

There is another argument of a like kind. Mr. Calcraft, the rich army-agent, was the intimate friend of Francis. He exerted his influence to obtain for him the post of Under-Secretary in the War Office, vacated by the retirement of Mr. D'Oyley; but being unsuccessful, he, on the very day that Francis quitted the War Office, 'added a codicil to his will, bequeathing him the sum of 1000*l.*, and an annuity of 250*l.* for life to Mrs. Francis.' (*Chat. Cor.* iv. 195, *n.*) This sufficiently shows the cordiality of their intercourse—which is further proved by the confidential communications Francis was in the habit of making to Mr. Calcraft. (*Ib.* iii. 444, *n.*) But *Junius* does not spare Calcraft; he finds out the tender place in his reputation, and there aims his shaft with his accustomed skill and malignity:—

'Even the silent vote of Mr. Calcraft is worth reckoning in a division. What though *he riots in the plunder of the army*, and has only determined to be a patriot because he could not be a peer?'—ii. 357.

The letter in which this sentence occurs bears date October 5, 1771. Francis left the War Office March 20, 1772; so that, if he was Junius, he wantonly made this attack on Calcraft (for the sentence is incidentally introduced) at the very time that he was in kind and confidential intercourse with him, and less than six months previously to his giving him the munificent proof of friendship mentioned above. *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit.* To assume that Francis was Junius, is to stigmatize him as a monster of treachery.

Even those passages of Junius in which the name of Mr. Francis is expressly mentioned, and on which his advocates rest so much the strength of their case, will, on a candid construction, be found rather to negative than to confirm his authorship. Obviously, it is very unlikely that Junius would have ventured thus publicly to direct attention to himself, and still more unlikely that he would have penned a panegyric on his own 'honour and integrity,' and 'unblemished character.' This would have been contrary to his own principle, as, in acknowledging the letters of Philo-Junius, he says that 'the subordinate is never *guilty of the indecorum* of praising his principal.' Besides, he does not announce the

retirement of Francis until three days after it had taken place, and then he writes that Lord Barrington has contrived 'to expel' him—a misrepresentation which a man so vain as Francis would have been little likely to favour. In an indignant spirit, he *resigned* his post when Mr. Chamier was placed over his head. Had he published any statement on the subject, we may be sure he would not have appeared so insignificant as he does in the page of Junius. Mr. Taylor, in the course of his researches, discovered the following paragraph in the Public Advertiser of January 10, 1772, which he correctly attributes to the pen of Junius:—

'We are informed that Mr. D'Oyley has resigned his post of Under-Secretary at War. The resignation of an office is an event so uncommon in these times, that it is worthy of some explanation. When the junto of clerks was formed by Mr. Jenkinson, to transact the business of this country under Lord Bute, Mr. D'Oyley was not considered as one of them; he has never been admitted as one—and consequently has never had given to him pension or reversion, or any of those douceurs which every one of those gentry now enjoy. He never had the confidential communication of the office, nor even the common official interest in it. *The Secretary's place, being therefore a mere clerkship of four hundred pounds a year, could neither in advantage nor honour be worth holding to a man in the station and circumstances of a gentleman.* Till a proper person belonging to the junto can be spared, the cream-coloured cherub, Bradshaw, who is clerk general and friend at large, is to be stationed in the War-Office.'

We have seen that Sir Philip Francis described the situation he held in the War Office as a 'place of great trust.' Is it credible that he—always disposed to rate himself highly—would have spoken of the office above his own, and to the succession of which he in his turn aspired, as 'a mere clerkship,' which 'could neither in advantage nor honour be worth holding to a man in the station and circumstances of a gentleman?' Does not the reader, in this one sentence, recognize the different significations which Junius and Francis must have attached to the term 'gentleman'—the one already possessed of rank and fortune, the other slowly making his way in the public service by a diligent discharge of the duties of his 'place of great trust?'

Much stress has been laid on the fact that Junius ceased to write about the time that Francis quitted the War Office; but between those circumstances there is no natural connexion. Some months previously Junius had determined to close his correspondence with the press, and would most likely have done so but for an accident:—

'David Garrick has literally forced me to break my resolution of writing no more.'—*Jun.* i. 233.

On

On the supposition that Junius was Francis, it is reasonable to suppose that he would, on quitting the War Office, have renewed his attacks on the ministry with greater vigour; but so far was that event from inspiring him with greater rage, that he actually did not finish the series of letters to Lord Barrington which he had announced. Of the sixteen which he promised, only five appeared. When Francis was employed and grateful, Junius was most energetic in his attempts to damage the government; when Francis was idle and discontented, Junius was silent.

It has been argued that, with the loss of his place, he lost his sources of information; but it is obvious that such facts as Junius disclosed—as that ‘Lord Mansfield had thrown the ministry into confusion by resigning the Speakership of the Lords,’ and that ‘Sir Edward Hawke had resigned that morning’—could not have been acquired by Francis in the ordinary course of his duties. If he were Junius, he would, after his retirement from the War Office, have had better opportunities, and greater leisure than before, for continuing his attacks on the Ministry.

As connected with this subject, we may remark, that while Junius displays knowledge much higher and more various than a subordinate in any public department could have acquired, he does not seem to have had that sort of minute official information concerning the usages of the War Office which Francis must certainly have been possessed of. In his correspondence with Sir William Draper, Junius, evidently expecting to catch him *in flagrante delicto*, writes in his most emphatic manner:—

‘The last and most important question remains. When you receive your half-pay, do you, or do you not, take a solemn oath, or sign a declaration upon honour, to the following effect—*that you do not actually hold any place of profit, civil or military, under his Majesty?* The charge which this question plainly conveys against you is of so shocking a complexion that I sincerely wish you may be able to answer it well, not merely for the colour of your reputation, but for your own inward peace of mind.’—i. 438.

Contrary to the anticipation of Junius, Sir William Draper is able to make a triumphant reply:—

‘I have a very short answer for Junius’s important question: I do not either take an oath, or declare upon honour, that I have no place of profit, civil or military, when I receive the half-pay as an Irish colonel. My most gracious Sovereign gives it me as a pension; he was pleased to think I deserved it.’—*Ib.*

Had Junius been Francis, he must have known, as first clerk in the War Office, the exact facts of Sir William’s position, and of course would not have made an attack which could so easily be repelled.

Francis—‘on the principles and in the language of Lord Chatham’—rejoiced that America resisted. Junius made it the main count in his indictment against the great statesman that he encouraged American revolt:—

‘These were the wretched ministers who served at the altar, whilst the high priest himself, with more than frantic fury, offered up his bleeding country a victim to America.’—ii. 512.

Many independent inquirers have avowed their conviction that Junius must have been a man of high station. This was the opinion, we know, of Dr. Good and of Mr. Wilkes, the latter very unlikely, from his knowledge of society and natural shrewdness, to be deceived on that particular point. That he was above pecuniary views is certain, not only from his express declaration, but from his conduct both in refusing any share of the profits of his work, and in assuring Woodfall that in point of money he should never suffer from a State prosecution. All such expressions as that ‘his rank and fortune placed him above a common bribe,’ and that ‘his name might carry some authority with it,’ might, we admit, have been purposely introduced to mislead; but one passage, in a private note to Woodfall, is certainly not open to the same interpretation:—

‘I must be more cautious than ever. I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days, or, if I did, *they would attain me by bill*. Change to the Somerset Coffee House, and let no mortal know the alteration. I am persuaded you are too honest a man to contribute in any way to my destruction.’—i. 231.

The alarm betrayed here is too evident to allow us to doubt the writer’s sincerity. But can it be maintained that Francis, destitute as he was of rank and fortune, and filling a subordinate Government office, could have imagined it possible that the Ministry would endeavour to attain *him*? In general terms it may be said that a bill of attainder is a mode of convicting a person of high treason by Act of Parliament. But to justify such a stretch of power, it is understood that the offender, by either flight or concealment, cannot be reached by any ordinary course of justice.* When Junius says, ‘I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days,’ he obviously refers to the private vengeance which would pursue him; and when he adds, ‘Or if I did, they would attain me by bill,’ he as obviously means

* The memorable case of Sir John Fenwick may perhaps be regarded as an exception to the rule. Shortly before he was tried for high treason the Act of 7 & 8 Wm. III. was passed, requiring two witnesses to every indictment for that crime. On his trial only one witness could be produced against him, and therefore it was found impossible to procure a conviction. But that he might not escape, a bill of attainder was brought into Parliament, which passed after great opposition, and he was accordingly attainted and executed.

that if he sought safety by flight, the Government would take that means of visiting him with those penalties of treason—as forfeiture of estate—which are independent of injury to the person. On all legal matters Junius displayed a sound judgment; and it is surely a supposition altogether incredible that he would have felt and have expressed this apprehension at the probability of attainder, had he not known that he was of sufficient consequence to justify the Ministry in moving Parliament against him. From the very nature of the proceeding, it must be aimed at the position and fortune, rather than at the person, of the obnoxious party. Junius had probably the cases of Ormonde and Bolingbroke in his mind; and, if his rank was in any degree equal to theirs, we can well understand his alarm at the thought of incurring that forfeiture which was decreed against them. We are persuaded that the more this argument is considered, the more strongly will it be found to weigh against the title of Francis. It is capable of proof that Junius was not a member of either House of Parliament, and to assign him a rank which would reasonably account for his extreme dread of attain, we could scarcely place him lower than the next in succession to a peerage.

The vanity of Francis was notorious. ‘It was not in *his* nature,’ says Dr. Parr, ‘to keep a secret. He would have told it from vanity, or from his courage, or from his patriotism.’ Sir Egerton Brydges came to the same conclusion—‘He was too vain a man to let the secret die with him.’ This is the opinion of those who knew Francis most intimately. We are assured by a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, that dining one day with George Cholmondeley, who married Francis’s sister, the conversation turned on Junius, when, after some animated discourse, Cholmondeley took our informant aside, and said, ‘I know Francis well—as you may suppose—being his brother-in-law, and I am certain that if he could avow the authorship, his vanity is so intense, that to obtain one-tenth of the glory, he has courage to brave all the unpleasant consequences that might follow the avowal.’

In the writings and speeches of Francis we find not a trace of that sarcastic and blighting humour, sometimes degenerating into ribaldry, and often into caricature, which is so noticeable in Junius. Francis knew not how to unbend, and was never, by any chance, playful or humorous. In his contests with Hastings he had the strong incentives of personal hatred and disappointed ambition to put forth the whole pith of his resources; he was in the prime of life; his intellect was matured, and his passions had lost none of their force. Yet neither in his speeches, nor
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in his numerous writings, is it possible to discover the ratiocinative powers and ardent eloquence which distinguished Junius.

It may be urged, that if, as we assume, the true author has not yet been named, there is little chance of the discovery now being made, as every succeeding year must scatter fresh dust on his trail. In this view we are not disposed to concur. We rather think that the critic is in a much better position for satisfactorily discussing the question at present than he could have been at any previous time, as recent publications have so materially added to our knowledge of the secret history of the early part of George III.'s reign. Thus we have the very valuable Chatham Correspondence, containing two characteristic letters privately addressed by Junius to that great statesman; the Bedford Correspondence, edited by Lord John Russell; the Life of the first Lord Lyttelton, which, though of no great value, yet contains some facts material to the inquiry; besides a number of other works, from most of which some hint may be gained to set investigation on the right track.* It is from evidence thus incidentally gathered that the identity of Junius must be proved, we think, if ever it be proved at all; for, from the obscurity in which from the first he studiously shrouded himself, from the solemn declaration to which we have alluded, and even from the motto he chose for the collected edition of his Letters—*Stat Nominis Umbra*—it is morally certain that he effaced, to the utmost extent of his power, every clue which could lead to his discovery. This circumstance strongly favours the presumption that he was a principal, and not a subordinate, actor in the events of his day; no inferior personage could have had so much personal motive as Junius confesses to, for incurring the risks and labours of his lengthened correspondence, or could have felt such extreme anxiety to carry his secret with him to his grave.

We are far from considering, then, that further inquiry is hopeless; on the contrary, we must express our conviction that one name—to which a singular and almost romantic interest is attached—has been most unaccountably overlooked. But before we proceed to give it prominence, it may be well to clear the ground by a few words more as to those qualities which we should expect to see united in the real Junius. We agree generally in the character which Dr. Mason Good has drawn of him. From his own avowal, from his Dedication to the *English Nation*, and from the pride with which he frequently speaks of himself as an *English Gentleman*, the land of his birth may be incon-

* The Grenville Papers, announced for publication, will most likely add very materially to the knowledge we at present possess.

testably inferred; nor can more doubt be affected as to his advantages of education and position. But that he was of mature age, not less than fifty, and strict in his moral conduct, seems to us more than questionable; and in differing on these points from so candid an inquirer as Woodfall's editor, it is but fair that we should state the reasons which influence us.

If we hold that he was advanced in life, we must suppose either that the splendid talents he evinced as Junius lay dormant during all that period of youth and manhood when usually the intellect is most active and most adventurous, or that, in his letters to the *Public Advertiser*, he contrived to baffle inquiry by assuming a style and sentiments totally different from those which had characterised his past career. Both these suppositions are inadmissible. Junius, whoever he was, could not have remained without mark of likelihood until 'mature age;' and as nothing is more difficult, we might say impossible, than to disguise, through a long series of compositions, those features of the mind which we term *style*—*le style c'est l'homme*—it seems certain that the daring satirist would have been readily detected had any writings of consequence previously proceeded from his pen, or had he figured in any department of public life. Besides, it has been justly observed, that there is discernible in his writings a marked and continuous improvement. In his first essays he seems to be feeling his way, unconscious of his powers; we trace almost from his first letter to his last an intellectual growth and development commonly observable in youthful writers, but never in those whose minds are set, and whose capacities have reached their meridian. The very plan and execution of these Letters are inconsistent with the prudence of age. To suppose Junius a reverend grey-headed censor would be to fall into the trap he designedly laid for Wilkes when he sarcastically spoke of his age and figure doing little credit to a fair partner at a civic ball.

In the Letters themselves, we think there is direct evidence to show that Junius was both a young and a dissolute man. His letter, in answer to Junia, which he was afterwards so careful to suppress, is almost conclusive on both points. The penetration of Mr. Caleb Whiteford detected the vicious features of Junius beneath the moral mask he assumed.

'Of all kinds of abuse,' wrote that ingenious gentleman, '*private scandal* seems to be his favourite morsel. Junius lays hold of a scandalous anecdote with as much keenness as a spider seizes an unfortunate fly; he crawls forth from the dark hole where he lay concealed; how eagerly he clutches it! with what a malicious pleasure he drags it along! his eyes gloat upon it with cruel delight; he winds it round and round with

with his cobweb rhetoric, and sucks the very heart blood of family peace.'—*Jun.* iii. 218.

This is true of the letters which Junius acknowledged, and yet more true of his unavowed compositions. Had the clue which Mr. Whiteford threw out been followed,—had Junius been sought in those haunts where private scandal finds most ready acceptance—where virtues, in his own phrase, *degrade*—it is very unlikely that we should now be discussing the question of his identity. Whence are the favourite images and expressions of Junius drawn? How is it that he illustrates the indifference of ministers to the fate of England?—

'Away they go: one retires to his country house; another is engaged at a horse-race; a third has an appointment with a prostitute; and as to their country, they leave her, like a cast-off mistress, to perish under the diseases they have given her.'—iii. 98.

When the Great Seal is put into commission (Feb. 2, 1768), Junius, commenting on the obscure station of the Commissioners, is of opinion that Lord Chatham could have been no party to their appointment:—

'Whatever may be his faults, a man of spirit could no more lend his office than he could his mistress to the purposes of prostitution; much less would he descend to take either of them back again with a public mark of infamy upon them.'—iii. 6.

It is thus he discusses the appointment of a new Secretary:—

'Who is to be the Secretary of State is not yet known, for we all agree that Lord Suffolk has too much sense and spirit to prostitute his virgin character in such a ***** [brothel?] as St. James's. When a beautiful woman yields to temptation, let her consult her pride though she forget her virtue. To be corrupted by such a *maquereau* as Whateley would turn the appetite of Moll Flanders.'—iii. 310.

We dare not stain our page with specimens of those baser insinuations in which Junius delighted to indulge—but the curious reader will find, by referring to the volumes of Woodfall, enough to convince him that the mind must have been essentially depraved which could have obtruded such revolting matters upon the public. Junius acknowledges in a note to his printer one Letter (iii. 418) more than commonly offensive, and exultingly declares that it 'has taken greatly.' It is one proof among others of how much he mixed in society, that he became aware what impression his letters had made within a few hours of their publication. This moral satirist is careful to distinguish between vice and the open exhibition of it. His complaint against the Duke of Grafton is 'not that he kept a mistress at home, but that he constantly attended her abroad; it is not the private indulgence, but the public

public insult' (i. 493). The sentiment is repeated under another signature :—

'I will not call the amusements of a young man criminal, though I think they become his age better than his station. Making every allowance for the frailty of human nature, I can make none for a continued breach of public decorum.'—iii. 169.

Far from conceiving that Junius was himself remarkable for the strictness of his moral conduct, we are rather inclined to class him with those (not few) Patriots who devote themselves to the regeneration of their country when they have become bankrupt in character by a shameless pursuit of sensual pleasures. Alcibiades, not contented with blazoning on his shield a Cupid wielding a thunderbolt, exhibited to the people he aspired to rule a picture of himself revelling in the arms of a courtesan. The genius and fortune of Cæsar rescued him from the stews of Rome, but not before they had fouled his name. More modern times are full of like instances. The great Puritan hero Pym was notorious for his intrigues. Bolingbroke was as lax in his morals as in his politics. Wilkes, the noisiest patriot, was the coarsest profligate of his time. Churchill scoffed at all social restraint. 'Mirabeau,' in the words of Lamartine, 'was, at the foot of the tribune, devoid of truth or shame, and abandoned to private debauchery.' Such men, restrained by no scruple, and often urged forward by personal embarrassment, found little difficulty in gaining the suffrages of the mob, who are, even in our own day, ready to overlook all the vices of their favourites in consideration of the zeal they profess for the popular cause. When patriots of this character feel confident of support, they are rarely wanting in energy to advance their turbulent schemes. Despised at first for their dissolute life, and their inaptitude for grave pursuits, they throw into their political career all the ardour of temperament which had formerly disgraced them in their crapulous courses. They rise from a luxurious banquet, from the fascination of the gaming-table, or from amorous revels, to shake senates by their eloquence, or to organise conspiracies by their arts. The higher order of intellects have not unfrequently conquered every desire which could interfere with the prosecution of their ambitious views, though they have rarely, if ever, got the better of that laxity of principle in public affairs which naturally results from a disregard of moral obligations. But often in men of the strongest passions, the contest between sensual passion and intellectual effort keeps the mind in a state of feverish excitement, and is maintained through the eventful and rapid course of a meteoric life.

That Junius was closely attached to the Grenville connexion is

so obvious as to have struck every inquirer. The head of that party in the Commons is never mentioned by him, in any one of his numerous disguises, but with honour and eulogy. He is described not only as 'an able financier,' but as 'great and good'—'invulnerable to censure.' His judgment is characterised as 'shrewd and inflexible;' his credit with the public as 'equally extensive and secure.' His 'weight and authority in Parliament' are said to be acknowledged by his opponents, and above all, he is extolled for his consistency:—

'You have universally adhered to one cause, one language—and when your friends deserted that cause they deserted you. They who dispute the rectitude of your opinions admit that your conduct has been uniform, manly, and consistent. . . . While Parliament preserves its constitutional authority, you will preserve yours. As long as there is a real representation of the people, you will be heard in that great assembly with attention, deference, and respect.'—iii. 195.

Inconstant as Junius was in his political attachments and enmities, he never varied in his admiration for Mr. Grenville, and he stood by his principles—even at the hazard of sharing in the unpopularity which the first successes of the American insurgents brought on them.

Of other distinguished members of the Grenville connexion Junius rarely speaks. We cannot recollect that he once mentions the name of Lord Temple, though he reproaches Chatham with sacrificing 'his brother.' Nor is there more than one allusion to Lord Lyttelton—but that one shows a perfect knowledge of his lordship's sentiments, and is artfully designed to shake the cordial friendship which Junius well knew subsisted between that amiable peer and Lord Mansfield:—

'Lord Lyttelton's integrity and judgment are unquestionable, yet he is known to admire that cunning Scotchman, and verily believes him an honest man.'—ii. 305.

The Grenville party is constantly assumed by Junius to be the only one worthy the confidence of the country. When Chatham stands apart from it, Junius thinks 'a gibbet not too honourable for the carcase of a traitor.' When united again to Temple and Lyttelton, the pen of Junius contributes to reward 'the great leader of opposition,' and 'to gather recorded honours round his monument.' Camden, when the Chancellor of the Chatham ministry, is denounced as an 'apostate lawyer, weak enough to sacrifice his own character, and base enough to betray the laws of his country.' As 'Judge Jefferies,' he is made to say that he is 'all for liberty or all for anarchy;' and he is described as having 'the laws of England under his feet, and before his distorted vision a dagger, which he calls the

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law of nature, and which marshals him the way to the murder of the constitution.' But when he resigns office and joins Chatham in opposition, Junius turns to him as 'a character fertile in every great and good qualification.' Wilkes, when in opposition to the Grenvilles, is mentioned as 'a man of no sort of consequence in his own person,' and as 'a most infamous character in private life;' but as he becomes serviceable to the Grenville party by embarrassing the Government on the Middlesex election, Junius condescends to be his apologist, and graciously tells him that the wound he once gave him is healed, and that 'the scar shall be no disgrace.' Even the rancour of Junius towards the King may almost certainly be referred to his Majesty's dislike of Grenville and Temple, and his fixed resolution to exclude the former from his councils.

The date when Junius began his labours indicates his prime motive :—

'It was on the 28th of April in the year 1767 that the late Mr. H. S. Woodfall received, amidst other letters from a great number of correspondents, for the use of the Public Advertiser, of which he was proprietor, the first public address of this celebrated writer.'

So writes the Woodfall editor. This was about nine months after Lord Chatham had formed that 'chequered and speckled administration' which is remembered to this day as an example of the folly of attempting to unite in one government men of the most opposite principles and dispositions. But to achieve this chimera Chatham sacrificed not only the political connexions but the private attachments of his life. It was this conduct which drew on Chatham the not undeserved reproach of Junius, and, so far as we can gather from a fair consideration of his earlier efforts, which prompted Junius to appeal to the public in the columns of Woodfall's newspaper.*

Of all the friends of Chatham, George Lord Lyttelton was

* We observe that those critics of Junius who wish to support the pretensions of particular persons, and who find in Woodfall's edition some letters which are fatal to their favourites, wholly set those letters aside as the product of some other pen. Thus the advocates of Francis find it convenient to reject the letters signed *Atticus* (though from the evidence of style alone they unquestionably belong to Junius), because they abuse Chatham; and those who incline to the authorship of Lord George Sackville would reject that composition in which sarcastic allusion is made to his predilection for the *rear*. In opposition to all such purely fanciful conjectures we have the express declaration of Woodfall's editor, that in the collected letters are included only those unacknowledged compositions of Junius 'which are indisputably genuine.' We have so much confidence in this declaration that we are disposed to maintain the perfect integrity of the text of the three-volume edition, and are unwilling to allow the alteration or omission of a single sentence there attributed to Junius. We are quite sure that this is the spirit in which an inquiry into the authorship should be conducted; and, let us add, we are happy to see that on this most important point we have with us the opinion of Lord Mahon.

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the one who had most reason to feel aggrieved by his desertion. Their connexion had been formed very early in life, and together they had fought the 'great Walpolean battles.' Their 'historic friendship,' as Horace Walpole styles it, had indeed been interrupted on the death of Mr. Pelham in 1754; and the offence of Lyttelton in presuming to act for himself was so far resented by Pitt and Temple in the day of their power that he was excluded from their ministry; but when on the accession of George III. a new actor appeared on the political stage in the person of Lord Bute, and Pitt with Temple resigned, they composed their quarrel with Lyttelton, and 'the brothers' were to all appearance as cordially united as ever.

Of his fidelity to his engagements with Pitt, Lyttelton gave a striking proof when he refused to take the head of the Treasury in 1765, though pressingly solicited by the Duke of Cumberland, and assured of the support of the King, of the Duke of Newcastle, and of the whole Court party. He declined on the express ground that no efficient ministry could be formed without the assistance of Pitt. When again pressed to take 'the cabinet with any honourable and lucrative office he pleased,' his reply was that 'he should have been willing and happy to take part in any arrangement if Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple had been at the head of it.' (*Mem. Lyt.* 682.) That he considered his interests as bound up with theirs, and expected to be included in any ministerial arrangements framed by either of them, is certain from what he writes to his brother William, then governor of South Carolina. (*Ibid.*) After relating the tempting offers which had been made him, he proceeds:—

'I must here inform you that Mr. Pitt, with the warm concurrence of Lord Temple, had meant to bring me into the cabinet in a very high office, if their system had taken place; and as honourable mention had been made of me to the King by Mr. Pitt, in one of his audiences, before Lord Temple refused.'

Referring to the Chatham Correspondence for confirmation of these statements, we find that Mr. Pitt, in a letter dated June 30, 1765, considers himself 'fortunate to have done himself the honour to mention as he ought the name of Lord Lyttelton;' and so strong was Lyttelton's influence with Pitt accounted at this time, that General Conway solicited his good offices as the surest road to the favour of the expected premier.

When the negotiations with Pitt and Temple were broken off, and the Rockingham ministry was formed, Lyttelton was once more pressed by the Duke of Cumberland to take part in the new arrangements; but the only result was a yet more decisive declaration from Lyttelton that he could not think of separating himself

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himself from Pitt and Temple in any system of administration. (*Ib.* 685.)

When, then, on the dismissal of the Rockingham ministry, exactly one year later, Pitt was sent for by the King, and reopened his negotiations with Temple, great must have been the indignation of Lyttelton to find that Pitt intended to overlook him. Pitt and Temple had both interviews with the King, and subsequently held a conference on the arrangements to be adopted. The Earl seems to have expected that he was to come in on equal terms with Mr. Pitt—more especially as he found he was destined for the head of the Treasury, while Pitt took the side office of Privy Seal. He was undeceived when Pitt produced a list of persons with whom he proposed to fill up the cabinet. Temple on this protested that, though for the sake of union he was willing to sacrifice his brother, George Grenville—who would nevertheless give all the support in his power to the new ministry—he could never consent to enter the cabinet as its head without having an equal share in the nomination to offices—or, in his own words, that he would not ‘go in like a child to come out like a fool.’ An authentic account of this conference was published under the immediate superintendence of Temple, and from it we find that the parties finally disagreed on the mention of Lyttelton’s name by that peer for a principal post in the government:—

‘Mr. Pitt asked who those persons were whom his Lordship intended for some of the cabinet employments? His Lordship answered that one in particular was a noble lord of approved character and known abilities who had last year refused the very office now offered to him (Lord Temple), though pressed to it in the strongest manner by the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Newcastle, and whom, being their common friend, he did not doubt Mr. Pitt himself had in contemplation. This worthy and respectable person was Lord Lyttelton. At the conclusion of this sentence Mr. Pitt said, ‘Good God! *how can you compare him to the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, and Mr. Conway?* Besides,’ continued he, ‘I have taken the Privy Seal, and he cannot have that.’ Lord Temple then mentioned the post of Lord President: upon which Mr. Pitt said that could not be, for he had engaged the Presidency. ‘But,’ says he, ‘Lord Lyttelton *may have a pension.*’ To which Lord Temple immediately answered that would never do, nor would he stain the bud of his administration with an accumulation of pensions.’—*Almon’s Chatham*, ii. 25, 26.

The conference ended with Lord Temple’s declaring that he would take no part in the proposed arrangements, and that he considered himself ill-treated, as Mr. Pitt plainly wished to be sole dictator.

In excuse of Pitt, it has been said that he was not himself at the time. It would be nearer the truth to say that he was himself

himself exaggerated. At that critical period, as at some others, the irritability of disease placed in bolder relief the despotic and contemptuous character of his mind. Though he was certainly superior to any sordid views, we cannot be surprised that the injured parties should have conceived he had sacrificed his friends and his principles to the place, the pension, and the peerage which he obtained by his union with the Duke of Grafton. Lord Lyttelton, in particular, must have felt Pitt's conduct as not only injurious, but insulting. He might have endured exclusion from office, but he could scarcely be expected to forgive the scornful style of the rejection, coupled with the offer of a pension. Certainly no personage of the time had such strong ground for resentment against the new Privy Seal as Lord Lyttelton, nor *primâ facie* could the early letters of Junius be attributed to any one with more probability than to some immediate connection of his Lordship's.

Lord Lyttelton at this time had a son, who, to all his father's motives for resentment, added an active spirit, ambitious desires, an impetuous, ungovernable temper, and very great abilities. At the period when Junius began his correspondence with the Public Advertiser, Thomas Lyttelton was in his 24th year; and though it was not until his father's death, seven years subsequently, that he appeared to the world as a political character, and dazzled and amazed the House of Lords by his brilliant oratory, yet those who knew him intimately discerned very early the superiority of his genius, and gave him credit, even while plunged in profligacy, for qualities which would conduct him to eminence should he ever resolve on doing justice to himself. Unfortunately few materials exist for an authentic sketch, however brief, of his life. For several years previous to his accession to his father's honours, he studiously shrouded his movements in obscurity—frequently concealing his residence from his friends. That his time—notwithstanding his dissolute reputation—must have been largely spent in intellectual exercises, is certain from the profound knowledge and matured political sentiment he displayed on his first appearance in public life. But how he acquired that supreme and undoubting confidence in his powers, which distinguished his very earliest speeches in the Lords, and raised, even more than their splendid and lofty style, the astonishment of his contemporaries, has never, that we recollect, been touched on. His course was as rapid and eccentric as it was ardent and dazzling; and when he suddenly disappeared in the zenith of his energy—leaving behind him strange rumours of supernatural agency—men marvelled as at some strange thing which passed their comprehension, and left his life, his fame, his character, and his death, a riddle for some future age to solve.

Shortly

Shortly after his decease a collection of letters was published with his name. The authenticity of these compositions was impugned by his executors, but without any reason assigned; and as it was impossible that they could be cognizant of all the letters he had ever written, we may suppose that their assertion was rather designed to prevent unpleasant discussion than founded on any certain knowledge. The publication was generally received as genuine at the time, and rapidly ran through a number of editions—a second volume being soon added to the first. These letters have since been attributed to the pen of William Combe, the well-known author of *Dr. Syntax*. That he gave them to the press—as he was, we believe, at one time known to Thomas Lyttelton—is likely enough; and it is probable also that he tampered with them in a very unwarrantable manner. Indeed we do not think it would be difficult to distinguish his buffoonish interpolations. But that the letters are substantially genuine we make no manner of doubt. It would lead us too far out of our way to establish at this point our assertion by particular proofs. Suffice it for the present to say that the general style and matter of the letters are far above any powers Combe ever possessed. Genius of the highest order frequently shines forth in them, and yet more they are marked by the struggles of a nature disturbed by its own evil passions—by a conflict between the elements of good and evil, raging in a mind of singular force and capacity, which an imitative or fictitious pen could hardly have portrayed. We pray therefore that we may be allowed to proceed on the supposition that these letters are genuine—as evidence that they are so will arise naturally as we go on.

Thomas Lyttelton, only son of George, the first lord, was born on the 30th of January, 1744. He was educated at Eton—and in the Supplement to Nash's *History of Worcestershire* we find it stated:—

‘Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton, had *great parts* and *great ambition*. Dr. Barnard, the schoolmaster of Eton, told me that when they were both under his care he often compared the abilities of Charles Fox with those of Mr. Lyttelton, and thought the latter *greatly superior*.’

If we are to take this passage in its literal sense, the comparison could hardly have been a fair one, as Lyttelton was by five years the senior of Fox. But the remark was probably made by Dr. Barnard after both had attained public eminence; and then, looking back at their scholastic career, he would only recollect which had distinguished himself most highly, and had given him the impression of superior parts. Dr. Barnard was not singular in his opinion. Earl Temple, in an affectionate letter to

Thomas

Thomas Lyttelton on the death of his father, says, 'I have in *very early days* acknowledged and done justice to your talents' (*Chat. Cor.* iv. 222). It was natural that his father should watch his juvenile progress with the fondest hope. 'Little Tom is at Eton, and very happy there,' he writes under date of May 5, 1758 (*Mem. Lyt.* 611); a year later we find him expressing delight 'in the promise afforded by the opening talents of his son' (614). In the summer of 1759 he made a tour through Scotland as far as Inverary, accompanied by Thomas, then in his sixteenth year. Writing to his brother William, he says:—

'Much the greatest pleasure I had in my tour was from the company of my son, and from the approbation (I might say admiration) which his figure, behaviour, and parts drew from all sorts of people wherever we went. Indeed, his mother has given him her *don de plaire*, and he joins to an excellent understanding the best of hearts, and more discretion and judgment than ever I observed in any young man except you.'—*Mem. Lyt.* 623.

To this tour we find occasional references in Mrs. Montagu's letters to Lord Lyttelton. Under date of August, 1759, she writes:—

'Your lordship's commendations of Mr. Lyttelton not only make me happy, but make me vain. He is every day going on to complete all I have wished and *predicted* on his subject.'—*Mon. Let.* iv. 231.

By this time, indeed, the youth seems to have been one of her most esteemed correspondents, for in another letter to his father she says:—

'Mr. Lyttelton is a charming painter; his views of Scotland appear as the scenes of Salvator Rosa would do were they copied by Claude, whose sweet and lovely imagination would throw fine colours over the darkest parts, and give grace to the rudest objects. I design at some time to visit Scotland, but I do not expect more pleasure from Nature's pencil than I have had from his pen. I can trust with equal confidence and delight to all you say of him. Pray God preserve you to guide him, and preserve him to make you happy.'—*Ib.* iv. 248.

At nineteen we find Thomas Lyttelton dining with the Duke of Newcastle, the Rockinghams, and a distinguished political circle at Claremont; and about the same time a suitable marriage was arranged for him with Miss Warburton, a young lady of good family, of great personal attractions, and of considerable fortune. As, however, it was found impossible to make the necessary settlements until he came of age, it was resolved, in compliance with the wish of his uncle, Sir Richard Lyttelton, that he should travel on the Continent for a twelvemonth—Sir Richard agreeing to bear the whole charges of his tour. In the letters of Thomas Lyttelton it is said: 'To give me every means of gratification, the *family purse* was lavishly held forth; I was
left

left almost without control in point of expense.' (xi.) This is in substance the account given by Lord Lyttelton in a letter to his brother (*Mem. Lyt.* 642), and the agreement is remarkable, as it is very unlikely that any one out of the immediate circle of the family could have known that the expenses of the tour came from the 'family purse,' instead of being borne by Lord Lyttelton himself. Thomas must have left home in the summer of 1763, being then little more than nineteen, as his father writes under date of Sept. 27 of that year:—

'He is just setting out from France to go to Italy, and I hope next summer to come to him at Florence, and make with him the tour of the Milanese, part of Germany, and all Switzerland, by the end of October.'—*Mem. Lyt.* 642.

Freed from parental control, the traveller plunged into the excesses of Continental life with all the natural ardour of his character. His projected marriage was broken off, probably from some reports of his dissipation reaching the ears of the young lady's friends. His father simply observes—

'My son is in France, where I believe he will stay till about the beginning of April. His match is off. If you will ask the reason, I can give it you in no better words than those of Rochefoucault, who says that *une femme est un bénéfice qui oblige à la résidence*.'—*Ib.* 663.

As this letter was written 1st of January, 1765, Thomas must already have exceeded his leave of absence. In a later letter the old lord laments his dissipation, extravagance, and gaming in Italy, but consoles himself with the reflection that—

'By his letters it appears that there is a *great energy and force in his understanding*; and as his faults are only those of most of our young travellers, I hope his return into England, and cool reflection on the mischief of his past follies, will enable his reason to get the better of any recent ill habits contracted by him abroad, and that the natural goodness of his heart will give a right turn to the *vivacity of his passions*.'—664.

By the summer of this year (1765) young Lyttelton had returned to England, as we find that he took part in a juvenile masque at Stowe, and wrote some graceful and fanciful lines for the occasion. They were spoken by a little girl in the character of Queen Mab, and pay a very elegant compliment to the political abilities of the host, Earl Temple. In conclusion they exhort his lordship to

'Haste, be great,
Rule and uphold our sinking state.'

From this date we catch only occasional glimpses of Mr. Lyttelton. However much he might have hurt his father by his conduct, he appears *always to have regarded him with sincere respect*

and affection. His imprudence sometimes involved him in difficulty; he frequently shifted his residence, and occasionally lived in complete seclusion. But when he chose to appear in the world his talents made him welcome in the most distinguished circles of the day. Mr. Pennington, in his *Memoirs of Mrs. Carter* (i. 430), speaks of him as possessing '*great abilities generally very ill applied*,' and as being, 'when he pleased, the delight of the first and most select societies'—among others that at Mrs. Vesey's, in which, 'with his usual inconsistency,' he seemed to find special pleasure. To Mrs. Carter, we are told, he paid a great deal of attention, and she in return, 'admired his talents and elegant manners, as much as she detested his vices.'

His relations, anxious no doubt that he should have some legitimate employment for the talents thus acknowledged, made great exertions to return him for the borough of Bewdley at the general election of 1768. To secure his election several 'occasional burgesses' were made, contrary to the statute, and a petition was presented against his return. It appears from the journals of the House that he was unseated on the 28th of January, 1769. Lord Barrington and Mr. Rigby were in the House during the trial of his election, but there is nothing to show what part they took on the occasion.

The short time he was allowed to retain his seat was not unimproved by him. On the eighth day after the meeting of Parliament (May 18, 1768), he delivered his maiden speech, which was so generally applauded, and had so good an effect, that it immediately restored him to the arms of his father. The question before the house was the outlawry of Mr. Wilkes, and from the meagre outline of Mr. Lyttelton's address, given in the *Cavendish Debates*, we find he argued that the case of Mr. Wilkes was too insignificant in itself to engage so much of the attention of the House, as accounts had been received of redoubled violences in America, and the safety of the country required a strong government. This was exactly the tone of Junius at that time:—

Mrs. LYTTLTON, 18th May, 1768.

'Unequal as I am, Sir, to the task of suggesting anything to the House that may be deserving of its attention, I cannot help saying, if we are to enter upon any business at all, that there are matters more deserving of our attention than this affair of Mr. Wilkes.'—*Cavendish Debates*, p. 27.

JUNIUS, 5th April, 1768.

'I think there is reason enough to apprehend that Mr. Wilkes would never have been permitted to go such lengths, if all were well between the ministry and the Earl of Bute. Mr. Wilkes, being a man of no sort of consequence in his own person, can never be supported but by keeping up the cry.'—*Junius*, iii. 33.

Lyttelton's

Lyttelton's speech, it is evident, was wholly in the Grenville interest, and we have Walpole's testimony to the favourable effect it produced on the House:—

‘Young Mr. Lyttelton, only son of Lord Lyttelton, urging with decency that the time was not proper, while the case was depending in the courts below, the previous question was put and carried; yet not a word was uttered in Wilkes's favour. Mr. Lyttelton, who soon after lost his seat, his election being contested, had *parts and knowledge*, and conciliated much favour by that first essay; but his character was uncommonly odious and profligate, and his life a grievous course of mortification to his father.’—*Geo. III.* iii. 216.

For a period of three years after Mr. Lyttelton lost his seat—that period during which Junius wrote his acknowledged compositions—we hardly find a trace of him in any of the contemporary letters or memoirs that have fallen under our observation. That he was ambitious of distinction in political life; that, like his father, then in opposition to the Grafton Cabinet, he was closely attached to the Grenville connexion; and that he was eager to see the ministry expelled from office, we may safely affirm; nor is it unreasonable to suppose, that with his ardent temper and active intellect he should have appealed to the public in the only way open to him, and have expressed his indignation at that conduct of Lord Chatham which had prevented his father from filling an honourable and influential post in the ministry, and which had shut himself out from political life. As Lord Chatham secluded himself from the ministry the resentment of Junius softened; when he withdrew from the government it ceased; and when he was cordially reconciled to Lords Temple and Lyttelton, it was converted into admiration. The change is not surprising when we consider the uncompromising terms in which Lord Chatham, in a letter addressed to Lord Lyttelton towards the close of 1770, expressed his hostility to the government:—

‘The country is on the brink of a precipice, and my ideas may go beyond the notions of some in point of prudence, but if I err it is upon cool reflection. The veil must be stripped which covers the supine neglect or wicked treachery of the Court, and government be awakened and stimulated to our defence.’—(*Mem. Lyt.* 761.)

We do not know on what terms Thomas Lyttelton stood with his family, while Junius was most actively engaged in correspondence with the Public Advertiser; but just as Junius concluded his ‘great work,’ Thomas Lyttelton returned to his father's house, and Chatham was one of the first to congratulate Lord Lyttelton on the event:—

'Burton Pynsent, Feb. 16, 1772.

'MY DEAR LORD,—The sincere satisfaction I feel, on what I hear of Mr. Lyttelton's return, with all the dispositions you could wish, will not allow me to be silent on so interesting an event. Accept, my dear Lord, my felicitations upon these happy beginnings, together with every wish that this opening of light may ripen unto the perfect day. . . . May you never again know anguish from such a wound to your comfort, but the remaining period of your days derive as much felicity from the return as you suffered pain from the deviation.'

It is worth notice that Lord Chatham wrote this letter within one month of the private communication addressed to him by Junius, referring to his attack on Lord Mansfield. In the Chatham Correspondence (iv. 194, 195) the signature of Junius appears on one page, and the next is occupied with the answer of Lord Lyttelton to Chatham's congratulations:—

'I give you a thousand thanks for your very kind felicitations on the return of my son, who appears to be returned not only to me but to a rational way of thinking, and a dutiful conduct, in which, if he perseveres, it will gild with some joy the evening of my life.'

The contiguity of these letters is not, we admit, very material, but it shows that Mr. Lyttelton was in London, and in close communication with his family, at the time that Junius was most actively engaged in closing his anonymous career, and expressing to Chatham his sentiments of respect and esteem.

We see no reason to doubt that Thomas Lyttelton, when he returned to his father, was perfectly sincere in his resolution to renounce those connexions and habits which had so deeply stained his character; but he seemed destined to be an example of that proverb of Zoroaster, quoted in his letters, which says that 'there are a hundred opportunities of doing ill every day, but that the opportunity of doing well comes only once a year.' While he remained single, there appeared some excuse for his excesses, and some hope that marriage would reform them; for 'marriage is a point,' says Junius to the Duke of Grafton, 'where every rake is stationary at last.' This seems to have been Lord Lyttelton's idea, as very soon after the reconciliation an alliance was arranged between Mr. Lyttelton and Mrs. Peach, a lady who stood very high in the peer's good graces. She was the daughter of Mr. Broome Witts, a gentleman, according to one account, engaged in trade in the city; and as she married Colonel Peach, Governor of Bombay, on the eve of his departure for India, there can be little doubt that considerations of interest had induced her to enter into that ill-assorted union. On the death of Colonel Peach, in India, she returned to England, and took up her abode at Leasowes, lately the residence of the

the poet Shenstone, where most likely, from near vicinage to Hagley, she became acquainted with Lord Lyttelton. We know not what credit is to be given to a collection of letters issued under the title of 'The Correspondents,' and purporting to contain the epistles which passed between his lordship and his fair neighbour. They are full of the high-flown sentiment in fashion at that day; but are otherwise quite harmless. Mrs. Peach was still young, handsome, had a good jointure, and seems to have been very amiable. Lord Lyttelton was probably happy in securing so agreeable a partner for his son; but he could scarcely have chosen worse, as there was nothing in her character to secure the respect of so high a mind as Thomas Lyttelton's. Her station, besides, was very inferior to his own. To impartial observers, the marriage must have looked singularly unpromising; but whether from reckless indifference or from a disposition to oblige his father, the young man made no objection to it, and it was celebrated on the 26th of June, 1772. For some months afterwards Mr. Lyttelton took up his residence with his bride at the town-house of his father in Hill Street.

Junius addressed his last letter to the Public Advertiser on the 12th May, 1772, six weeks previous to Mr. Lyttelton's marriage. In that letter Junius says, 'I am just returned from a visit in a certain part of Berkshire, near which I found Lord Barrington had spent his Easter holidays.' The family of Mrs. Peach was settled at Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, the county adjoining Berks; and nothing could be more likely than that Mr. Lyttelton should have paid a visit to her relatives, while the arrangements for their marriage were in progress.

We cannot find exactly how long Mr. Lyttelton continued to reside with his wife, but certainly not more than a few months. When he left her, we conjecture that he went to the Continent, as he was abroad on the death of his father, in August, 1773. It was on the latter event that Earl Temple addressed to the young peer that affectionate letter from which we have already extracted a few words. It shows that however heavy might be the faults of Thomas Lyttelton, he had never been alienated from his father's friends, nor lost their hopeful opinion:—

'You have an hereditary right, not only to my affection but to every real service it could be in my power to show you; *THE GREAT FIGURE you may yet make depends upon yourself.* Harry the Fifth had been Prince of Wales; he knew how, with change of situation, to shake off the Falstaffs of his age, and all those forlorn accomplishments which had so long stifled and depressed his abilities. Forgive an old man, and, *by affection, a kind of parent,* the hint he takes the liberty of giving, and be assured he ardently wishes to see what

what your lordship calls his partiality justified by a conduct which will make him happy in calling himself, my dear Lord, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

TEMPLE.

At the commencement of the next session (opened on 13th January, 1774) the young peer took his seat in the Lords, and at once distinguished himself as a powerful and accomplished speaker. The first question in which he took a prominent part was an appeal case on the right of authors by common law to a perpetual property in their works. At that day it was considered that the last appeal from the refinements and subtleties of the law should be to the plain common sense of the peers; and Lyttelton, who, like Junius, entertained the strongest jealousy of what in one of his speeches he termed the 'professional subtlety and low cunning of lawyers,' signalised his first address in the Lords by an argument, affirming the right of authors, in opposition to Lord Camden and Chancellor Apsley. The question was carried against him; but some months later he warmly supported a bill, affirming the common-law right of authors; and his speech on that occasion is a strong proof of the zeal he felt for the interests of literature, and of the pains he took to strengthen his case. We also find him early in the session strenuously supporting a bill to make perpetual George Grenville's Act for settling Controverted Elections; that Act which Junius, in a letter to Wilkes, expressed his approval of, and which he considered was, or might be made, 'a sufficient guard against any gross or flagrant offences' in the way of bribery. (*Jun.* i. 286.)

The first act of Lord Lyttelton, in the more stirring politics of the period, was an attempt to induce the members of opposition to concur in an absolute submission to Lord Chatham's authority. He considered union to be of such paramount importance to the very safety of the country, that all minor differences of opinion should be sunk to obtain it. Under date of May 17, 1774, he addressed a letter to Earl Temple, which we place by the side of the last letter Junius wrote to Woodfall, that our readers may judge whether they cannot recognise the same tones in Junius, who makes his exit at one wing of the political stage, and in Lyttelton, who enters upon it at another:—

JUNIUS to WOODFALL.

THOMAS LYTTELTON to EARL TEMPLE.

'Jan. 19, 1773.

'May 17, 1774.

'I have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured I have good reason for not complying with them.

'MY DEAR LORD,—I snatch this minute to tell your Lordship that the ministry seem desirous that Lord Chatham should again rise, though, as they hope, not in his fury; for if he does, they are annihilated. It will not be possible to delay those bills that are

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In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honour of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. *But it is all alike vile and contemptible.*

'You have never finched, that I heard of, and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity.

'If you have anything to communicate (of moment to yourself) you may use the last address, and give me a hint.'—*Jun.*, i. 255.

From this letter of Lord Lyttelton it is unquestionable that one of the first acts of his public life was to endeavour to promote that union among public men, the want of which was so bitterly lamented by Junius in the last lines he ever wrote to Woodfall. The 'vile and contemptible' state of political affairs makes Junius, in January, 1773, feel for the honour of his country. Lord Lyttelton, in May, 1774, rejoices at the French King's death, as it may be 'the means of awakening and saving this miserable country.' This last expression, and the contemptuous allusion to 'great little people,' seem much in the style of Junius.

There is one other sentiment in Lyttelton's letter too remarkable and peculiar to be overlooked—we mean the opinion advanced, that the 'Commonwealth calls loudly for a dictator;' that is, that the circumstances of the country were in so critical a condition, that all minor differences of opinion should be sunk out of regard to the public safety, and that one man should, by general consent, be intrusted with absolute power. Referring to the first letter Junius addressed to the Public Advertiser, we find that the idea of a

now before the House; but there is another American bill which will serve Lord Chatham's purpose, and that they will put off on his account till Wednesday. It is of no great consequence, indeed; but as a part of the great whole it will be sufficient to warrant his Lordship's appearance. It is a bill for the quartering and regulating the troops in the colonies.

'I have the pleasure to assure your Lordship that all the comments upon that part of my speech which regarded that great statesman convince me that at present all parties feel the necessity of his interference. Some great little people opened themselves very freely upon that head. The politics of France are changed, and consequently the politics of England. The commonwealth calls loudly for a dictator, and you cannot be mistaken in the man. I will wait upon your Lordship to-morrow at half an hour after two, and communicate my thoughts *vivâ voce*. In the mean time give me leave to rejoice with your Lordship at the French king's death, as perhaps it will be *the means of awakening, and therefore of saving, this miserable country.*'—*Chat. Cor.*, iv. 344-348.

dictator

dictator was familiar to *his* mind, and that he applauded the wisdom of the Roman practice. (ii. 451.) Sir Philip Francis held a directly opposite opinion; or rather, not having a clear conception of what the idea of a dictator implied in a constitutional monarchy, he opposed it as a novelty unknown to our government. The soundest politicians will, we believe, incline to the opinion of Junius and Lord Lyttelton, and acknowledge the wisdom, in every form of free government, of intrusting one man with absolute power in times of great public peril. Practically, this principle has often been acted on in England; and could Lord Lyttelton have succeeded in his scheme of giving a dictator-like power to Chatham in 1774, the humiliating misfortunes of England for the six years following would almost certainly have been averted.

Finding there was little probability of effecting such a change in the administration as he desired, Lord Lyttelton gave a qualified support to its measures for suppressing American revolt. This question, daily increasing in magnitude, threw all others into the shade; and he perceived that he must either side with the opposition in denying the right of the supreme legislature to tax the colonies, and in applauding their resistance, or approve the general policy of the government in employing coercive measures to reduce the insurgents to submission. Junius himself tells us what *his* choice would be in Lord Lyttelton's position:—

‘We find ourselves at last reduced to the dreadful alternative of either making war upon our colonies or of suffering them to erect themselves into independent states. *It is not that I hesitate now upon the choice we are to make. Everything must be hazarded.*’ (Jun. iii. 73.)

As a necessary consequence of acting on this opinion, Lyttelton found himself in alliance with Lord North and Lord Mansfield, and in opposition to Lords Chatham and Camden. It is observable that this was the policy adopted by nearly every member of that Grenville connection to which Junius was attached. In Mr. Macaulay's Essay on Chatham there is a passage indicating the line which George Grenville himself would have taken had he lived:—

‘Before this subject [the Middlesex election] had ceased to occupy the public mind, George Grenville died. His party rapidly melted away, and in a short time most of his adherents appeared on the ministerial benches. Had George Grenville lived many months longer, the friendly ties which, after years of estrangement and hostility, had been renewed between him and his brother-in-law, would, in all probability, have been a second time violently dissolved. For now the quarrel between England and the North American colonies took a gloomy and terrible aspect.’

Were

Were we then to construct a life of Junius, and to place him in the House of Peers, we should be compelled to seat him, as an adherent of George Grenville, on the ministerial benches with the other remnants of the party.

To Chatham Lyttelton opposed himself with deference but firmness, always speaking of him as deservedly crowned with immortal laurels, as having rescued the country, when nearly reduced to desperation, from impending ruin, and as distinguished for the extent of his knowledge, no less than for the greatness and goodness of his intentions. But to Camden and the other leaders of opposition he showed neither respect nor mercy. He assailed them, as Junius had assailed them previously, in tones of the bitterest invective and fiercest indignation, accusing them of being actuated by the most factious and even the most traitorous motives, and threatening them with the vengeance of the House for the support they gave to the rebellious Americans. The Opposition frequently rose against his taunts and reproaches, but, with the exception of Lord Chatham, they had no speaker they could set against him; and in eloquence, in power, and even in knowledge, he invariably came off victorious in these animated contests.

In the debate on the Address, February 7, 1775, Lord Camden asserted that the Americans were not in revolt, and argued that their acts were not open to the charge of constructive treason. Lord Lyttelton, in an indignant reply, made some sarcastic allusions to the professional arts of his opponent. The Parliamentary Report states:—

‘He was severe on the noble and learned lord who spoke so fully on the dangerous consequences of constructive treason. He asserted that those little evasions and distinctions were the effects of *professional subtlety and low cunning*; it was absurd to the last degree to enter into such flimsy observations on this or that particular phrase or word, and thence draw deductions equally puerile and inconclusive that the colonies were not in rebellion. For his part, he should not abide by such far-fetched interpretations; *he would be guided by common sense*, and only consult the papers on the table to prove beyond question that America was in rebellion.’—*Parl. Deb.*, Feb. 7, 1775.

It is added that the Duke of Richmond ‘animadverted in severe terms on Lord Lyttelton for his attack on Lord Camden,’ and that the Duke of Manchester ‘spoke with great energy on the indecent and unprecedented attack made by Lord Lyttelton on all those who happened to differ with him.’ In a subsequent debate, on the motion of Camden to repeal the Quebec Government Bill, Lyttelton attacked him yet more vehemently:—

‘The noble and learned Lord has not confined his opposition to the
general

general principles and policy of this Act. He has, *with the designing subtlety of a lawyer*, attacked the law part of this Bill. . . . My Lords, he would do anything to answer his purpose—to increase the storm—to perplex, to distress Administration. Animated by those views, I am not surprised that he hates the nobility of every country; they stand in his way. He would rub them out of his system of government. He has told you that it is the *noblesse* and the priests of Canada only that are benefited by this Bill; that it would be better for the province if both prelates and nobility were whipped out of it. These are his Lordship's sentiments—republican sentiments, my Lords, which might have come from the mouth of a factious burgher of Geneva, but which are foreign from the genius of the British constitution.'—*Parl. Deb., May 17, 1775.*

The Duke of Manchester again protested against the violence of Lyttelton's language. 'Until that day,' he said, 'he had never heard difference of opinion imputed as a crime, or branded with an indecent and ill-founded epithet.' But while uniformly asserting the supremacy of the British Legislature over the colonies, and denouncing the Americans for their daring resistance, Lord Lyttelton strongly censured the ministry for the inefficiency of their measures to suppress the revolt, and condemned them for 'the miserably disgraceful state of General Gage's army.' In the debate on the Address, October 26, 1775, he gave stronger evidence of his distrust of the Government. Grafton, dissatisfied with his colleagues for not adopting more conciliatory measures towards America, had just resigned his office of Privy Seal, and on this, the first day of the session, proposed that all measures relating to America, which had been passed since 1763, should be repealed as a groundwork of reconciliation. Chatham was absent through illness, and Sandwich, in his absence, had the bad taste to ridicule the unpopularity of his person and principles. Lyttelton, with 'generous rage,' repelled this attack:—

'That great man was the ornament of his country, and the delight and admiration of every man of every party who wished well to it. Though a young man, he remembered when his country was pretty much in such a predicament as at present; he remembered, too, that that steady and able politician rescued it from the brink of destruction; and he was now fully convinced its salvation, nay, indeed its existence, was only to be obtained and preserved by the same means.'

In this passage, can we not recognise the same mind which declared its conviction 'that if this country can be saved, it must be saved by Lord Chatham's spirit, by Lord Chatham's abilities?'—*Junius in Chat. Cor., iii. 305.*

From the defence of Chatham, Lyttelton turned fiercely on the ministry, declaring that 'they had totally failed in their promises

promises and information, and that they were no longer to be trusted or supported with safety.' He said he would no longer be a party to their misconduct, and that he must concur with the noble Duke that all the acts passed since the year 1763 should be repealed.

The Opposition must have been delighted at the prospect of such a powerful ally;—for Lyttelton at this time had not only talents but reputation. Hitherto his political career had been untarnished; he had held but one language, and the very vehemence with which he expressed himself was an evidence of his sincerity. His tone in the senate had been pure, moral, and high-principled. Even his opponents acknowledged the harmony of his periods, the force of his declamations, and the ingenuity of his arguments. The ministers who had felt the benefit of his advocacy justly dreaded his attack. Tempting overtures were made to him; and early in November, 1775—but a few days after his assault on the Government—he was called to the Privy Council, and appointed Chief Justice in Eyre beyond Trent—an honourable and lucrative but sinecure office. It is impossible to conjecture the motives which led him to join the ministers on these terms. His own explanation, delivered with his usual elegance, was, that while he remained in ignorance of their designs, and supposed them to be without any settled scheme of policy and plan of action, it was no wonder that he opposed them; but that his Majesty's servants having been pleased to repose confidence in him, and to give him the information he required for the direction of his future conduct, he had become convinced of the wisdom which dictated their measures, and of the resources which had been prepared to firmly carry them out. This explanation served as an answer for the nonce to the charge of inconsistency—but it deceived no one. The patriot in general estimation sank into a pensioned placeman, and though, after the change, his eloquence assumed a yet haughtier and more commanding cast, it lost nearly all its effect from the bench whence it was delivered.

We have seen that Junius did not disclaim 'views to future honours and advantage,' both which the new Privy Councillor and Chief Justice in Eyre might boast that he had attained. Patriotism, unless in the very highest and purest minds—minds which abhor the idea of trading in politics—is a volatile and evanescent passion, which commonly evaporates in the rays of Government sunshine. Not the love of country, but feelings of personal resentment and mortified ambition, first brought Junius before the public; and we certainly ought not to feel more surprise should we find him settling into a 'golden sinecurist,' than

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at seeing John Wilkes complacently terminate his bustling career as the complimentary chamberlain of the city of London, or on discovering that Mirabeau died a pensionary of the throne he had so largely contributed to overthrow.

The first debate after Lyttelton's acceptance of office turned on the evidence given by Mr. Penn, in support of a petition—'the Olive-branch'—from the American Congress. The Duke of Richmond moved that the petition afforded grounds for conciliation, and made an ironical allusion to the 'noble Lord in red,' as being now probably in the secrets of the Cabinet. Lyttelton in reply haughtily maintained the perfect consistency of his conduct. 'He was always of opinion, and should ever continue so, that it was rebellion in any part of the British empire to resist the supreme legislative authority of this country;' and in supporting that principle 'the ministers had acted with perfect wisdom, and on the soundest principles of the constitution.' Then from defence, which he seemed to disdain, he hastened to attack his opponents with his usual fervour:—'He could not attribute the opposition given to the supreme power of the State by several noble lords, to anything but a professed design to surrender the rights of the British Parliament and transfer them to America.' He questioned the evidence given by Penn, on the authority of reports transmitted to him by a most respectable and extensive landowner in that country, and, with passionate energy, related some instances of the violence and animosity of the insurgents:—

'What,' he asked, 'was the purport of this day's motion, but that the acts of the Parliament of Great Britain, its repeated addresses to the throne, his Majesty's own most solemn declarations, were to be superseded in order to make way to the commands, not addresses, of the rebellious Americans? Those audacious rebels who came and endeavoured to impose on his Majesty with insidious, traitorous, false expressions of loyalty to him, and of obedience to the British Parliament, while they in the same breath appeal to *the people* of Great Britain and Ireland, abuse the Parliament, invite their fellow-subjects to make a common cause of it, and thus at once endeavour to involve every part of this great empire in one general scene of rebellion and bloodshed, in order to resist that very Parliament for which they pretend to profess such perfect obedience and submission. Are these the men you would treat with? Is this the cause the pretended friends of this country would endeavour to defend, or would you, by agreeing with this motion, relinquish your dominion over those worst of rebels, and tamely submit to transfer the seat of empire from Great Britain to America?'—*Parl. Deb., Nov. 10, 1775.*

When Lyttelton sat down, the Duke of Manchester warmly remonstrated against 'the indecent and unparliamentary liberties' he

he had taken with the peers who differed from him, and maintained that they deserved the marked displeasure of the House. 'He would venture to assert that his conduct on the first day of the session would not shortly be forgotten.' Sandwich (severely censured by Lyttelton in the previous session, and subsequently arraigned by him for his mal-administration of the Admiralty) on this occasion supported him. He said that he was the peer who had sat longest in that House, and that he could affirm that Lord Lyttelton had been perfectly in order. He added:—

'I think that so far from reprehension, the noble Lord deserves commendation and thanks for so ably defending and asserting the rights of the British Parliament and the supreme legislative authority of the mother country. I think I never before heard such a speech delivered by anybody, and I am proud to testify my perfect approbation, [by affirming *it was the finest ever delivered within these walls.*']—*Ibid.*

This praise might be exaggerated, but considering the tribute paid to Lord Lyttelton, both by friends and foes, it is not permitted us to doubt that he was one of the most commanding orators of his day.

As an ally of Administration he kept its opponents in check by his vigorous defence of its measures; but at the same time he seems to have lamented that it had not greater decision in its counsels, and did not pursue a more energetic course of action. He warned the House of the hostile preparations of France, before that country ventured to announce its alliance with America—for no movement either at home or abroad escaped his vigilance. Up to the death of Chatham, he constantly looked towards him as the only man capable of preserving the empire from its dangers, and of bringing the war to a glorious conclusion. No one more deplored the loss of that great man. When the Bill for securing an annuity to his heirs came before the House, Lord Lyttelton was one of its warmest and most eloquent advocates. In answer to the objections urged to it by some lords on the ministerial bench (every one must regret that Lord Mansfield was amongst the number), he exclaimed in a burst of indignation:—

'Good God! was this country so desperately reduced, so totally lost to its ancient spirit, that it was no longer capable of rewarding the services of its best subjects? Were the minds of lords so depraved, that they were ready to confess they trembled at granting an annuity of 4000*l.* to a family, the father of which had restored the empire from the most abject and wretched condition to the most exalted honour and glory? Let noble Lords turn to the history of Greece—let them recollect the conduct of the Athenians respecting Aristides. Was the British empire less grateful than Athens? or was she less capable of doing justice to merit than that petty state?'—*Parl. Deb., May 13, 1778.*

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In the year 1779 the situation of England was critical in the extreme. Disaster had almost uniformly followed our arms in America. Government had abandoned all hope of conquering that country; and the only consideration was, how to escape from the contest with least loss of honour. France, after long cheating our ministers with protestations of friendship, had at last, and in insulting terms, proclaimed her hostility. Sagacious men predicted that Spain would soon follow her example, and in a few months their augury was justified. The navy was unequal to the emergency. Keppel sought shelter at Portsmouth; and later, when the French and Spanish fleets were united, they triumphantly occupied the Channel, appeared in strength before Plymouth, and captured a line of battle ship in view of our shore. In the West Indies the French took St. Vincent and Granada, and in the East possessed themselves of Senegal, thus threatening our dominion and commerce in both hemispheres. Ireland, hoping to find her 'opportunity in England's distress,' assumed a threatening attitude. Associations of armed volunteers spread themselves over her provinces; and her popular leaders, when they alluded to England, spoke menace and defiance.

Lyttelton's dissatisfaction with the ministry deepened as the political horizon grew darker. When Lord Bristol moved for the dismissal of Sandwich, on the ground of his neglect of the fleet, Lyttelton, in a speech of great length and extraordinary power, supported the charge so far as to suggest that a committee of inquiry should be appointed. He accused Sandwich of having amused the country with false statements of the strength of the navy. 'Mutilated accounts from office,' he declared, 'were always dangerous. In the case alluded to, the deception was a two-edged sword; it cut both ways; it wounded both friends and foes; but the point of it was turned against the breasts of the people.' The whole period of the American war had been 'one black era, pregnant with the most dire mischief, the most cruel fortune, the bitterest calamities, the most inexpiable evils that this country ever endured—and so it would be marked by the latest posterity.' Worst of all—

'A general lethargy prevailed; the people came down to the bar of their lordships' house gaping for intelligence, listening with a greedy ear to their debates, each day hearing, with unmoved muscles, a recapitulation of their own wretchedness; and went away with perfect composure, like men who left the theatre, after seeing a tragedy in the incidents of which they had not the smallest concern. If the people of England did not soon rouse themselves, they would be put to death in their sleep.'—April 23, 1779.

On the first day of the next session (Nov. 25, 1779) Lyttelton

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ton went openly into opposition. His speech on this occasion was the finest and loftiest of his efforts. He began by denouncing the weakness and indecision of the Cabinet:—

‘Their conduct was so chameleon-like that no man could fix upon its colour. Fatal experience had shown the futility of their late policy. America stared them in the face; it showed the folly of ministers in a rash, a ridiculous, an extravagant, a mad war, in which it was evident success was unattainable, and which, instead of being governed by a wise, regular, and well-digested plan, was merely a chain of expedients, a repetition of instances of governing by dividing—of that wretched, that abominable policy, the *divide et impera*.’

He next entered at length on the condition of Ireland, describing the rapid increase of the armed volunteers, and their determination to obtain justice from England, or to throw off her yoke. In allusion to what had been said of the necessity of fresh efforts, he drew a picture in the darkest shades of Junius:—

‘Necessity had pervaded the whole kingdom; from a rich, a flourishing, a commercial people, we were of a sudden changed to a disgraced, a ruined, a bankrupt nation; a circumstance which he imputed solely to the irresolute, the weak, and the pusillanimous conduct of administration. In times like the present, wisdom and vigour ought to be the leading characteristics of government; not the word vigour, but the reality. Temporizing would do no longer. The people in general, as well those of England as of Ireland, expected a decisive administration, not an administration of jobs and jugglers. They would not be satisfied with changing the balls, and putting out this man merely to take in that.’

Protesting his sincerity, in the gravest language, he repeated that his sole object was to preserve his country. ‘It was true he held a place, but, *perhaps, he should not hold it long*.’ Observing how this declaration was received by some on the ministerial benches, he turned towards them with fury, and exclaimed:—

‘The noble lords smile at what I say; let them turn their eyes on their own pusillanimity, their own weak, ill-judged, and wretched measures, and then let them declare in their consciences which is most fitly the object of contempt, my thus openly and unreservedly speaking my real sentiments in Parliament, without regard to any personal considerations whatever, excepting only my situation as an Englishman; my duty as a lord of Parliament; my duty to my King, and my duty to my country—which are, indeed, with me, and which ought to be with your lordships, above all considerations; or their consenting, in a moment of difficulty and danger like the present, to pocket the wages of prostitution, and either to sit in sullen silence, or, what in my idea is still more criminal, to rise and palliate the disgraceful and calamitous state of the British Empire; endeavouring, with art and collusion, to avert the eyes of the nation from the threatening cloud now hanging
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over our heads, and so near to bursting that it behoves us to prepare how to meet the coming storm.'

The report extends to great length in the Parliamentary Debates, and yet it is evident that only an abridgment had been attempted, as towards the conclusion we read, that 'his lordship adverted to every topic that had the least reference to the present situation of affairs.' This effort seems to have made a profound impression on the house. Lord Shelburne complimented the speaker on his distinguished abilities, and declared that his exposition of the state of Ireland had done him great honour. The Annual Register, some time afterwards, recalled 'the *exceeding severity of censure and bitterness of language* which marked Lord Lyttelton's exposure and condemnation of the conduct of the ministers.' The compositions of Junius certainly present no finer examples of ardent invective than are to be found in this philippic.

It is remarkable besides as the last speech Lord Lyttelton ever delivered; and those words, that 'perhaps he might not keep his place long,' which provoked a jeer from the ministerial benches, assume a lowering and sinister significance when read by the light of subsequent events. It is certain that, on the morning of that very day, Lord Lyttelton had related, not to one person only, but to several, and all of them people of credit, the particulars of a strange vision which he said had appeared to him the preceding night. The various accounts transmitted to us of this ominous visitation all concur in stating that, in the night of Wednesday, November 24, 1779, Lord Lyttelton was distinctly warned that his death would take place within three days from that date. He mentioned the prediction—somewhat ostentatiously as we think—to his friends, but did not suffer it in the slightest degree to influence his conduct. His speech of the 25th shows that his commanding intellect was unclouded—never had it shone in fuller splendour. On the 26th he repaired to Pitt Place, his villa at Epsom, and there he remained the day after with a party of friends, consisting of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Fortescue, Admiral Wolseley, Mrs. Flood (wife of the celebrated Irish orator), and the Misses Amphlett. Throughout Saturday evening he appeared in high spirits, but he took especial care to keep the ghostly warning in the mind of his guests, and to prepare them for the possibility of its fulfilment. At ten o'clock, taking out his watch, he named the hour, and added, 'Should I live two hours longer, I shall jockey the ghost.' With this impression on his mind, it would have seemed more natural for him to have waited the event with his gay company. He retired, however, to his bed-chamber

chamber shortly before midnight, attended by his valet, who, according to the most credible report, handed him a preparation of rhubarb he was in the habit of taking. He sent the man away to bring him a spoon: on his return, Lord Lyttelton was on the point of dissolution. His death was almost instantaneous; and it is not surprising that, in popular opinion, it became connected with the warning he had himself taken so much pains to publish. We do not find that there was any examination of the body: according to one of the papers, it was conjectured that the cause of death was disease of the heart. But when death results from any such affection, it is, we believe, so instantaneous, peaceful, and even imperceptible, that the patient seems only to fall into a quiet slumber, while in Lyttelton's case a brief 'convulsion' is distinctly mentioned. His family maintained a guarded and, perhaps, judicious silence on the subject; the warning and its accomplishment were received as one of the best authenticated ghost-stories on record; and as years rolled on, Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, was chiefly remembered for the profligacy of his life, and for the supernatural summons which had called him to an untimely tomb.*

Sir Walter Scott, however, in his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, states that—

'Of late it has been said *and published*, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was, no doubt, singular, that a man who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire.'

We do not know what authority Scott had for this statement, but we confess we think that it discloses the truth. With his

* After his death the newspapers teemed with anecdotes concerning him, some of them of a very scandalous character; but others, of a different kind, gave a favourable impression of his good nature. When his sister, Lady Valentia, asked him to stand sponsor for her little girl, he complied on condition that he might give the infant its name. He had it christened 'Honeysuckle,' and then presented the mother with 1000*l.*, to be applied to its use. In some of the biographical notices which appeared, he is described as a kind and generous landlord, as a punctual paymaster, and as greatly beloved by those who knew him most intimately. By his will he left 1000*l.* and 300*l.* per annum to Mrs. Dawson, the lady with whom he had been longest connected, and who had, it is asserted, sacrificed her fortune as well as her honour to her affection for him. To Clara Haywood he bequeathed 2000*l.* and 100*l.* per annum. The bequests to various members of his family were extremely munificent. His executors were Lord Westcote, Lord Valentia, and Mr. Roberts. To the latter, who seems to have been most in his confidence, he left all his 'speeches, letters, verses, and writings,' with directions that, if published, it should be for his sole use and benefit,—a proof that his Lordship considered his compositions of some importance.

great abilities, Thomas Lyttelton had a turn for singularity of conduct, which excited the amazement of his friends. If he had determined on suicide, we can conceive, from what we know of his character, that he might have invented some artifice to conceal his design, and might feel a kind of scornful joy in anticipating the success of the cheat he meditated. That 'weariness of life' which springs from a consciousness of talents abused and opportunities lost, and from the mental prostration consequent on vicious indulgence, was much more common in that day than our own. A long list might be made out of men of rank and fortune, gifted with every endowment to render life desirable, who committed suicide merely to shake off the burden of existence, or, more probably, to escape from the reproaches of that inward monitor, whose voice they might neglect but could not stifle. The death of Mr. Damer, eldest son of Lord Milton, who shot himself at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, in 1776, called forth some sombre reflections from Thomas Lyttelton's pen:—

'Poor John Damer has made a strange exit in a strange manner. We were at Eton and in Italy together, and at subsequent periods in the habits of friendly connexion. Few of those who knew him have been *more gloomily affected by the melancholy event than myself*. . . . I have sometimes taken up the argument in favour of self-murder, by way of supporting an opinion, exercising a talent, or convincing a fool; but I will honestly confess that the weakest of my antagonists have ever got the better of me on this subject, though I might not publish my conviction. . . . Despair, as it arises from very different and opposite causes, has various and distinct appearances. It has its rage, its gloom, and its indifference; and while under the former its operations acquire the name of madness, under the latter it bears the title of philosophy. Poor John Damer was no philosopher, and yet he seems to have taken his leap in the dark with the marks both of an epicurean and a stoic. He acted his part with coolness, and sought his preparation in the mirth of a brothel.'—*Lyt. Let.* xlvii.

We may hence conclude that the idea of suicide had often obtruded itself on Lyttelton's mind, and though it is true he might have fortified himself by reason against it, yet we know how little the conclusions of reason are to be relied on, particularly in a character so open to temptation as that of Lyttelton, when despair, 'in its mood of either rage, gloom, or indifference,' seizes on a sick and depraved imagination. His constitution had been seriously impaired by his excesses. In his Letters he speaks frequently of the gloomy thoughts and fearful forebodings which made him shudder as they came over him (xlviii. lii.), and he also alludes to the harassing influence of physical pain:—

'After all,' he writes, 'this tenancy of life is but a bad one, with its
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waste and ingress of torturing diseases ; which, not content with destroying the building, maliciously torture the possessor with such pains and penalties as to make him oftentimes *curse the possession.*'—xxx.

It is said that shortly before his decease he was tormented with dreams of a most distressing character. The Public Advertiser states that on one occasion when he came down to breakfast he was observed to be unusually depressed. When bantered by the company who were staying with him on his sadness, he related a dream he had had the night before. 'I dreamt,' said he, 'that I was dead, and was hurried away into the infernal regions, which appeared as a large dark room, at the end of which was seated Mrs. Brownrigg, who told me it was appointed for her to pour red-hot bullets down my throat for a thousand years. The resistance I endeavoured to make to her awakened me ; but the agitation of my mind when I awoke is not to be described, nor can I get the better of it.' These 'thick-coming fancies' are the more remarkable, as they have been observed to be, in very numerous cases, the prelude to self-destruction, most likely from the indication they give of a disordered state of the nervous system.

A few weeks previous to his death, he had, as if in anticipation of that event, made a final settlement of his worldly affairs. He added four codicils to his will, all written with his own hand. The style of the first is remarkable :—

'I, Thomas Lyttelton, Baron of Frankley in the county of Worcester, considering the uncertainty of human life, which even in the strongest hangs but by a slender thread, and wishing to make ample provision for Margaret Amphlett, daughter of my dear friend and relative, Mrs. Mary Amphlett, of Clent,' &c.

He proceeds to bequeath 5000*l.* to Margaret Amphlett, and 2500*l.* to her sister Christian, in addition to former legacies ; and he directs that his diamond bow, for which he had given 'thirteen hundred and seventy guineas,' should be sold by auction, and the proceeds be divided between the sisters. The codicils are most clear and precise in all their provisions ; and from the number of these 'last words,' and the liberal bequests to several different persons—the little 'Honeysuckle' gets a legacy of 2000*l.*—it would seem that Lord Lyttelton must have seriously revolved in his mind the probability of his decease, and have considerably mentioned every name which had any claim on his remembrance.*

* These codicils are written in a large, careless, and irregular hand. At first sight it does not appear like the hand of Junius ; but on a careful inspection many points of resemblance are discerned, and of exactly such a nature as we might expect to find between the natural and the disguised hand of the same person.

It is noticeable, too, that those persons were with him on the night of his death for whom he had manifested the warmest regard—the Misses Amphlett—and Mr. Fortescue—to whom also he left a considerable legacy. Their presence might have been accidental; but, on the supposition of premeditated suicide, he might naturally have wished to spend his last evening on earth in the society of those young relations whom he regarded with the kindest feelings.

Young as Lord Lyttelton died, he had outlived every object which could render life desirable. Though married, he was separated from his wife, and was without hope of offspring. He had drank so deeply of the cup of pleasure that only its dregs remained to him; his profligacy had rendered his name infamous; and that last hope with which he at one time consoled himself under censure, of ‘making the world smile on his political career,’ faded with the disasters of the ministry to which he had attached himself. Great as his abilities confessedly were, he had secured no following. Distrusted by all parties, his genius seemed to shine with a baleful lustre, and to keep those most in fear who were nearest its influence. ‘The loss of Lord Lyttelton is not much to be regretted,’ wrote the Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn—and the sentiment was probably shared by the whole ministerial party. When he separated himself from the Government, he stood alone; and though the thought may be fanciful, we cannot help viewing that magnificent effort in which he took a survey of the whole state of the empire, and delivered his sentiments on every great question of his time, as his deliberate bequest to the country he was resolved to quit for ever. The shadow of Fate was upon him, and gave to his parting accents a tone of severe and solemn sincerity.

Between this character of Thomas Lyttelton, as drawn from his own declarations and the events of his life, and that of the mysterious, impenetrable Junius, we believe our readers will readily recognize some broad traits of likeness. Their sentiments on all great public questions were certainly the same; their genius was remarkably similar in the direction it took and in the vivacity and ardour with which it was manifested; the disappearance of the one is closely connected with the appearance of the other, and there is a striking and characteristic resemblance in the manner in which both make their exit from the public stage, each carrying his secret with him to the grave.

In regarding particulars more closely, we shall, as our limits compel us to make a selection from the materials in our hands, rather notice those circumstances which point to identity of character than dwell on mere coincidences of expression.

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In the first place, the position of Thomas Lyttelton in the five years from 1767 to 1772 is exactly such an one as it is reasonable to suppose that Junius held during the period of his writings. That the most extensive sources of information were open to Junius is undoubted. The editor of the collected Letters concludes 'that he was intimately and confidentially connected, either directly or indirectly, with all the public offices of Government.' Horace Walpole, a shrewd judge on such matters, was much less struck with his abilities and his rancour than with 'his quick intelligence of facts' and his knowledge of what took place in political and social circles; and, not to multiply authorities farther, Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Charles Butler, both men of great penetration, discussed this question together, and agreed 'that Junius was a man of high rank, from the tone of equality which he seemed to use quite naturally in his addresses to persons of rank, and in his expressions respecting them;' that his early intelligence of the measures of Government was surprising; and that 'he was not an author by profession, from the improvement which from time to time was visible in his style' (*But. Rem.*, i. 81).

Now, of all men of his day, the first Lord Lyttelton had, perhaps, the most varied and extensive acquaintance. The members of his immediate family filled almost every kind of high official employment. He was nearly related, as we have seen, to the Pitts and the Grenvilles; he had himself filled eminent posts in administration; he had been pressed to accept the Premiership, first by his intimate friend the Duke of Newcastle, next by the uncle of the King, the Duke of Cumberland. His brother Charles was Bishop of Carlisle; his brother Richard, who filled several considerable offices in the army—was a Knight of the Bath, and successively Master of the Jewel-Office, Captain-General of Minorca, and Governor of Jersey—married Rachel, sister of John fourth Duke of Bedford, and widow of the first Duke of Bridgewater. His youngest brother, William Henry, Governor of South Carolina and afterwards of Jamaica, was for his various services to the State created Baron Westcote. Of his sisters one married Thomas Pitt, elder brother of the great Earl of Chatham; the second was united to Dr. Ayscough, first preceptor to George the Third and afterwards Dean of Bristol—(the son of this Dr. Ayscough was an officer of the Guards, and the intimate associate of Thomas Lyttelton); and the other married an Irish proprietor, John Fitzmaurice, of Springfield, Limerick. Even his natural brother Smith was an Admiral, and was president of the court-martial upon Byng. Lord Lyttelton was,
moreover,

moreover, from the amiability of his character, in correspondence with the most distinguished men of his day, both political and literary, without distinction of party; and as he introduced his son into society very early in life, we may conclude that there was scarcely any person in the kingdom who had better or more extensive sources of information open to him than this young man. He was, as we have shown, regarded by Earl Temple with parental affection, and had not improbably met some members of the royal family at Stowe.

But Junius was an adept in a sort of intelligence which could not have been picked up in the Lyttelton circle, wide as it was. That vile scandal which he delighted to retail in the columns of the Public Advertiser could scarcely have been acquired at the dinner-table of the Duke of Newcastle or in the saloons of Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Montagu. He must have been, like the 'Lycurgus' whose disguise he so easily pierced, much 'about town' to have been so perfectly conversant with that sort of gossip which is popular in the haunts of refined blackguardism. And this was precisely the case with Thomas Lyttelton; he had a private society of his own to which we find frequent allusion in the Letters published under his name:—

'It is a great misfortune that Vice, be it what it may, will find some one or other to flatter it; and that there should be assemblies of people where, when public and honourable society has hissed you from the stage, you may find not only reception but applause: little earthly pandemoniums, where you meet with every means to hush the pains of reflection and to guard against the intrusions of conscience. It requires a most gigantic resolution to suffer pain when passion quickens every sense and every enticing object beckons to enjoyment. I was not born a stoic, nor am I made to be a martyr. So much do I hate and detest pain, that I think all good must be dear that is to be purchased with it. Penitence is a rack where offences have been grievous. To sit alone and court reflection, which will come perhaps every moment with a swinging sin at her back, and to be humble and patient beneath the stripes of such a scourge—by heavens, it is not in human nature to bear it! I am sure, at least, it is not in mine. If I could go to confession, like a good Papist, and have the score wiped off at once—*à la bonne heure!* But to repent, like a sobbing, paralytic Presbyterian, will not do for me; I am not fat enough to repent that way. GEORGE BODENS may be qualified for such a system of contrition, but my skinny shape will not bear mortification.'—*Let. i.*

In a subsequent letter the writer excuses this society from the censures of one of his correspondents:—

'I love superiority, flattery, and ease—and the society which you condemn affords the threefold gratification. You will tell me that it
consists

consists of dishonourable men ; in the common sense of the term you may be right—but *dulcibus abundant vitiis* ; and as bad instruments in the hands of agreeable performers make a pleasant concert, so these characters compose an amusing society. With them I am under no restraint. *They know the history of the day.* Some of them also are well accomplished ; and while they play one upon another, I can play upon them all.’—xl.

In this society Mr. Chase Price was one of his familiars. Presuming him to have been the Price of the Selwyn Correspondence, he seems to have lived by the gaming-table. ‘Leave off play’—writes the first Lord Holland to George Selwyn—‘you are certain not to win of Price ;’ and again, ‘Price may be as innocent and foolish at play as you are—and you may win ; but then I am told he cannot pay you if you do.’ On what grounds chiefly did Thomas Lyttelton esteem *his* Price?—

‘How it could ever enter into your head to think Chase Price a wit puzzles and perplexes me. He is a good-humoured, jolly buffoon. . . . Believe me, that Chase’s forte is politics : *not public, but private politics, the science of which he understands better, and practises with more success, than any man in Britain.*’—xviii.

In such ‘little earthly Pandemoniums’ as it is certain Thomas Lyttelton frequented, Junius must have acquired that scandalous knowledge and gathered those vicious images which form so remarkable a feature of his compositions. Still it may be said that there is nothing but a general air of probability to show that Junius and Thomas Lyttelton frequented the same society, and some more direct proof may be required.

In one of the ‘Miscellaneous Letters’ of Junius, dated January 9, 1771, he begins with the announcement that Sir Edward Hawke had resigned that morning, and that Lord Sandwich was to succeed him. Then he proceeds in a vicious strain of scandal, until he accidentally alludes to ‘Tom Whateley’—the private secretary of Mr. George Grenville, down to the death of that statesman in the preceding year. ‘This poor man,’ he continues, ‘with the talents of an attorney sets up for an ambassador, and with the agility of COLONEL BODENS undertakes to be a courier.’ (*Jun.* iii. 310.) Who was this Bodens ? Junius mentions his name by a mere slip of the pen ; for the letter must have been written hurriedly, as it announces events which occurred that morning ; but taking the sentence as it stands, no one can doubt that Colonel Bodens—obscure as his name is to this generation—was familiarly known to Junius.

Now, in that passage we have quoted from the first of the Lyttelton letters, we find exactly such an allusion to Bodens as we might expect to meet with on the supposition that the passage
came

came from the pen of Junius. 'I am not *fat enough* to repent that way; George Bodens may be qualified for such a system of contrition, but my skinny shape,' &c.—all this is perfectly in keeping with the 'agility of Colonel Bodens' in ironical Junius. In another of the Lyttelton letters reference is made to the convivial qualities of Bodens:—

'George Selwyn is very superior to Chase Price, but very inferior to Charles Townshend, against whom, however, he used, as I am told, to get continually the laugh. But this proves nothing; for *good humoured* GEORGE BODENS would have gained the prize from them both in the article of creating laughter.'—xviii.

Though the genuineness of these letters be disputed, it will not affect our argument; for on referring to the will of Thomas Lord Lyttelton, we find that the 'good-humoured George Bodens' is there remembered with a legacy of 500*l.*—a most satisfactory proof that he was as familiarly known to his lordship as he was to Junius. He seems to have been esteemed in the convivial circles of his day, and must, like Price, have mingled with the Selwyn coterie; for Gilly Williams in a letter to Selwyn, dated Brighton, September 1, 1766, says:—

'What do you mean by inquiring after our ordinary? Neither you nor his lordship [March?], I am sure, will come near it. There is Boone, Varey, George Bodens, and a few provincials, that every day eat one of poor Byng's frugal but cheerful meals.'—*Sel. Cor.* ii. 13.

Colonel Bodens, like Price, was probably an adept at the gaming-table—his cheerfulness, knowledge of society, and convivial qualities rendering him an acceptable companion to 'men of pleasure and fashion about town.' His name establishes a link of connexion between Junius and Thomas Lyttelton in another way. We see that Bodens was familiar with the Selwyn set, a set of which Lyttelton thought slightly; for he says of Selwyn that his 'faculty of repartee is mechanical,' and that it 'would be a miserable business, indeed, if a man who had been playing upon words for so many years should not have attained the faculty of commanding them at pleasure.' Of Carlisle it is said 'that his wit lies in his heels;' and his poems are spoken of as 'schoolboy rhymes, which the author would not have given to the world had he possessed any of the wit he aspired to.'

The Selwyn coterie is on one occasion mentioned by Junius, though merely for the purpose of supplying an illustration, but in such a way as to show that the gossip concerning it had reached his ears, and that he thought contemptibly of the set. Noticing the Garter bestowed on Lord Gower (to whom the slang sobriquet of Peg Trentham is given), he asserts that only four knights

were

were present, though six were required for a chapter of election ; and he proceeds :—

‘ In the decision of the Middlesex election, it was resolved that 296 were more than 1143. This puts me in mind of Lord March’s * election to the *coterie*. All the balls were black ; but the returning officer, George Selwyn, thought proper to swear that he was duly elected, and he took his seat accordingly. —*Jun.* iii. 341.

So, though Junius and Thomas Lyttelton both knew Bodens familiarly, they both held the Selwyn coterie, with which Bodens was connected, in supreme contempt. George Bodens, we may not improbably suppose, was directly alluded to in that letter of Lord Temple to Thomas Lyttelton, which we have already noticed :—‘ Harry the Fifth had been Prince of Wales ; he knew how, with change of situation, to shake off *the Falstaffs of the age*, and all those forlorn accomplishments which had so long depressed and stifled his abilities.’

‘ Tom Whateley ’ next claims our notice. Junius is indignant that he should so soon after the death of Mr. Grenville have entered into the service of Lord North. The passage we annex follows immediately after that sentence in which the name of Colonel Bodens is inadvertently introduced :—

‘ Indeed, Tom, you have betrayed yourself too soon. Mr. Grenville, your friend, your patron, your benefactor, who raised you from a depth, compared to which even Bradshaw’s family stands on an eminence, was hardly cold in his grave when you solicited the office of go-between to Lord North. You could not, in my eyes, be more contemptible, though you were convicted (as I dare say you might be) of having constantly betrayed him in his lifetime. Since I know your employment, be assured I shall watch you attentively. Every journey you undertake, every message you carry, shall be immediately laid before the public. The event of your ingenious management will be this, that Lord North, finding that you cannot serve him, will give you nothing. From the other party you have just as much detestation to expect as can be united with the profoundest contempt. Tom Whateley, take care of yourself !’ —*Jun.* iii. 310.

On the supposition that Junius was Thomas Lyttelton, we are struck by the fact that Mr. Grenville, very shortly before his death, had employed Whateley to communicate with the elder Lyttelton, in the most confidential and unreserved terms, on the state of public affairs, and the complicated ministerial negotiations which were in progress. So great was the trust reposed in Whateley, and so intimate his knowledge of the secret sentiments of the Grenville party, that in a letter of July 24, 1767, to George Lord Lyttelton, he says :—

* Lord March was the noted Duke of Queensberry—‘ *Old Q.* !

‘ I can

'I can only hazard a line by the post, which, should it miscarry and be opened, will not disclose any wonderful mysteries to the curiosity of a country postmaster.'—*Mem. Lyt.* 727—

and he then goes on to relate a meeting which Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Bedford had, at the instance of the King, just held with the Dukes of Newcastle, Richmond, and Portland, and some other influential politicians, to form a comprehensive administration. In a subsequent letter to Lord Lyttelton, Whateley alludes to his communications with Temple, and gives some intelligence concerning Chatham. He states his intention of going to Stowe and Wotton, but fears he shall not be able to pay his respects to his correspondent at Hagley. As Mr. Whateley then, not long previous to his accepting employment under Lord North, had been, on the part of Mr. Grenville, in confidential communication with all the leaders of opposition, and had thus pierced into their secret sentiments, and had, moreover, been treated with condescending kindness by Lord Lyttelton, we can, if we suppose that Mr. Lyttelton was Junius, easily account for the bitter contempt with which he spoke of Whateley as a 'traitorous go-between,' and understand the threat that his proceedings should be narrowly watched.

In the tenth of Thomas Lyttelton's Letters—apparently sent to his tutor—we find these sentences:—

'You have dreamed of a hatchment upon —— house, and seen a visionary coronet suspended over my brow. You are a simpleton and a parasite, to let such weak reasons guide you to wag your tail, and play the spaniel, and renew your offers to fetch and carry. Be assured for your comfort, that if ever you and I have any future intercourse together, it will be upon such terms or worse. . . . I consider you with a mixture of scorn and pity, when I see you so continually hampered in difficulties, from your regard to the present and the future lord. . . . I know you, and I declare you to be incapable of love or affection to any one, even to a mother or a sister. You know what I mean; but to quit an idea abhorrent to human nature, let me entreat you, &c. . . . Be assured that I give you these counsels more for your own sake than for that of, &c.'—x.

Altogether this Letter is marked by the same scornful and scoffing reproach as the address of Junius to Tom Whateley. 'As much detestation as can be united to the profoundest contempt' exactly describes its character. In each case the writer warns the person he addresses of the consequence of double dealing, and 'Tom Whateley, take care of yourself!' is in the same strain as 'Be assured that I give you these counsels more for your own sake than for that of,' &c. The dark insinuation of '*facts abhorrent to human nature*' will remind the reader of the warning of Junius to the friends of the Duke of Bedford: 'They should recollect that

there

there are still *some facts in store at which human nature would shudder.*

It has already been shown that the position of Mr. Lyttelton would account for and excuse the vehement attacks on Chatham with which Junius commenced his labours in the Public Advertiser. During the illness of Chatham in 1767 an impression prevailed among his former friends that he would never again return to public life; and a reference to the Memoirs of Mr. Lyttelton's father shows that those expressions applied by Junius to Lord Chatham as 'a lunatic,' and 'a worn-out, decrepit old man,' were commonly used by the persons with whom George Lord Lyttelton was in correspondence. Mr. Thomas Whateley, writing to him, July 30, 1767, says,—

'Lord Chatham's state is certainly the lowest dejection and debility that mind and body can be in. He sits all the day leaning on his hands, which he supports on the table; does not permit any person to remain in the room; knocks when he wants anything; and, having made his wants known, gives a signal without speaking to the person who answered his call, to retire.'—*Mem. Lyt.* 729.

Some such idea of Lord Chatham's infirmities Junius must have had in his mind when he wrote that 'heaven had marked him out as an example to mankind.' In January, 1768, nine months after the first attack of Junius on Chatham, he addressed a private letter to the great statesman, artfully designed to inspire him with distrust of his colleagues, and expressing 'sentiments of respect and veneration for his character' and '*warm attachment to his person.*' This language might naturally have been held by Mr. Lyttelton, the son of Chatham's brother-in-law and oldest friend. The inconsistency of Junius in wishing Chatham to resume the lead of the popular party in 1768, though Junius was directly opposed to him on the American question, is precisely similar to the inconsistency of Thomas Lyttelton, in attempting in 1774 to organise a powerful party with Chatham at its head, though he opposed with all his energy that statesman's views on American policy. The inconsistency is in both cases characteristic—Junius, in 1768, and Thomas Lyttelton, in 1774, being willing to surrender their views on that particular question, for the benefit of Lord Chatham's leadership.

Every word in the private letter of Junius to Chatham, of January, 1768, is strictly in keeping with the position of Mr. Lyttelton. He was in some measure educated at the feet of Mr. Pitt, and very early impressed with veneration for his character and attachment to his person. In one of Thomas Lyttelton's letters, comparing Chatham and Mansfield as orators, he says that the latter was Ciceronian, but inferior to Cicero, while the
former

former was Demosthenian, but superior to Demosthenes ; and he goes on to say that Lord Chatham

‘disdained imitation, and was himself a model of eloquence, of which no idea can be formed but by those who have seen and heard him. His words have sometimes frozen *my young blood* into stagnation, sometimes made it pace in such a hurry through my veins that I could scarce support it.’—xxvi.

In another letter he says :—

‘The man who is in the most perfect possession of *wit* has figured in so high a line of public life as to prevent the attention of mankind from leaving his greater qualities to consider his private and domestic character : I mean Lord Chatham, whose *familiar conversation* is only to be excelled by his public eloquence.’*—xviii.

If it be admitted that Pitt’s conduct in slighting the elder Lyttelton might naturally raise the indignation of the son, must it not also be admitted that the above passages would sufficiently account for the anonymous communication of January 1768 ?

The eulogium on Chatham is one of the finest passages in Junius. Have we any ground for believing that Thomas Lyttelton could have penned it ? In his speeches he always, even when opposing Chatham, spoke of him with the highest admiration ; and in the 57th of the Letters attributed to him we have this paragraph :—

‘The grave is now closed upon that illustrious statesman ; his splendid orb is set for ever. There was that in his character which gave him a very decided superiority over the rest of mankind. He was the greatest war-minister this kingdom ever knew ; and the four years of his administration form the most brilliant period that the British annals or perhaps those of the world can produce. They who aim at the diminution of his glory, and that of his country, by attributing the rapid change of national affairs under his administration to chance, and the fortunate circumstances of the moment, must be slaves to the most rooted prejudice, the foulest envy, or the darkest ignorance. Let me add that he was a minister who detested the arts of corruption, set his face against all court as well as cabinet intrigues, and quitted his important station with unpolluted hands. It is a great national misfortune that the mantle of this political patriarch has not been caught by any of his successors. . . . The state as well as the army wants a commander-in-chief. The truncheon has become little more than a useless trophy, as a hand fit to grasp it is no longer to

* One of the most exquisite of wits goes far to confirm this judgment :—‘I never heard so much *wit*, except in a speech with which Mr. Pitt concluded the debate the other day. His antagonists endeavour to disarm him ; but as fast as they deprive him of one weapon, he finds a better. I never suspected him of such an universal armoury. I knew he had a Gorgon’s head, composed of bayonets and pistols, but little thought that he could tickle to death with a feather.’—*Walpole to Montagu*, Nov. 25, 1755.

be found. In bearing my poor testimony to the manes of Lord Chatham, I have yielded to the impulse of my very soul. In this imperfect act of veneration I can have no interest, for the object of it is gone where the applause of this world cannot reach him; and as I ventured to differ from him when alive, and delivered the reasons for my difference to his face, what motive can there be for me to flatter him now he is no more? To oppose the sentiments of that venerable statesman was an undertaking that shook my very frame. My utmost resolution, strengthened by a sense of duty, and the laudable ambition of supporting what I conceived to be right, against the proudest names, could not sustain me. You, I believe, were present when I sank down and became silent beneath the imposing superiority of his abilities: but I did not feel it a defeat to be vanquished by him:—

nec tam

Turpe fuit vinci quam contendisse decorum est.

Thomas Lyttelton says he ‘sank down beneath the *imposing superiority of Lord Chatham’s abilities*’; and Junius, addressing the Duke of Grafton, says that ‘Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud *imposing superiority of Lord Chatham’s abilities*.’ We might quote other such coincidences—but it is in the general spirit of this fine passage more than in particular expressions that we recognize the pen of Junius.

We turn next to the connection between Thomas Lyttelton and the Bedford family, as the assertions of Junius that he had the power to awe the Duke, and to reveal secrets which would make him tremble in his grave, are among the most remarkable passages in his writings. The marriage of Colonel (afterwards Sir Richard) Lyttelton with the Duchess Dowager of Bridgewater, elder sister of the Duke of Bedford, took place in 1745. It was a love match, and Horace Walpole notices the happiness which attended it. By this marriage the lady had no children, and it is not improbable that she shared in the partiality of the Lyttelton family for the heir and hope of their house. Sir Richard voluntarily bore, as we have seen, the whole cost of his nephew’s continental tour—a strong proof of the affection he entertained for him. The income of Sir Richard, as he was the third brother, and held honourable rather than lucrative offices, must have been chiefly supplied by his wife; and it is only natural to conclude that she was a party to the payment of young Lyttelton’s travelling expenses. Frequently meeting his uncle’s wife in the unrestrained confidence of domestic intercourse, we may imagine that he became acquainted with private circumstances of her brother’s life, and that the assertion of his power over the Duke of Bedford might be no idle boast.

Perhaps the relation in which Sir Richard stood to the Duke may afford some clue to the early animosity of Junius. The
Duchess

Duchess of Bridgewater, soon after her second marriage, wrote to her brother, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Her letter is kind in tone and admirable in expression. She entreats the Duke's influence with the King, to get her husband appointed adjutant-general, or, she adds, that 'you would make Mr. Lyttelton colonel commandant of your own regiment, as Lord Sandwich is to the Duke of Montagu.' This point she presses with earnestness:—

'Do not think I mean to load your interest with the care of his preferment, but it goes to my heart to see other young officers obtain through favour what, *was he not your brother-in-law*, he has so just a right to, and which, if refused to him, will render it impossible for him to continue in the army.'—*Bed. Corr.* i. 112.

From the closing paragraph of her letter we conclude that there had been little or no intercourse between her husband and the Duke, and that the latter regarded his new brother-in-law with indifference, if not with dislike, for she says, 'If you choose to converse with Mr. Lyttelton he will explain his pretensions more fully to you.' The Duke did not so choose. In his answer he civilly declines to press Richard Lyttelton's suit, though he says:—'You must be sensible that *upon your account* I shall be very desirous to serve Mr. Lyttelton, as far as lies in my power, in anything that can *reasonably be expected from me*.' When we contrast his Grace's indifference to his sister's request with the anxiety he manifested on all occasions to obtain place and promotion for his own dependents, we may not unreasonably suppose that Richard Lyttelton felt indignant at the coldness of his powerful connexion.

Thomas Lyttelton had certainly political if not personal grounds of resentment against the same magnate. It is observable that Junius does not attack the Duke until after his Grace had made terms with the Grafton ministry for the admission of his friends, and by so doing *had broken faith with Lord Lyttelton*; for after Chatham had formed his cabinet in 1766, the Duke of Bedford continued in opposition, and in close alliance with Lord Lyttelton. In a letter from the latter to Temple, dated Nov. 25, 1767, he relates a conference he had just held with Bedford:—

'His Grace replied that his own scheme was to have balanced the power of Lord Rockingham and his friends in the ministry to be formed, by many friends of the Grenvilles, and some in the highest offices, *particularly myself, whom he meant to propose for President of the Council, the power of which office he said was now very great*.'—*Lyt. Mem.* 740.

In less than a month after this date Bedford concluded a treaty with the ministry for the admission of his friends, abandoning the Grenvilles and Lyttelton—and from that period the attacks of

Junius

Junius on the 'Bloomsbury gang' commence. There is undoubtedly much truth in that passage in which he characterizes their ambition :—

'With one united view they have but one character. My Lord Gower and Lord Weymouth were distressed, and Rigby was insatiable. The school they were bred in taught them how *to abandon their friends* without deserting their principles. There is a littleness even in their ambition, for money is their first object. Their professed opinions upon some great points are so different from those of the party with which they are now united, that the council chamber is become a scene of open hostilities.'—*Jun.* iii. 175.

Who more likely to have written this passage than Thomas Lyttelton, justly indignant with the head of this 'gang' and his adherents for so soon forgetting their engagements with his father?

The Duke of Bedford, during his later years, at least, was on visiting terms with Sir Richard Lyttelton, for in the journal kept by his Grace, recording his daily actions for the last four years of his life, we find the following entries :—

[1766.] '16th Nov.—Dined at the French Ambassador's. Went in the evening to Lord Mansfield's, Mr. G. Grenville's, and Sir Richard Lyttelton's.'

[1767, April.] '11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th.—Nothing material, I going nowhere but to Lady Tavistock's, and the last day in the evening to the Duchess of Bridgewater's.'

The Marquis of Tavistock died on the 22nd of the preceding month [March, 1767], and on that evening, when the Duke visited his sister, it is within the scope of probability that Thomas Lyttelton was present, and that his keen eye scrutinized the features of the Duke for traces of the grief which he had the fortitude to repress.

The expressions applied by Junius to Mr. Grenville are in substance the same with those which we find in the letters and speeches of Thomas Lyttelton. Junius speaks of him as an 'able financier,' and notices his 'credit with the public;' and Thomas Lyttelton extols his 'ministerial reputation' (*Let.* ii. 209); Junius terms Mr. Grenville 'great and good,' and Thomas Lyttelton describes him as 'honest and able' (*Parl. Deb.*, April 23, 1779).

The special favour with which Junius regards Mr. Grenville, may perhaps in some measure be explained by the anxious desire of the latter to serve his friends, though willing wholly to retire from public life himself. In a letter to the first Lord Lyttelton, dated July 14, 1767, Grenville says :—

'You see my thoughts are turned to the country, from the busy scene of politics, and to my private friends from public connexions. The

The truth is I have almost had enough of the latter, and much too little of the former; I therefore wish, if I can, to make the balance more even, which I think at present is a wish not unlikely to be gratified; but this is owing to my particular situation, which makes that both honourable and desirable for me which is by no means so for you.' —*Mem. Lyt.* 722.

In explanation of this passage he writes a fortnight later:—

'When I intimated that there might be a difference between your situation and mine, I meant only that *whatever might be said of me, it could not be pretended that you were in the case of being obtruded and forced upon the King*, and that, therefore, if everything were settled as it should be, there would be no colour for *your not filling an honourable office which you are in all respects so well entitled to*. This, my dear lord, is the only difference between us, and the only one I hope there ever will be.'—*Ib.*

If Mr. Grenville was sincere in saying he was indifferent to office at this time, we can hardly wonder that his friends should have felt increased regard for him, at witnessing the interest he took in their welfare, when he had no longer objects to advance of his own.

If we examine the sentiments of Thomas Lyttelton and Junius on all the great questions of the day, we shall find their agreement not less remarkable than that which may be traced in their personal predilections and resentments. The leading principle in the mind of Junius was the supremacy of the British legislature over every part of the British dominions. This supremacy he asserts not once only, but many times, repeating the idea in various forms, and seeking to establish it with all his powers of persuasion and argument. 'He was,' says Dr. Good, 'as thoroughly convinced as Mr. George Grenville himself, of the supremacy of the legislature of this country over the colonies' (*Jun.* i. 77). 'The enterprises of the Americans,' writes Junius, 19th Dec. 1767, 'are now carried to such a point that every moment we lose serves only to accelerate our perdition' (ii. 516). Six months later he urges the necessity of immediate action against the colonists more strongly, saying there is no choice but to make war upon them, or to suffer them to erect themselves into independent states (iii. 75). He maintains the constitutional right vested in Parliament to raise taxes from America (i. 394). He insists that the clamour against the Stamp Act was the result of ignorance or wilful misrepresentation (ii. 513); and he declares that the repeal of the Act is 'surrendering the first essential principles of the Constitution for the sake of a bribe of which we are cheated at the last' (iii. 183). If from Junius we turn to the Lyttelton Letters, we seem to be still reading in the same book:—

'I have

'I have not a doubt of the legislative supremacy of Parliament over every part of the British dominions in America, the East and West Indies, in Africa, and over Ireland itself. I cannot separate the ideas of legislation and taxation; they seem to be more than twins; they were not only born but must co-exist and die together.'—*Let.* xix.

'In American affairs I have ever possessed a perfect uniformity of opinion. My doctrine has ever been that legislation involves in it every possible power and exercise of civil government. For this principle I shall never cease to contend.'—liv.

After the quotations we have made from the speeches of Thomas Lyttelton, it is almost unnecessary to say that the same tone is preserved in them from first to last. We could fill pages with extracts to prove our assertion, but one will suffice, and by the side of that we place a passage from Junius:—

'It was no longer a question whether we should relinquish the right of taxation, but whether that commerce which had carried us triumphantly through the last war, should be subject to the wise and necessary regulations prescribed by the Act of Navigation, or at once be laid open at the will of the factious Americans, now struggling for a *free and unlimited trade*, independent of their mother country. If government should now in the least degree recede, all would be over.'—*Deb.*, Nov. 29, 1774.

'I see the spirit which has gone abroad through the colonies, and I know what consequences that spirit must and will produce. If it be determined to enforce the authority of the legislature, the event will be uncertain, but if we yield to the pretensions of America there is no further doubt about the matter. From that moment they become an independent people, *they open their trade with the rest of the world*, and England is undone.'—*Jun.* iii. 159.

Junius warmly advocated the liberty of the press:—

'Let it be impressed upon your mind, let it be instilled into your children, that *the liberty of the press is the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman*.'—*Jun.* i. 344.

Lyttelton, though smarting under some scandalous censures on his conduct (supposing him Junius, how just was the retribution!), maintained the same doctrine almost in the same words:—

'I love my country, its constitution, and its privileges, too well to say, write, or even think anything against that *palladium of British freedom—the liberty of the press*.'—*Lytt. Lett.* xxiv.

In his place in the House of Lords, Lyttelton made it one of his charges against the revolted Americans that they sought to destroy the liberty of the press:—

'They have even gone so far as to stifle all free discussion in print, and overthrow that *great palladium, the liberty of the press*.'—*Parl. Deb.*, March 14, 1776.

Both held that private character should be respected :—

‘The indulgence of private malice and personal slander should be checked.’—*Jun.* i. 352.

‘Perhaps the enormities of private scandal should be checked.’—*Lytt. Lett.* xxiv.

Both were clear, however, that the smallest invasions of any constitutional privilege should be strenuously resisted :—

‘Never suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by without a determined, persevering resistance. One precedent creates another ; they soon accumulate and constitute law. What yesterday was fact to-day is doctrine.’—*Jun.* i. 342.

‘I think it would be dangerous to suffer even an excrescence of any staple privilege to be cut off. The track of innovation widens every moment, and on this example, if it was once opened there is no saying where it would end.’—*Lytt. Lett.* xxiv.

Junius says :—

‘The power of King, Lords, and Commons, is not an arbitrary power. They are the *trustees*, not the owners of the estate. . . . They cannot *alienate*, they cannot waste ; the power of the legislature is limited, not only by the general rules of natural justice, and the welfare of the community, but by the forms and principles of our particular constitution.’—i. 345.

Lyttelton, when contending for the right of taxation inherent in the supreme legislature, says :—

‘I cannot conceive that it is in the power of any set of ministers, however able, to compliment away the inherent rights of the British Parliament. If the power be in the Parliament, as I am sure it is, they cannot even themselves surrender it without a manifest *breach of trust*. I take it to be a right original, co-extensive, and *inalienable*, not to be parted with or transferred.’—*Deb.*, March 14, 1776.

‘Parliament could not give up the rights of empire ; they were inherent—they were *inalienable* ; and the great controlling, superintending power of the state was inviolable and indivisible.’—*Ib.*, Dec. 5, 1777.

Junius abhorred the whole system of game-laws :—

‘As to the game-laws he never scrupled to declare his opinion that they are a species of the forest laws, that they are oppressive to the subject, and that the spirit of them is incompatible with legal liberty : that the penalties imposed by these laws bear no proportion to the nature of the offence : that the mode of trial, and the degree and kind of evidence necessary to convict, not only deprive the subject of all the benefits of a trial by jury, but are in themselves too summary, and to the last degree arbitrary and oppressive.’—*Jun.* ii. 396.

Lyttelton writes :—

‘I neither hunt nor shoot ; . . . the business and form, not to say tyranny

tyranny of preserving game, which is necessary to establish a certainty of sport, is not to my way of thinking. The laws concerning game form a very unconstitutional monopoly; but that is not all; the peace and society of provincial vicinities are more or less disturbed by jealousies and disputes arising from the game in every part of the kingdom.'—*Lyt. Let.*, xxxi.

Lyttelton—perhaps from family connexion, for his aunt was married to an Irish proprietor, and his sister to an Irish peer—took a warm interest in the affairs of Ireland, and visited that country to make himself thoroughly acquainted with its politics and condition. In his Letters he expresses his opinion that 'the Irish have long been an oppressed people.' (lvi.) In that magnificent speech, the last he ever delivered, he dwelt emphatically on the wrongs of the Irish people:—

'They complain, my Lords, of oppression; oppression has had its effects, and they are plunged into despair from the penury it has entailed upon them. They can bear it no longer, and they are ready to change their taskmasters.'

Junius says, 'the people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed.' (ii. 75.) 'The just discontents of that kingdom have been passed by without notice.' (ii. 146.)

Junius was strongly opposed to Parliament debating with closed doors. When the Houses were rigidly closed to strangers, he endeavoured to shame ministers into having them thrown open on 'the usual conditions.' On 15th December, 1774, Thomas Lyttelton, in the Lords, succeeded in carrying a motion to the effect that the doors 'should be opened to the members of the House of Commons, *the sons and brothers of peers*, peers of Ireland and Scotland, and to so many of the public at large as should be introduced by English peers, each peer to have the privilege of introducing one person.' This we suppose was the prevailing practice previously to December, 1770, when Junius was so greatly annoyed and inconvenienced by the exclusion of 'strangers.' As *the son of a peer*, Lyttelton must have frequently attended the debates of the House, and on the supposition that he was Junius, he might well have been anxious that 'the doors of the House of Lords should be opened in *the usual manner*,' on occasion of the important debate on the Falkland Islands.

We can call decisive evidence to show that the Hon. Thomas Lyttelton was in the habit of attending the debates of the Lords, and that he, like Junius, had a most retentive memory. On the third reading of the Chatham Annuity Bill in the Lords (June 2nd, 1778), the character and conduct of the deceased Earl were called in question. Lord Radnor, who admired his general principles,

principles, conceived that his defence of the proclamation prohibiting the exportation of corn in 1766 was a blot on his career, as tending to set the authority of an Order in Council above that of an Act of Parliament. This remark raised an argument as to the line of defence adopted by Lord Chatham at the time, and the words he actually used. Of all the peers present, Lyttelton, though he was only twenty-two in 1766, seems to have had the most distinct recollection of the language held by the great Earl on that occasion:—

‘So far from attempting to defend the proclamation, he had offered to answer for it with his life. If his recollection did not mislead him, *he heard* the deceased Earl make use of the strong expression of being willing to *expiate by his head* if the Parliament did not think that the particular necessity was an ample justification.’—*Deb.*, June 2, 1778.

Lord Radnor adhered to his own impression. But we must admit Lord Chatham to be the best authority on what he really said, and referring to his speech at the opening of the session of 1770, we find he makes reference to the part he took in the embargo debates in these words:—

‘He had heard with great concern of the distemper among the cattle, and was very ready to give his approbation to those prudent measures, with which the Constitution trusted the Crown, to be made use of under the correction of the Legislature, and *at the hazard of the Minister*, upon any sudden emergency or unforeseen calamity which might threaten the welfare of the people or the safety of the state. On this principle he had himself advised a measure which *he knew was not strictly legal*, but he had recommended it as a measure of necessity to save a starving people from famine, and had *submitted to the judgment of his country*.’—*Deb.*, Jan. 9, 1770.

Junius, in a letter of Oct. 5, 1771, speaks of the doctrine held by Lord Camden, in the debate of 1766, that the Crown possessed a legal power (not given by the Act itself) to suspend an operation of the Act of the Legislature, as one ‘to which he *listened* without the smallest degree of conviction or assent.’ Accused of misrepresenting Lord Camden’s meaning, he defends the accuracy of his statement by quoting his Lordship’s precise words:—

‘The truth is that he inadvertently overshot himself, as appears plainly by that unguarded mention of *a tyranny of forty days* which *I myself heard*. Instead of asserting that the proclamation was legal, he should have said, “My Lords, I know the proclamation was illegal, but I advised it because it was indispensably necessary to save the kingdom from famine, and I submit myself to the justice and mercy of my country.”’—ii. 364.

That is, he should have adopted the line of defence which
Chatham

Chatham did adopt, and which Lyttelton, after an interval of twelve years, recalls as heard by himself. We arrive then at the conclusion that Mr. Lyttelton and Junius were both present during the debate on the legality of the embargo in 1766, and that the former heard Lord Chatham declare he was willing to answer for the Order in Council with his head, while the latter heard Lord Camden designate it as 'a forty days' tyranny at the worst.' This correspondence is the more remarkable as the date of 1766 corresponds with what we know of the first political experience of Junius, as well as with the dawning political genius of Mr. Lyttelton.

Junius holds 'that superstition is not the characteristic of this age' (ii. 408); and Lyttelton 'that the dark times of superstition are past' (*P. D.*, June 17, 1774). Junius, however, constantly professes his reverence for the Christian religion; one of his leading arguments is made to rest upon 'the internal evidence which *the purest of religions carries with it.*' (ii. 319.) 'No one,' writes Thomas Lyttelton, 'after a comparative examination of the Gospel and Alcoran, will not give to the former a most instant, decided, and universal preference. He will admire the amiable and rational doctrines of the one, and as readily acknowledge the absurdities of the other.' (xxviii.) In another of his Letters we read:—'A faith of some thousand years is not to be destroyed by the elaborate but artificial conjectures of a modern infidel.' (xlix.) Both set little store by 'the externals of religion.' Junius could not agree with 'my lords the bishops' that 'prayers are morality, or that kneeling is religion.' (ii. 319.) Lyttelton thought that, 'though bells were removed from steeples, and steeples from churches, the evil would not be great, for that Christian men might meet in the faith of Christ and in Christian charity, without these things, which to the pure of heart and truly devout were of little importance.' (*Deb.*, June 17, 1774.) 'The religion of Sandwich,' remarks Junius, 'would do honour to a mitre' (iii. 310). When attacking Horne he describes him as already 'a bishop in his principles' (ii. 256). Lyttelton boasts (*Letter xxx.*) that he, in the presence of his uncle the Bishop, 'made an attack upon the temporal privilege of episcopacy in possessing a seat in the House of Lords, and proved that the bishops, through upwards of twenty reigns, had almost uniformly manifested themselves to be foes to rational liberty.'

'Junius, says Dr. Good, 'was honestly attached to the principles of the constitution, and fearless and indefatigable in maintaining them' (i. 98):—

'That the people are not equally and fully represented is unquestionable. But let us take care what we attempt. We may demolish
the

the venerable fabric we intend to repair, and where is the strength and virtue to erect a better in its stead?—i. 286.

‘The dearest interests of this country are its laws and constitution.’—i. 552.

Lyttelton in his Letters often expresses himself in a similar spirit—*e. g.* :—

‘A code of such wise, rational, and humane legislation never was known in the world.’—xxviii.

His speeches are, in like manner, uniformly distinguished by zealous attachment to the laws and constitution.

Junius accuses the Duke of Grafton of submitting himself to Lord Chatham only to betray him :—

‘Lord Chatham was the earliest object of your political wonder and attachment. Yet you deserted him upon the first hopes that offered of an equal share of power with Lord Rockingham.’—i. 483.

Thomas Lyttelton urges the same charge :—

‘The Duke of G——, who, to use his own words, had accepted the seals merely to trail a pike under the command of so distinguished a politician, when advanced to a higher post, turned an angry face against the leader whom he had deserted.’—*Lyt. Let.*, lvii.

It is universally admitted that Junius must have been indefatigable in acquiring information, and that he was pre-eminently distinguished by the variety and extent of his knowledge.* The same character belongs to Lyttelton, and appears even in his Letters. While mentioning with candour his evening orgies with Price and Bodens, and other dissolute associates, whose best recommendation was their knowledge of ‘the history of the day,’ he speaks of his morning studies, and of the labour with which he sought to qualify himself for public life.

‘The admirable structure of the British constitution, its commerce, its interests, and its alliances, have been the objects of my serious inquiry and attentive consideration.’—xlii.

The care he took to keep himself well informed on all the questions of his time is apparent in his speeches in the Lords. When he urged the right of authors to a perpetual property in their works, he laid before the House letters addressed to himself by Hume, Robertson, and other eminent literary characters. When, in 1775, he significantly referred to the relations of England with France and Spain, and pressed the Ministry for explanations, Lord Rochford, Foreign Secretary, replied, ‘that he believed the

* ‘Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge? . . . Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity, nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal anything from the public.’—*Burke, Parl. Deb.*

noble Lord *had spoken by inspiration.*' When some months later he still pressed the hostile intentions of Spain on the House, and was answered by Rochford that the Court of Madrid had given the strongest assurances that nothing was intended against Great Britain or her allies, he disputed the accuracy of the Secretary's information:—

'The noble Earl in office seems to place too great a reliance on the positive assurances given by the Spanish Court; and I will tell your Lordships why I think so. *It is because I am well informed.* I know it to be the current language of the several branches of the House of Bourbon, that they do not look upon themselves bound to give us any previous information of their hostile intentions, either by declaration of war or otherwise, on account of our capture of the French ships before the commencement of the late war.'—*P. D.*, May 17, 1775.

The result showed the accuracy of his information and the sagacity of his views.—When Mr. Penn gave his evidence before the House in support of the petition from the American Congress, Lord Lyttelton said 'he *could contradict him himself upon a most respectable authority*, a gentleman of his acquaintance, who possessed 10,000 acres of land in the province of New England alone' (*P. D.*, Nov. 10, 1775). When denouncing the revolted colonists for their cruelty to the loyal subjects of the Crown, he '*had particular information* to support him in those general assertions' (*Ib.*, March 4, 1776). In February, 1778, he dwelt on the defenceless state of our eastern possessions, and told the House 'he *had been informed by a French officer* lately returned from the Mauritius, there were no less than 8000 regular troops there and in the Isle of Bourbon; a circumstance which was, in his opinion, sufficient to convince their Lordships that France meant, in case of a rupture, to attack us in that part of the world' (*Ibid.*, March 23, 1778). The like instances might easily be multiplied, but those adduced are sufficient to show that Lyttelton, like Junius, was distinguished for the extent of his information on public affairs, as well as, like Junius also, for his knowledge of 'private politics.'

Junius was fond of grappling with eminent lawyers on their own questions. He found the information against Woodfall 'so loose and ill-drawn that he was persuaded Mr. De Grey could not have had a hand in it' (i. 209). When writing to Wilkes against the power of commitment assumed by the Lords, he says, 'I wish you to point out to me where you think the force of the formal legal argument lies' (i. 305). He arraigned Mansfield for bailing Eyre; he entered into a legal controversy with Blackstone; he defended the legality of impressment on the authority of Judge
Foster

Foster (ii. 381); and generally he took up public questions in a legal sense. Lyttelton, as we have seen, first distinguished himself as a speaker by his arguments on an appeal case, opposing himself to Apsley and Camden; again confronting the latter as to the true interpretation of treason, he, like Junius, quoted Foster—(*P. D.*, Feb. 7th, 1775); and on the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, he opposed Mansfield as to the effect which would ensue from her conviction (*P. D.*, Dec. 11, 1775).

Junius, though respecting the laws so highly, seized every occasion of expressing his contempt for lawyers, and of setting common sense above the subtleties of their professional learning:—

‘Though I use the terms of art, do not injure me so much as to suspect I am a lawyer. I had as lief be a Scotchman. It is the encouragement given to the disputes about titles which has supported that iniquitous profession at the expense of the community.’—i. 312.

‘I am no lawyer by profession, nor do I pretend to be more deeply read than every English gentleman should be in the laws of his country. I speak to the plain understanding of the people.

‘If, on your part, you [Lord Mansfield] should have no plain substantial defence, but should endeavour to shelter yourself under the quirk and evasion of a practising lawyer, or under the mere insulting assertion of power without right, the reputation you pretend to is gone for ever.’—(ii. 407.)

Our Lyttelton had the same contempt for professional subtlety:—

‘Those little evasions and distinctions [of Lord Camden] were the effects of professional subtlety and low cunning.

‘He [Lord Camden] has, with the designing subtlety of a lawyer, attacked the law part of this bill.’—*P. D.*, May 17th, 1775.

In the discussion on a bill for amending the poor-laws, he spoke with the same indignation on the sums squandered in litigation about settlements as Junius had done on the encouragement given to disputes about titles:—

‘He dwelt with great energy on the vast sums daily wasted in endless litigation relative to the law of settlement.’—*P. D.*, May 4th, 1773.

The dislike of Junius to the Scotch is notorious. Lyttelton does not expressly state his antipathy to that people, but he writes thus (to give but one instance):—

‘I have been to see the *Justitia* hulk, where, among many other miseries, I saw poor Dignam wear the habit of a slave. . . . Is it not extraordinary that the first public exhibition of slavery in this kingdom—for so it is, however the situation may be qualified by law—should be suggested by a Scotchman;—and that the first regu-
lator

lator of this miserable business should be from the same country?'—*Let.* xxvii.

Junius thinks there is great wisdom in taking mankind as they are, and in distributing the virtues and abilities of individuals according to the offices they affect (ii. 358). 'Let us employ these men in whatever departments their various abilities are best suited to, and as much to the advantage of the common cause as their different inclinations will permit' (ii. 346). Thomas Lyttelton conceives that 'the grand source of that glory which shone with such resplendent lustre on Mr. Pitt's administration was his sagacity in employing men according to the nature and tendency of their characters and talents.' (*Let.* xlii.)

Junius had a contemptuous opinion of woman—regarding her, like Pope, as at best but a softer man:—

'*Women, and men like women*, are timid, vindictive, and irresolute. Their passions counteract each other, and make the same creature at one moment hateful, at another contemptible.'—ii. 168.

Lyttelton writes:—

'*Women, and men who resemble women*, are supposed, from extreme fear of disappointment, to be very generally disposed to the habit of drawing idle consequences from every trivial event.'—*Let.* lii.

'Their passions counteract each other,' says Junius; and 'there is a balance in the human passions,' observes Thomas Lyttelton.' (xv.)

The *private* letters of Junius, though written in the years 1769-72, were honourably preserved by Mr. Woodfall, and were not given to the world till 1812. The first volume of Lyttelton's Letters was published in 1780, and the second some time afterwards. Whatever correspondence, therefore, appears between the *private* letters of Junius and those of Lyttelton, could not have resulted from imitation on one side or the other. The private letters to Woodfall are so few and so brief, and in general so entirely confined to the business in hand, that they do not often afford any reflection of the mind of the writer. But in one of them there occurs a very remarkable sentiment. On the publication of the Letters of Junius, Woodfall makes him an offer of half the profits which may arise from the sale. This offer Junius declines:—

'Be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views, and no other person, I think, has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it, therefore, and let all your views be directed to a solid, however moderate independence. *Without it no man can be happy, nor even honest.*'—i. 253.

Few men, unless constantly associated with the most vicious of their species, can look around them without discerning the
highest

highest moral worth united with great poverty. To assert that no man can be happy without what the world calls an independence is a libel upon the goodness of the Creator; and to add *nor even honest*, is a most unwarrantable stigma on human character. The great majority must always win their subsistence by labour, but both happiness and honesty are consistent with their condition.

The fifty-third letter in the Lyttelton volumes purports to be penned 'after an unprofitable jaunt to Paris.' The writer, who had been reduced to the necessity of borrowing money, thus expresses himself:—

'When I seriously reflect on the miseries of dependence, by whatever name it may be distinguished, I cannot but admire the prudence and envy the disposition of those men who preserve themselves above it. I am convinced that *no man can be happy or honourable* who does not proportionate his expenses to the means he possesses; and if the phrase is significant that describes the man who pays everybody as above the world, he who has disabled himself from pursuing the same conduct must submit to the abject idea of being beneath it. . . . I tell you honestly, that the galled horse winces on the occasion, and that my withers are most severely wrung. I feel the grief so sensibly, that if *I had an amanuensis at hand I should like to patrol my library, and dictate a discourse on worldly prudence.* . . . You have a son, and let me advise you, while the smartings of the moment dictate the counsel, to instil into his tender mind the lasting impressions of a liberal prudence, without which virtue is continually harassed by necessity, pleasure has but an interrupted enjoyment, and life becomes a chequered scene of agitation and distress:—

*Querenda pecunia primum;
Virtus post nummos.'*

There is much good sense in this passage, and, taken in its whole scope, it is less objectionable than the condensed sentiment of Junius. Yet in its spirit, and in connexion with the concluding quotation, there is such a similarity both in the leading thought and in its expression, as almost to exclude the supposition of accidental agreement between two authors, writing at nearly the same period of time,* but upon totally different subjects.

We may observe, in passing, that such sentiments could never have been penned by Combe, who seems to have spent all his life in difficulties, and much of it in the debtor's prison.

It may be added, that in the passage from the Lyttelton letters the writer, with the natural ardour of his mind, appears anxious

* There is nothing in the Lyttelton letter to indicate its precise date. But though placed near the end of the collection, we must infer, from the complaint of distress, that it was written by *Mr. Lyttelton*.

to make known the conclusion his extravagance had led him to adopt: and as he earnestly recommends it to the notice of the son of his friend, we may suppose that he would impress it on the mind of any other correspondent with whom he happened to be in communication. It is a proof of the sincerity of his conviction and of the masculine strength of his understanding that he took the principle he announced as the guide of his future conduct, and steadily adhered to it. It is uncommon to find a gamester correct in his accounts, and a libertine economical in his expenditure. Yet this was the case of Lord Lyttelton:—

‘It is extraordinary,’ says the Public Advertiser (December 7th, 1779), ‘that his Lordship, who has been remarked for his punctual economical attention and accuracy in all money matters, should not have bequeathed more than 28,000*l.*, though he died with upwards of 40,000*l.* in ready money, and what is the same as ready money, at Hill-street House in London, and Pitt Place at Epsom.’

Whether his Lordship was more happy and more honest from the care with which he made up his hand at the gaming-table, from the economy with which he conducted his amours, and from his accumulated wealth, we do not pretend to determine. He had read the classic page to little purpose when he took as a rule of conduct the senseless clamour of the avaricious multitude which the poet satirizes. Of all great writers, Horace has most strongly insisted that wealth is not necessary to a pure heart and peaceful mind. In contrast to the desire of the greedy crowd we have his own sentiment, which Lord Lyttelton either overlooked or disdained—*Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.*

Some of the critics of Junius have, in most cases unintentionally, indicated the Miltonic character of his genius. Thus the ingenious ‘John Jacques’ cleverly associates the portraits of Junius with the creations of Milton’s Pandemonium. Mr. Barker depicts him as ‘with Titanian look denouncing

*Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than gods;*

—while one of his editors, who takes the title of ‘Atticus Secundus,’ suggests a comparison with Milton, by stating that in one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton ‘we seem to see him *grinning horribly a ghastly smile.*’

It is remarkable, however, that while this reference to Milton occurs spontaneously to the critics of Junius, there is not in the Letters which he himself collected one direct quotation from the great poet. Now, as we find that passages from Milton slipped unconsciously from his pen when he wrote carelessly under other signatures, we may not unreasonably conjecture that the

the omission in the acknowledged letters was designed, and intended to avert suspicion from the real author. In one of his early letters (iii. 99) he speaks of the dismissal of Amherst as the servile act of the ministers, performed at the command of the favourite, and satirizes their unbounded submission to his will:—

‘Their whole political system is wrapped up in one short maxim—

*My author and disposer ! what thou bidd’st
Unargued I obey.*’—iii. 99.

In another place he bitterly condemns Lord Shelburne for the vacillation of his political career:—

‘Without spirit or judgment to take an advantageous mode of retiring, he submits to be insulted so long as he is paid for it. But even this abject conduct will avail him nothing. Like his great archetype, *the vapour on which he rose deserts him*, and now—

Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops.’—iii. 173.

In one of the latest efforts of his pen, addressed to Barrington, he deals thus with his Lordship’s patronage of Bradshaw:—

‘Pray, my Lord, will you be so good as to explain to us of what nature were those services which he first rendered to your Lordship? Was he winged like a messenger, or stationary like a sentinel?—

*Like Maia’s son he stood,
And shook his plumes—*

Videlicet, at the door of Lady ——n’s cabinet.’—iii. 443.

These quotations, slipping as they do from the author’s pen unawares, indicate a mind which had by willing study made the verse of Milton its own possession. The expressions of the great bard are unconsciously used by Junius as part of his mother tongue, and a few such instances are more conclusive proof of intimate acquaintance with Milton’s writings than would be more numerous and more elaborate citations from his text.

A passage from the Lyttelton letters will show that their author also was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Milton:—

‘You have won both your wagers. In speaking of the inhabitants of China, I do make use of the word *Chineses*, and I borrow the term from Milton. As to your first bet that I used such an expression, your ears, I trust, will be grateful for the confidence you had in them. But your second wager that, if I did use it, I had a good authority, is very flattering to myself, and I thank you for the opinion you entertain of the *accuracy of my language*. Of all the poets that have graced ancient times or delighted the latter ages, Milton is my favourite. I think him superior to every other, and the best calculated to elevate the mind, to form a nobleness of taste, and to teach a bold, commanding,

ing, energetic language. I read him with delight as soon as I could read him at all; and I remember, in my father's words, I gave the first token of premature abilities in the perusal of the *Paradise Lost*. I find in Milton's poems everything that is sublime in thought, beautiful in imagery, and energetic in language and expression. *To attain a reputation for eloquence is my aim and my ambition*; and if I should acquire the art of *adorning my thoughts with striking images, or enforcing them by commanding words*, I shall be indebted for such advantages to our great British classic.'—*Let.* xxvi.

There are, as we might expect, frequent references to Milton in the Lyttelton letters, most of them, as with Junius, seeming to drop unpremeditatedly from the writer's pen. On the death of a beautiful and amiable woman of his acquaintance, he says:—

'By this time I trust she has reached the Elysian fields, and with the blest inhabitants of that delightful abode—

*On flowers reposed, and with fresh garlands crown'd
Quaffs immortality and joy.'* *Let.* i. 201.

To a friend having got into disgrace:—

'The Devil, in the language of the proverb, having long owed you a grudge, has taken a very fair opportunity to repay it. You may now exclaim, on your entrance into our Pandemonium—

*Hail, horrors, hail! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor.'* *Ibid.*, ii. 15.

Of Lord Chatham it is said:—

'During the last few years of his venerable life he seemed to stand alone, or made his communications to no one but Lord Camden, whom

*He faithful found:
Among the faithless faithful only he.'* *Ibid.*, ii. 228.

A diligent examination would, we make no doubt, show how much Junius was indebted to Milton for the energy of his language, and supply particular instances of that likeness in general cast of thought, which strongly recalls one author while we are perusing another, though our memory may not enable us to justify the parallel we intuitively draw. When Junius says of the ministry that the Middlesex election is 'surcingle and buckled upon their backs,' and when he tells the House of Commons that whatever resolution they took after the prorogation of Parliament was 'deliberate and prepenze,' we are forcibly reminded of the diction and cadence of Milton, though we can scarcely define the precise points of resemblance. We recollect in Milton 'deliberate valour breathed' and 'malice prepenze,' but the resemblance is not so striking as to justify a comparison. The same sentiment and the same difficulty are experienced in reading the metaphorical language of Junius.

When

When he gravely asks the King—'Will nothing prompt and stimulate your royal heart to remove those panders of your errors, and once more ride upon the wings of popularity, and dwell on the tongues of your subjects?' we feel that the spirit of Milton breathes from the page, though our recollection supplies us only with such passages as 'though heaven's king ride on thy wings,' and 'ride the air in whirlwind.'—The topic admits of further illustration—but enough has been said to show that Junius and Lyttelton were equally well acquainted with the sublime verse of the bard of Paradise, and that the former did occasionally 'adorn his thoughts with the striking images and enforce them by the commanding words of the great British classic.'

Coincidences of mere commonplace expression are not of much value in establishing identity. To direct search after a particular man in London it would be of little use to describe him as wearing a black coat, mixture trousers, Wellington boots, and a round hat; and of as little avail would it be to attempt to identify a writer by the use of words that are in every mouth. We select, therefore, those expressions only which have a peculiarity about them, and are in some degree indicative of character. Junius is partial to the imperative mood, and particularly to the phrase 'Be assured.' If the reader will go through the private notes to Woodfall, he will observe how much of their force and earnestness is due to the very frequent use of these words. We find also many such expressions as 'Depend on the assurance I give you,'—'rely upon it,' &c. In the Lyttelton Letters the like phrases are employed so frequently as to constitute a marked peculiarity of style.

Junius often alludes to the passions. Of the Duke of Grafton he says that '*the empire of the passions* soon succeeded to the follies of political childhood' (i. 502). Lyttelton thinks that 'the very source of *the passions* must be dried up before they will lose *their empire* over me.' (Lytt. Lett. iii.)

Junius says we can never be in danger 'until Parliament employs the weapons committed to it by the collective body to *stab the Constitution*' (ii. 116). Lyttelton declares that America, the child of Great Britain, entered into an alliance with France 'with the hellish view of *stabbing the political existence of the mother country*.'—(P. D., Dec. 7, 1778.)

Junius more than once uses the expression of 'Power without Right.' The elder Lyttelton seems to have originally employed it in a debate in the Lords, at the time Junius was publishing his letters. The words were quoted with admiration by Lord Chatham, when he denounced (Jan. 9, 1770)

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the proceedings of the House of Commons on the Middlesex election:—

‘Power without right is the most odious and detestable object that can be offered to the human imagination. It is not only pernicious to those who are subject to it, but leads to its own destruction. It is what my noble friend (Lord Lyttelton) has lately described it—*Res detestabilis et caduca*.’

One of the very finest images of Junius is due to the same source. We find in a pamphlet by Thomas Lyttelton’s father—

‘Reputation is to a people just what credit is to a merchant; the first depends on an opinion of strength, as the latter does on an opinion of opulence. But that *opinion of opulence is a real advantage, that opinion of strength is a real security*.’

The biographer of the old Lord in quoting this sentence subjoins the image of Junius, plainly suggested by it:—

‘*Private credit is wealth; public honour is security*. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight—strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.’

The pamphlet, published twenty or thirty years previously, must have been quite out of date when Junius wrote. No one, therefore, was so likely to borrow an image from it as the author’s son.

Junius, alluding to Mr. Horne, declares that ‘a *priest’s resentment is implacable*’ (ii. 313); and Thomas Lyttelton relates that on one occasion he was cursed by his uncle the bishop, ‘in all the chaste periphrases of a *priest’s implacability*.’ (xxxv.)

‘I was not born to be a commentator,’ writes Junius (i. 350); ‘I was not born to be a stoic,’ writes Lyttelton. (i.)

‘That *silken fawning courtier* at St. James’s’ (*Jun.* iii. 431), will remind the reader of Lyttelton’s letters of ‘the *silken softness of luxury*’ (lviii.), and of ‘the *satin dignity of a robe de chambre*.’ (ib.) Junius says of Charles Fox that he is ‘yet in blossom’ (ii. 244); Lyttelton has the phrase ‘just bursted into blossom.’ (iii.) Junius could not bear to see ‘so much *incense offered to an idol* who so little deserves it’ (ii. 518); Lyttelton relates that his father’s friends ‘joined in the family *incense to such an idol as myself*.’ (xi.)

Besides what has been already advanced, there are certain passages in those Lyttelton letters which render it highly probable that their author had tested and ascertained his political powers before his accession to the peerage. ‘*I can make the world smile on my political career*,’ he writes, ‘though it may still hold a frowning aspect towards my moral character.’ (xv.) The sentiment is repeated in the 54th letter:—‘My political career, at least, shall not be marked with dishonour.’ In another place he speaks

speaks of his intention to support the ministry for the suppression of American revolt, but if, he adds, they should show themselves indecisive,

'my support shall be changed into opposition, and all my powers exerted to remove men from a station to which they are unequal. Remember this assertion—preserve this letter, and let it appear in judgment against me if I err from my present declaration.'—xix.

Assuming that he had ascertained his powers as *Junius* this strain is intelligible, but it would be mere silly presumption on the supposition that all his previous life had been wasted in riotous dissipation.

From what Thomas Lyttelton allows us to see of his character, we may suppose that the kind of occupation which the correspondence of Junius with the press must have supplied would be exactly suited to his taste:—

'You know me well enough to be certain that I must have a particular and not a common object to employ my attention; it must be an object which inspires desire, calls forth activity, keeps hope upon the stretch, and has some sort of high colouring about it.'—ix.

'Such an active spirit as animates my frame must have objects important in their nature, inviting in their appearance, and animating in their pursuit.'—xvi.

'There is an ardour of mind that leads to national as well as personal greatness; nor am I without an active flame of it.'—xlii.

'After long experience of the world,' writes Junius—an expression which has led Dr. Good to suppose that he could not be much less than fifty. Thomas Lyttelton, who died at thirty-five, says, in a letter written most likely several years previous to his death, 'Men of our age and experience,' &c. (*Let. l.*)

The only information, or conjecture, which has reached us as to the person of Junius, is that transmitted by a Mr. Jackson, who was in the employment of Woodfall. He once saw 'a tall gentleman, dressed in a light coat with bag and sword, throw into the office-door, opening in Ivy Lane, a letter from *Junius*, which he picked up.' The elder Lyttelton's figure was sport for the caricaturists of his day:—

'Who's dat who ride astride de poney,
So long, so lank, so lean, and bony?—
O he be the great orator Little Toney.'

The son seems to have been of the same make—he alludes himself to his 'skinny shape' and 'threadpaper form.'

Junius tells us distinctly:

'I remember seeing Bassambaum, Saurez, Molina, and a score of other jesuitical books, burnt at Paris for their sound casuistry, by the hands of the common hangman.'

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We may assume that this took place in 1764, as it was in that year that Choiseul suppressed the Jesuits. Thomas Lyttelton was on the Continent during the whole of 1764, and for part of the time resided at Paris.

'If things take the turn I expect,' Junius wrote to Woodfall, 'you shall know me by my works.' We have not a particle of evidence to show that Thomas Lord Lyttelton kept this promise of Junius when he had it in his power to do so; but we find that after his death, the Public Advertiser was distinguished by the exclusion of those scandalous anecdotes which were freely circulated in other journals. The notices it admitted were all to his honour; and under the head of 'Correspondents,' in the paper of Dec. 7, 1779, we find a sentence plainly from the pen of Woodfall himself, which indicates personal tenderness:—

'In answer to the *sketch* sacred to the memory of a nobleman lately deceased, the printer takes the first words of it—*De mortuis nihil nisi bonum.*'

Here we must close our illustrations, though the subject is far from exhausted. The character of the younger Lyttelton, with 'vivacious passions' and 'great energy and force of understanding,' as drawn by his father (*Mem. Lyt.* 664); 'vehement and irritable,' as remarked by Mr. Adolphus (*Hist. Eng.*, ii. 325); the superior of Charles Fox in capacity, as the master of both at Eton conceived; constant in his political opinions, but most inconstant in his political attachments; malignant, ungovernable, disposed to the strongest exaggeration in his antipathies; impatient of opposition—branding those who differed from him as traitors and villains bent on the ruin of their country; delivering sentiments of morality and religion in a lofty tone, while the cloven foot of vice peeped from beneath his censor's mantle; despising the fame he laboured to achieve; and withdrawing at last from his political connexion in disgust, because the world would not move in the orbit he described for it—this character is conformable in every respect to that which Junius, in spite of his mask, reveals. The position of Lyttelton, moving in the first circles, with family connexions in all the highest ranks of official life, and with the most authentic sources of information open to him, yet gathering round him, for the amusement of his private hours, men of profligate habits whose best recommendation was that they knew the events of the day, and were thoroughly skilled in the science of private politics—this is the position indicated for Junius by the most searching examination of his works. Of their identity in attachments and antipathies—in political opi-

nions and general sentiments—in peculiar thoughts and characteristic expressions—it would be vain to speak after the examples we have given. The letters of Junius substantially cease when Mr. Lyttelton goes to reside with his father—and finally close at the date of his marriage. Less than two years after Junius withdrew from the public stage—‘unchanged in will, undiminished in virtue, unbroken in strength’—the second Lyttelton appears in the House of Lords, maintaining the principles of Junius with all the eloquence and power of Junius.

Let it be recollected that we have traced this parallel from the scantiest materials. Some sixty private letters, and half that number of speeches, are the only productions we have had to assist us in our inquiry. Lord Lyttelton—most wisely, if we suppose him to be Junius—supplied the press with not even a pamphlet from his pen.

When others grapple with the theory now suggested it is very likely that circumstances un contemplated by us may be brought forward. We expect this, because we think it probable that Junius had always some artifice or practical lie in reserve, by which he might hope to disprove the charge, if ever attempted to be fixed on him. This artifice, as in Old Bailey tactics, may possibly take the shape of an *alibi*; but—if truth be on our side—we may rest assured that every fresh fact will, on inquiry, tend to confirm our supposition, and that it will eventually receive confirmation from the very objections which are urged to repel it.

If we are met by a denial of the authenticity of the Lyttelton Letters, we reply by asking to whom else than to Thomas Lyttelton can they, with any probability, be referred? From what we know of Combe, we have no hesitation in saying that they are far above the range of his abilities, while they stand the test of a very careful comparison with the known events of Lyttelton’s life, with his singular character and genius, and with his reported speeches in the Lords. There is this also to be said, that every proof we have adduced that the letters are from the pen of Junius, is a proof that they are from the pen of Thomas Lyttelton; as no one, we suppose, will contend that Combe was Junius, or that Junius, whoever he was, descended to the meanness of fabricating these Lyttelton Letters. And further, though these letters strongly support our theory, yet it might stand without them. The evidence of identity is to be sought primarily in the speeches, and in the authentic notices which have descended to us of the second Lord Lyttelton’s career.

Should the veil which hides the mystery of his death be rent away by the result of that inquiry which tears the mask from the face of Junius, how complete will be the exposure of the most refined

refined and subtle artifices of falsehood! Disinterred, after the neglect of two generations, from that sepulchre of deceit in which he sought refuge with the indifference of despair, Thomas Lord Lyttelton would lie before us, with the carefully guarded hypocrisy of his heart stripped bare—a memorable example of the great maxim never to be confirmed by too many instances, *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit*. We should then see that he resigned both fame and life—not for the applause of conscience—not in the firm and stedfast hope which looks to Heaven alone for an approving smile—but simply to escape the Justice which, with steps slow indeed, but unvarying and constant, pursues falsehood and guilt to brand them with infamy. Not Dante, nor Milton, nor Shakespeare himself, could have struck forth a finer conception than Junius—in the pride of rank, wealth, and dignities, raised to the Council table of the Sovereign he had so foully slandered—yet sick at heart and deeply stained with every profligacy—terminating his career by deliberate self-murder, with every accompaniment of audacious charlatanry that could conceal the crime.

We have a strong conviction that when this inquiry is pushed to its limit, it will open a new page in our political history, and even a new chapter in human character. And might we choose our part in the investigation, it would be, not merely to carve a name on the pedestal of this idol of Democracy, but to erect a lasting beacon on the rock against which he made shipwreck of a position almost as noble, and an intellect almost as grand, as man was ever blessed with by his beneficent Creator, to confer superior happiness on himself and to advance the welfare and fame of a great nation.

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- ART. V.—1. *Report to the Board of Supervision on the Western Highlands and Islands.* By Sir John M'Neill, G.C.B. Edinburgh. 1851. [Folio *Blue Book*.]
 2. *Letter to Sir John M'Neill on Highland Destitution.* By W. P. Alison, M.D. Edinburgh. 1851.
 3. *Letter to Lord John Russell on Sir John M'Neill's Report.* By Dr. Mackenzie. Edinburgh. 1851.

THE potato-blight, which in the years 1846-7 fell upon Ireland with such appalling severity, visited the Hebrides and the Western Highlands in a form only a few degrees less terrible.

The inhabitants resembled the Irish in much of their character and in most of their habits; they were a somewhat indolent and unenterprising race—far less turbulent than the Irish, but fully as impracticable and less energetic. To such a people the calamity was fearful; and though the poor-rate (recently enlarged and modified) contributed much to their support; though the native proprietors expended large sums both in labour and relief; though eleemosynary aid was rendered with most ungrudging liberality—yet destitution still continued, and the repeated failures of the potato crop threatened to render it the permanent condition of the Western Highlanders. Stories of wide-spread *starvation* unceasingly harassed and excited the public mind, and it became imperative to ascertain the real facts, and, if possible, to discover and apply a remedy. Under these circumstances the chairman of the Poor Law Board of Scotland resolved himself to undertake the investigation; and the result has been the Report before us—a State Paper rivalled by few; alike marked out by care and diligence in the collection of facts; by the masterly manner in which those facts are amassed and arranged, so that the conclusions seem rather to start spontaneously from them than to be logically deduced; and by the sound principles of political economy which pervade it throughout.

Early in the spring of 1851 Sir John McNeill set out upon his expedition—in the course of which he thoroughly examined twenty-seven of the most distressed parishes.

We proceed to a brief summary of the most important facts and conclusions which we conceive to have been established by the investigation itself, and by the searching criticism to which Dr. Alison and others have subjected this Report.

And, in the first place, it is satisfactory to know that, severe and long-continued as the distress has been, both the degree and extent of its pressure have been much exaggerated in the harrowing statements laid before the public in the preceding winter. Deaths from starvation, which were loosely spoken of as common and almost habitual, could *in no case* be established. Even the existence of actual suffering from want of food, though generally believed, eluded all proof, and seemed as it were to retreat and vanish before close inquiry. Much of the exaggeration of what probably was too serious to stand in need of no such artificial colouring appears to have originated with some individuals, benevolent, perhaps, but injudicious and unscrupulous enough, who went among the people, getting up petitions in favour of their own special schemes for rectifying the social anomalies of these districts. One of these gentlemen

tleman, a Mr. Donald Ross, of Glasgow, is distinguished, as having carried embellishment beyond the bounds permissible even to the best cause and the most fertile imagination. In a letter addressed to a relief committee sitting in Edinburgh, with the excellent Dr. Alison at its head, Mr. Ross gave a fearful account of the general destitution in Skye, winding up with startling details of the case of one Rory Campbell as a sample. The account was adopted and published by the parties to whom it was addressed, and, with some other communications of a like nature, was made the groundwork of renewed subscriptions for the relief of the sad suffering thus described. The picture is drawn evidently by a practised hand; and certain artistic touches in it, characteristic of an experienced 'dresser up of statements,' should have awakened the suspicions of men as conversant as were some of its indorsers with both real and fictitious tales of distress. We place it side by side with the reply to it by the officer of the Board of Supervision, who, of course, promptly investigated so painful a case:—

'At Roag I found,' says Mr. Ross, 'the family of a Rory Campbell in actual starvation; the wife in bed, unable to rise from pure want; four children, ragged, lank, and lean; their father, a poor dejected man, strong enough in bone, but without any other necessary. For four days this family lived on 3 lbs. of oatmeal. The meal being exhausted, a small hen, belonging to one of the children, a boy of six years, was their only remaining property. The father proposed to kill the hen for food; but the little owner decidedly objected, and ran out with poor "chuckie" to the hill side. The father followed, took the hen from the boy, and killed it in presence of his children, who all cried bitterly for their favourite hen. The hen was soon eaten up, and the family again in want. *I saw them all, young and old. They were again starving; and I was just in time to save the life of the poor mother by providing some food for her at my own expense, and by getting the parish doctor to prescribe some nourishment.*'

This was on the 3rd of February. On the 1st of March the appointed officer visited Rory Campbell, and found the family much in the same state as others of their class:—

'The wife and the whole family are able to go about, and Rory has every appearance of being able-bodied.

'I made particular inquiry in regard to whether or not Mr. Ross had ever been in the house, or had seen these poor people, and whether or not they had received the relief from him, which had been administered in time to save the life of the wife. In reply to my inquiries I was told that Mr. Ross *had never been in the house; that the family had never received relief from him; that the wife had no occasion to be in bed while Mr. Ross was in the neighbourhood, as she had nothing*
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the matter with her ; that as she had never required the doctor's assistance, she had never asked for it ; and that the family were in good enough health, though in poor circumstances. They killed their last hen seven weeks ago.

It has been supposed by many, and we fear represented by some who might have had access to real information, that, as in Ireland, the properties were so encumbered as entirely to paralyse the action of the nominal owners, or that, as in so many parts of that country, the proprietors had neglected or disowned the duties imposed upon them by their high and responsible position. Both impressions are wholly erroneous. Under the influence of the first, Dr. Alison specifies as one of the remedies peculiarly necessary at the present time a Bill to facilitate the Sale of Encumbered Estates in Scotland, similar to that which is operating so beneficially in Ireland. Now the truth turns out to be that the estates on which there has been the greatest amount of distress had *all* been purchased within the last dozen years from old encumbered proprietors, or rather from their creditors, by some of the wealthiest commoners of Scotland. Sir James Matheson, Colonel Gordon of Cluny, Mr. Bailie of Glenelg, Mr. Matheson of Kintail, are all men of colossal fortunes, most of whom have expended large sums on their Highland properties ; and the whole range of the outer Hebrides, in which the suffering has been most severe, belongs to wealthy proprietors, with the exception of North Uist, which is now on sale, but has not yet found a purchaser. Furthermore, the proposal of an Encumbered Estates Bill for Scotland must have been made in ignorance of the Scotch law. In Scotland there is no Court of Chancery ; and those complications of tenure, defects of title, and other circumstances, which had rendered the sale of encumbered estates in Ireland all but impracticable, have in Scotland no existence.* The perfect system of registry, both as to titles and securities, which has long existed, affords of itself a great amount of safety and ease in dealing with that kind of property ; and the facilities given by the actual law to the sale of burdened estates are of the most ample kind, whether we look to the case of the gentleman who honestly desires to have his land sold, and the price fairly distributed among his creditors, or to the case of the unfortunate creditor who may be in the position of having for his debtor a

* The Scotch law does not, it is true, render possible the sale of entailed estates ; but neither can entailed estates be burdened with debt beyond the life interest of the owner, which may be attached and sold. Nor are the estates in the distressed districts generally entailed. The whole estimated value of landed property now for sale in the Western Highlands, at the instance of creditors or for payment of debts, is probably not less than from 800,000*l.* to 1,000,000*l.*

proprietor

proprietor unwilling to sell his estate, and unable to pay his debts without doing so.*

The impression that the Highland proprietors in general have been remiss in their exertions to employ and assist the residents on their estates, appears to be cruelly unjust. Many of them during the famine expended in providing relief and labour for the poor, not only the entire receipts from their properties, but sums three or four times greater in amount. Mr. Rainy, the proprietor of the island of Rasay, expended, between 1846 and 1850, in draining, trenching, road-making, and other purposes, for the benefit of his people, the sum of 1672*l.*, in addition to his entire revenue from the estate. Yet, notwithstanding this large outlay on wages, and the extensive improvements effected; notwithstanding the residence of the owner on the island during the greatest portion of the year, the example he set of improved husbandry, and the assiduity with which he and his family laboured to amend the condition of the peasantry, their circumstances continued to decline from year to year. In the parishes of Kilfinichen and Kilvickeon, in Mull, of which the stipulated rental is 4371*l.*, the Duke of Argyll has expended, since 1846, the sum of 1790*l.*,

* One course frequently adopted by a proprietor who finds himself pressed, is to make an arrangement with his creditors, whereby the estate is conveyed to a trustee, with full power to sell the estate and distribute the price among the claimants. A conveyance by such trustee confers a perfectly good title. Another mode is this: in the case of a person who has been rendered bankrupt, and against whom sequestration has been awarded, his heritable estate is by the operation of the law immediately transferred to the statutory or official trustee in bankruptcy, for behoof of the creditors. This trustee has full power to sell and distribute the proceeds. The upset price and the time and conditions of the sale are fixed by the trustee, with the advice of a committee of the creditors. The bankrupt law of Scotland is so comprehensive in its application that there are few proprietors of land who may not be brought within its range; and sequestration may be awarded either on the application of the debtor, with a certain amount of concurrence from creditors, or on the application of creditors to a certain amount, without the concurrence of the debtor. In some cases the estates of persons deceased may be thus sequestrated and sold, and the price distributed. Again, in the case even of a person not rendered legally bankrupt, any creditor holding a security over his estate may, on proof of insolvency, bring the lands to sale under judicial authority. In such a case the court fixes the upset price and the time and conditions of sale, and distributes the proceeds. With that distribution the purchaser has nothing to do. He pays the price into court, and receives from the court a clear, unassailable title. Fourthly, in the case of a person who has not been rendered legally bankrupt, and who may not even be insolvent, the heritable estate may be brought to public sale by any creditor holding a heritable security over the estate, from whom payment, when demanded, has been withheld. Securities over land, as usually constituted, confer on the holder power to sell the estate, in the event of the debt not being paid within a specified time after demand made; and the exercise of this power does not require the intervention of judicial authority. In this case a conveyance from the selling creditor gives a valid title to the purchaser; and the balance of the proceeds, after satisfying all other encumbrancers, is paid over to the ex-landlord.

in addition to the whole revenue derived from the property, yet without being able to check the increasing poverty of the people. Mr. Clark of Ulva, in the four years succeeding 1846, expended on wages of labour and gratuities, not only the whole revenue drawn from this territory, but 367*l.* from other quarters. In 1849 Mr. Forsyth of Sorne had received 113*l.* from his estate—in place of 305*l.*, the stipulated rental—and had expended in wages 496*l.*, exclusive of buildings, which cost 800*l.* Maclean of Coll received in four years 1280*l.* from his lands in Mull, and expended in labour, relief, and public burdens, 1273*l.* In Harris, the proprietor laid out 1171*l.* beyond and besides the income derived from the island. Colonel Gordon, the owner of South Uist and Barra, has in the last seven years derived thence a net revenue of 25,606*l.*, of which he has spent on the estate no less than 19,752*l.*; during the last four years the expenditure has exceeded the revenue by 4834*l.* But perhaps the most remarkable case of energy and princely liberality, met by the most disheartening ingratitude, and ending in total failure, is that of Sir James Matheson. The island of Lewis contains about 400,000 acres, of which 10,000 are arable; and the population is nearly 20,000. It was purchased by Sir James in the year 1844. In 1845 he commenced improvements on a great scale, and under the superintendence of men of the first ability and of long experience, with the view chiefly of giving employment to the inhabitants. In six years (1845-1850) he expended on work executed by the people 101,875*l.*, besides gratuities to the amount of 5892*l.* for purposes of education and charity—or 67,980*l.*—exclusive of cost of management—*more than the whole revenue derived from the property in those years, deducting taxes and public burdens.* Surely after these examples Highland destitution must no longer be ascribed to causes within reach of cure by the most zealous will and the most ample means on the part of the proprietors of those ill-fated districts.

Amongst the most melancholy, but most instructive conclusions forced upon our minds by Sir John McNeill's Report are, the utter inadequacy of eleemosynary aid, even on the largest scale and when administered in the ablest manner, to meet wholesale destitution—and the demoralising tendency of such eleemosynary aid, even when every conceivable precaution has been taken which sound principle called for or the widest experience could suggest. Nearly impotent for good, it seems omnipotent for evil. In order fully to understand how this should be, to the extent to which facts show that it actually was, it is necessary to bear in mind both the social condition and the peculiar character of the inhabitants

inhabitants of these districts. The population consists mainly of *crofters*, or peasants holding small plots of land, and *cottars*, holding no land, but earning a partial subsistence by labour or fishing;—the wages of their labour being frequently paid, as in Ireland, by permission to cultivate, for their own use, a small patch of land belonging to their employer. Thus in Skye these two classes, the cottars holding no land, and the crofters holding less than eight acres, amounted to 19,000 out of a population of 22,500, or 3645 families out of a total of 4335. To neither of these classes did the island furnish a full subsistence. The land of the crofter, and the labour of the cottar, supplied them with an humble and scanty maintenance for about half the year. For the purchase of clothing, for the payment of their rent, and for support during the other six months, they were dependent, partially since the failure of the kelp manufacture, and generally since the failure of the potato crop, on extraneous sources. Accordingly the almost invariable custom was, for the head of the family, or some able-bodied member of it, to set out from home in search of employment as soon as the ground was dug and the seed put into it, and to return in time for a late harvest. Like the Irish, whom they resemble in so many features, they wandered over the whole of the mainland in search of work, and contrived, either by remote fishing, by agricultural labour, or by employment on railways, to earn enough to pay rent and to buy meal for their families for a certain portion of the year:—

‘But, with rare exceptions, to whatever distance they may have gone, they return home for the winter, and remain there nearly altogether idle, consuming the produce of the croft and the proceeds of their own labour, till the return of summer and the failure of their supplies warn them that it is time to set out again. Those whose means are insufficient to maintain them till the winter is past, and who cannot find employment at that season at home, are of course in distress, and, having exhausted their own means, are driven to various shifts, and forced to seek charitable aid.

‘The tenacity of their attachment to their native soil, and their repugnance to a residence in parts of the kingdom where they are foreigners, is great. Years of intercourse with the more advanced districts seem to *produce no desire to change their condition*. For twenty successive years one of the crofters had worked for the summer six months in East Lothian, for the same master, from whom he had a certificate of character and conduct such as any man in his position might be proud of. At the commencement of each winter he returned to his small croft at the northern extremity of Skye, for which he paid a rent of 5*l.* a year. He travelled about six hundred miles, and worked hard for six months every year, that he might continue to enjoy

enjoy his croft and comparative idleness for the other half-year in *Watnish*. And such was the feeling of every one. There is, therefore, a keen competition for every vacant croft, because it affords not only a home in which the affections take root, but *the means of living, for a part of the year, with comparatively little labour.*'

We have *italicised* several sentences in the above paragraph of the Report as describing precisely the same character, condition, and imperfect civilization which have so long prevailed in Ireland, and which have landed that unfortunate country in so closely similar a catastrophe. In both cases there is the same habit of expatriation for some months in the year, caused by the same pressure and stimulated by the same purpose. In both there is the same passionate attachment to the possession of a piece of land, the clinging to a home, however wretched and desolate. In both there is the same capacity for severe labour for a distinct and *proximate* reward—the same incapacity for habitual and unremitting toil for any object whatever—the same fatal absence of ambition permanently to elevate their lot—the same desire for indolent enjoyment, even if it require to be purchased by temporary privation and assiduous but transitory toil.

'Eleemosynary aid, administered on a large scale at their homes, was likely to have a more than usually unfavourable influence on such a people; but there were some special circumstances, independent of the nature of the supply or the mode of administering it, that tended to aggravate its prejudicial effects in those districts, and nowhere more than in Skye. Towards the close of 1845 a change in the administration of the laws for the relief of the poor had made the inhabitants of the Highland districts generally aware that they possessed rights of which they had previously been ignorant, and they immediately conceived exaggerated notions of the nature and extent of those rights. These misapprehensions had not been removed when the issue of relief from the Destitution Fund * commenced. The danger that the relief provided by statute for one class of destitute persons, and that provided by voluntary charity for another, might be confounded together by the working population in remote parishes, was foreseen. Stringent regulations were rigidly enforced, and the labour test was applied, at the same time that the amount of relief was reduced to a bare subsistence. The experience of several years enabled the administra-

* This Destitution Fund was raised by voluntary subscription in Scotland, England, the Colonies, and foreign countries, on the failure of the potato crop and the general dearth of food in 1846-7. It was administered by two committees—one sitting in Edinburgh, the other in Glasgow—who undertook the care of different districts. The resources were well husbanded, and lasted for four years—from 1847 to 1850. The committees gave their assistance gratuitously, but employed paid agency in the districts, and were, on the whole, very fortunate in the selection of their agents, many of whom were officers of the army or navy. Some of them had previously been employed in Ireland by the Government on similar duties.

tors to mature their system, and correct, under the local superintendence of paid officers, whatever had been found defective. Yet men of all classes and denominations concur almost unanimously in the opinion that the relief thus administered had a prejudicial effect on the character and habits of the people; that it induced them to misrepresent their circumstances in order to participate in it, and caused them to relax their exertions for their own maintenance. The extent to which they had become demoralised frequently extorted from the older inhabitants expressions of bitter lamentation. This effect is attributed not only to the relief from the Destitution Fund, but also to the change in the laws for the relief of the poor; but whatever may be the cause, the fact is unquestionable that *a people who some years ago carefully concealed their poverty, have learned to parade, and, as a matter of course, to exaggerate it.*

This is very sad, but on no point is the testimony so contemporaneous and overwhelming. Lest, however, we should fatigue our readers, we shall simply mention two results clearly established. In the year ending the 10th of October, 1848, the sum expended on ardent spirits by the labourers and crofters in Mull amounted to 6099*l.*—*or double the amount of the extraneous aid found necessary in that most severe year for the relief of their destitution.* If, therefore, the people in that year, instead of receiving charitable assistance, had simply abstained from whisky, they would have added to their ordinary means of subsistence just twice as much as they actually did so add. The case of Skye is even more striking. In the year ending October 10, 1850, the sum paid for whisky consumed was 10,855*l.*,—*considerably more than double the amount expended in relief by the Destitution Fund during the same year, and more than double the consumption of the same district in 1845, the year before the distress commenced.* That is, the *increased* consumption of whisky exactly tallies with the extraneous aid received;—in other words, the whole amount of charitable assistance given *went in whisky!**

* Throughout this investigation we have endeavoured to institute a comparison between the operation of the same causes—the same famine and the same generous assistance—in Ireland and in the Hebrides. In Ireland the consumption of whisky during the years in question was as follows:—

Gallons.		Gallons.	
1845 . .	7,605,000	1848 . .	7,072,000
1846 . .	7,952,000	1849 . .	6,973,000
1847 . .	6,037,000	1850 . .	7,408,000

It is remarkable how soon the consumption began to recover after its first sudden fall in 1847. Since that time the potato has failed repeatedly, the rates have been heavy, the rents have been ill-paid, much charity has been distributed, the population has enormously diminished,—*but the consumption of whisky goes on increasing.* We do not know precisely the amount of charity distributed to Ireland in the five years since 1846—in rates, voluntary subscriptions, and large grants from the Treasury—probably not less than 15,000,000*l.* *During that time 21,000,000*l.* has been spent in whisky!*—taking the retail price at 12*s.* a gallon.

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The Report brings out into the most vivid light the great truth to which these particular facts point. Eleemosynary aid, and the reliance on it which it inevitably begets, never fail to cause a relaxation of exertion and a diminution of frugality; and no eleemosynary aid can be vast or sustained enough to meet the deficit in the general means created by such relaxation or diminution, however slight. This, true everywhere, was peculiarly true of the Hebrides. Those best acquainted with the people do not know—the people themselves often do not know—how many means of ekeing out a livelihood can be discovered when there is no alternative except starvation;—but if they can rely upon easy assistance they will not draw painfully upon themselves. If Scotland will support them, even wretchedly, they will not seek a nobler lot beyond the seas. If meal can, with any reasonable likelihood, be obtained from the benevolent, the shilling which would otherwise have been spent in meal will *go in whisky*.*

Every page of the Report bears this out. We have already mentioned the unrivalled generosity of Sir James Matheson:—

‘The inhabitants of Lewis,’ says Sir John McNeill, ‘appear to have no feeling of thankfulness for the aid extended to them, but on the contrary regard the exaction of labour in return for wages as oppression. Yet many of these very men, on a coast singularly destitute of safe creeks, prosecute the winter cod and ling fishing in open row boats, at a distance from the land that renders it invisible unless in clear weather, and in a sea open to the Atlantic and Northern oceans, with no land beyond it nearer than Iceland or America. They cheerfully encounter the perils and hardships of such a life, and tug for hours at an oar, or sit drenched in their boat, without complaint; *but to labour with a pick or a spade is to them most distasteful. It was even found necessary to bring labourers from other districts to execute part of the work, because the inhabitants could not be induced to engage or to persevere in it.*’

We can scarcely believe that this nicety would have been manifested had the people clearly understood that they would be left to their own resources, though many ‘declared that there were able-bodied men in Lewis who would starve, and allow their families to starve, rather than earn their subsistence by ordinary labour.’

The same baronet offered the most liberal aid to all who were willing to emigrate. He proposed to cancel all arrears of rent, forgive them all debts, purchase their cattle if they could find no other purchasers, provide them with a free passage to Canada,

* ‘The result of a strict inquiry into seventeen cases of application for relief in Skye was, that fourteen were cases of misrepresentation. It was ascertained that some of these persons had brought money with them to buy meal, in case they should not succeed in obtaining it from the inspector.’—Report, xlv.

and even, if a sufficient number went, to send a pastor of their own persuasion with them, at his expense. *Few were found to take advantage of such offers.* The like offer was made to the inhabitants of Harris, with the further boon of being settled in Canada on the property of the same noble family under whom they lived at home. *Not one family would accept*;—nor were they disposed to seek employment nearer home.

‘It is not easy,’ says Sir John M’Neill, ‘to determine how much of this indisposition is to be attributed to ignorance and want of previous intercourse with other places, and how much to the efforts which have been made to support them at home. They have certainly considered not only the relief from the Destitution Fund, but also the wages and gratuities furnished by the proprietor, too much in the light of assistance to which they had a right, and which would therefore be permanent.’

We could quote whole pages of evidence by proprietors, by ministers, by parish boards, as to the influence of the eleemosynary aid administered for so many years, in sapping the self-dependence of the people, in relaxing their exertions, in checking the regular stream of emigration which had set in before the famine, and even in diminishing the number of those who used to go south in summer for employment. The almost unanimous testimony of all classes is, that though the eleemosynary assistance afforded did unquestionably at the outset mitigate much distress, and probably save many lives, yet—on the whole—the condition of the people has been, and is still, steadily declining. Sir John M’Neill sums up thus:—

‘With reference to the whole of those districts, but more particularly to Skye—where the working classes depend more upon employment in distant places than in almost any other quarter—it is probable that the effect of the continued relief, after the unforeseen calamity of the first year was provided for, was on the whole to diminish, rather than increase, the means of subsistence in the succeeding years.’

In the following passage the Reporter, we believe, may be considered as stating in a modest form calculations very laboriously arrived at:—

‘Let it be supposed that in 1850 the inhabitants of Skye paid for rent and poor-rates 25,000*l.*; for meal, 25,000*l.*; for whisky, 10,000*l.*; for clothing, tobacco, tea, sugar, timber, and other imported articles, 12,000*l.* These items would give a total of 72,000*l.* paid for annually from the industry of the people of Skye, at home or elsewhere. Then, suppose a relaxation in their exertions—that a man produced no more in six days, or six months, than he had previously produced in five—the consequence would be to reduce the means of paying from 72,000*l.* down to 60,000*l.*; and if the relaxation that caused

caused this diminution were occasioned by charitable aid to the extent of 4000*l.*, and by the expectation that it would be continued, then it is evident that the means of paying, being only 64,000*l.*, would be 8000*l.* less *with the eleemosynary aid* than they would have been without it. Add to this the effects of diminished frugality, such as is shown by the increased consumption of whisky in Skye, and it is quite conceivable that distress might, for a time, even be *caused* solely by the administration of eleemosynary relief, and by the expectation of its continuance. On the other hand, let it be supposed that, if eleemosynary aid had been withheld, the apprehension of want would have stimulated exertion, so as to make the people produce as much in five days or months as they had been accustomed to produce in six; then the means of paying would be increased from 72,000*l.* to 84,000*l.*; that is 20,000*l.* a year *more* than when charitable aid was supposed to be adding 4000*l.* a year to those means.'

The same lesson, however, received in *Ireland* its most impressive confirmation. By the first serious failure of the potato crop in 1845 the Government were alarmed. Indian corn was imported to the amount of 185,000*l.*; 78,000*l.* was granted in aid of subscriptions for relief; the execution of various public works was authorised; and funds were voted to a considerable amount, making up a total expenditure of rather more than 852,000*l.* The first effect of this seemed to be good; distress was relieved; suffering was postponed; in many places it was reported that the people had never been so well off; and—as *we* have seen—the consumption of whisky steadily increased;—but other results soon began to show themselves. Relief having been once given, the people jumped to the conclusion that it would be continued as long as the distress; it was found impossible to apply the labour test effectually; the peasants left the Shannon and other valuable undertakings, where they were earning 1*s.* 6*d.* a-day, to dawdle on the relief roads, where they could only obtain 9*d.*; and numbers who had hitherto never failed to earn a considerable sum at the English and Scotch harvests preferred to remain quietly at home. All these facts were detailed by Lord John Russell to the House of Commons, in August, 1846, while introducing his Public Works Bill. The potato crop had again failed; it was clear that the people must perish in numbers unless something was done for them, or unless they did something for themselves. The prospect might dismay the stoutest heart, and stagger the sternest economist. Accordingly, sums almost unlimited were voted for the artificial employment of the poor—it being resolved that no relief should be given to able-bodied men except in return for work performed. An army of superintendents—men in many instances certainly of great ability, and in most, we believe, of undaunted enthusiasm and indefatigable industry—were

were appointed. Their number amounted at one time to eleven thousand; but the task was soon found to surpass human capacity. By the 28th of November the persons employed were 273,000 in number—representing, probably, nearly a million and a half of the population—and the expenditure was 117,000*l.* a-week, or at the rate of nearly *six millions* a-year. In January, 1847, upwards of two millions had been already expended; the expenditure was 250,000*l.* a-week, and the number of pauper workmen reached 600,000, representing above 2,500,000 of the population. Everybody flocked to the public works—many who could have found employment elsewhere—many who needed no employment at all. The fields were left untilled; the farmers could neither sow nor reap; instead of the Irish labourers migrating to England and Scotland in unusual numbers, they actually flocked home from both those countries; the Government superintendents were bullied, robbed, and murdered by the objects of their charity: and all this time *the deposits in rural and in savings-banks increased at an unprecedented rate, and the gun-trade never was so brisk.*

The following remarks—written at the time by one who watched carefully the whole Irish process—are singularly in unison with the last passage we quoted from Sir John McNeill's Report on the Western Highlands:—

‘There is nothing which would so puzzle men of the most extensive experience and knowledge as to explain satisfactorily *how* the great masses of the people in ordinary times, and much more so in times of scarcity, obtain a subsistence. Therefore, when we withdraw a people from reliance on themselves, we never know *of what* we deprive them, nor what it is that we undertake to supply. But let us for a moment consider what we have given to Ireland. In round numbers the sum is 2,500,000*l.* in six months—scattered over four-fifths of Ireland, and therefore among about six millions of her people. To say nothing of the large portion of this sum which has been admittedly abused,—it has given an average purchasing power to the whole population of a little more than *eight shillings* per head during six months, or barely a half-penny per day. Though this sum has been actually paid to an average of perhaps 250,000 men, yet the effect has influenced the property, habits, and morals of the whole population: and it is utterly incredible that its resources have not been diminished by an infinitely larger average amount, by such a state of things as the Parliamentary volumes disclose.’

There never certainly was a case in the history of the European world where a calamity seemed to call so imperatively for state interference and eleemosynary aid on a vast scale; but not less certainly, if eleemosynary assistance on a scale of most stupendous magnificence *could* have saved and benefited a people,
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it would have redeemed and regenerated Ireland: if it failed in doing so,—if, while mitigating much misery and keeping many alive who would otherwise have perished, it brought the Irish through the crisis with their numbers fearfully thinned, their character lamentably demoralised, their habits of recklessness and of helpless dependence upon extraneous aid confirmed, exasperated, and diffused,—it was because the remedy was in itself a poison, or because the malady lay beyond the reach of any remedy which could be externally applied. It may be that we could not have done otherwise than we did; it may be that crises will again occur in which our human sympathies may be ‘tempted beyond what they are able to bear,’ in which our practical confidence in our own principles may be severely tested, and may give way under the pressure; in which, though with a misgiving and a consciousness of weakness, we may be unable to refuse to the sufferer the yearned-for but delusive remedy which can but impair, prolong, and perpetuate his sufferings;—but at least we shall act with a full perception of the danger we are incurring, and the discomfiture which must attend upon our schemes.

To return to the Hebrides. It must not be supposed that in their case distress arose solely from the failure of the potato. That was not the first, but the last, of their calamities. It came upon a people in a state of almost habitual privation, often suffering from scarcity, always exposed to it, and prepared by long and gradual reduction to the lowest and scantiest resources to endure the extremity of wretchedness whenever any one of those resources was withdrawn. From the beginning of the century, when the old system of joint occupation was generally abandoned, and the crofts were divided in suitable portions among the occupiers who had hitherto held them in common, a process of multiplication and subdivision had gone on, which counteracted all the good that might otherwise have been derived from the increase of the produce of the soil consequent on the change from common to separate occupation. For some time the crofter—having built himself an ample but infirm and ill-furnished tenement on his plot, and possessing cattle, sheep, tools, and a boat, with a grazing right over a considerable amount of hill-side land, and aided by the various resources of the herring fishery, the manufacture of kelp, and often the profits of illicit distillation—lived in a sort of rude abundance, with little labour, and knew nothing of the unremitting toil by which his fellow-countrymen in other quarters earned their livelihood.

The rents of these crofts were generally fixed by a surveyor
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when the division and allotment was first made. They were rarely raised; and the tenants as rarely dispossessed. They descended by custom from father to son as long as the moderate stipulated rent was paid.

‘As originally allotted, the crofts appear to have been quite sufficient to afford maintenance for a family and the means of paying the rent; but when kelp was largely manufactured, when potatoes were extensively and successfully cultivated, when the fishings were good and the price of cattle high, the crofter found his croft more than sufficient for his wants; and when a son or daughter married, he divided it with the young couple, who built themselves another house upon it, lived upon the produce, and paid a part of the rent. Thus many crofts which still stand in the rent-roll in the name of one occupant, who is held responsible for the whole rent, are, in fact, occupied by two, three, or even four families. On some properties an effort was made to prevent this subdivision. The erection of an additional house on any croft was prohibited, and the prohibition was enforced; but the evil was not thereby arrested. The married son or daughter was received into the house of the original occupant; and if the land were not actually divided, it was not the less required to support two or more families. Attempts were in some cases made to put an end to this practice; but they were found to involve so much apparent cruelty and injustice, and it was so revolting to the feelings of all concerned that children should be expelled from the houses of their parents, that the evil was submitted to, and still continues. The population was progressively increasing, and a large part of the increase was accumulated upon the crofts. Other circumstances contributed to the same results. The manufacture of kelp, which at one time brought to the proprietors in those districts a revenue equal to that derived from the land, gave employment to a great number of the inhabitants; but as that employment was only for six weeks or two months, and it was necessary to provide for the manufacturer the means of living during the whole year, small crofts were assigned to many persons in situations favourable for the manufacture, which were not alone sufficient to maintain a family, but which, with the wages of the manufacturer, were sufficient. When a change in the fiscal regulations destroyed this manufacture,* these crofters, though deprived of a chief portion of their maintenance, did not seek refuge in emigration, but clung all the more closely to their small crofts, which were now insufficient to support them.

* The reduction of the duty on foreign alkali in 1823 gave the first blow to the kelp manufacture; and the discovery of a process by which a cheaper alkali might be extracted from common salt, the heavy duty on which had been reduced, made both kelp and barilla unsaleable. Kelp is now only manufactured for the sake of the iodine it contains; and as this element is most abundant in the sea-weed that grows at such a depth as not to be accessible *in situ*, the kelp for iodine is made from the weed cast ashore after storms, and commonly called drift-ware, or drift-weed. The quantity is necessarily limited, and there are few situations in which the supply is not very precarious. Even in the most favourable places it hardly pays the cost of making it.

The simple truth is, that for the last forty years the population has been steadily increasing, while the means of subsistence have been as steadily diminishing. The kelp manufacture was destroyed; but the numbers dependent on that manufacture have increased. At one time many drew a considerable portion of their means from illicit distillation; but fiscal changes, and the efforts of Government and of the proprietors to put down so demoralizing a calling, broke up the system: still the numbers dependent on it continued to increase. The herring fishery has declined; but the numbers relying on it for a portion of their subsistence have increased *pari passu* with its decline. The people continued to multiply, as all resources which could have justified their multiplication were one by one cut from under them;—till the famine of 1846 found them dependent for subsistence on the potato cultivation of their small crofts and the wages they could obtain in other and richer parts of the kingdom during six months in the year. Sir J. McNeill gives a most instructive comparison between the twenty-seven parishes to which his investigations extended, and twenty-seven others in the southern and eastern Highlands, which early in the century were equally Gaelic, and in many respects similarly circumstanced in regard to fertility of soil and extraneous resources,—but which are now prosperous and self-sustaining, and suffered little from the scarcity of 1846. From this comparison it appears that, whereas the population of the latter had been steadily *decreasing* for the last fifty years (up to 1841), the population of the former had been as regularly *increasing*. The numbers of the prosperous districts *fell* from 59,434 in 1755 to 41,989 in 1841,—or a *diminution* of 17,445—being about 29 per cent.;—the numbers of the miserable districts in the west *rose* from 42,562 in 1755 to 96,304 in 1841—being an *increase* of 53,742, or 126 per cent.

It is abundantly obvious that no temporary aid,—even though it could be furnished on the most liberal scale, and entailed none of the self-defeating consequences we have before exposed—could be of much avail to a people so situated and acting thus. A permanent improvement can only be sought in a total change of their condition—in their means of subsistence and their numbers being once more brought into harmony. Even while the potato yielded a certain and an ample crop, the inhabitants of Skye and the contiguous districts suffered frequently from scarcity, and were almost constantly on the verge of it. At any moment an unfavourable season plunged them into severe distress. Even before the potato failure, therefore, their means in ordinary years were only just sufficient to afford them a tolerable subsistence according to their own low standard: what must be the case now, when repeated casualties

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casualties have shown that it would be madness any longer to rely on this crop? It is well known that, even in a climate and with a soil far better adapted to the cultivation of grain than is to be found in any portion of the Hebrides, the same amount of land will yield *four times* the amount of human food (such as it is) under potatoes than under wheat or oats: what must be the case in districts so rocky, cold, and misty, where root crops grow well enough, but where grain crops—even oats—according to much evidence in the Report before us, seldom produce above three seeds, and commonly not more than two?—two bushels of oats harvested for one bushel sown!* You have thus a far larger population dependent on the produce of the soil *alone* than thirty or forty years ago were dependent on the produce of the soil, of illicit distillation, of a good herring fishery, and a flourishing kelp-manufacture *together*. The testimony of all the witnesses examined, and of all the facts collected, proves that the entire native resources of these districts (now reduced almost exclusively to the produce of the crofts, which are generally cultivated by spade husbandry) do not at present, on an average, afford subsistence to the population for more than six months in the year, and have not done so since 1846.

Such is the indubitable fact which has to be met; such is the evil for which a remedy is to be found. In what quarter is that remedy to be sought for? ‘Keep them at home,’ says Dr. Mackenzie, ‘teach them the best modes of husbandry, reclaim waste lands if necessary, and make the people live on the produce of their five or six acre crofts, as they do in Belgium.’ ‘Enable and induce them to emigrate,’ says Sir John McNeill, ‘systematically and in numbers, to lands where industry and steadiness will yield far easier and larger returns than they can do here on an ungrateful soil and under an inclement sky.’ ‘Remove a portion of them, if you will,’ says Dr. Alison, ‘but extend the system of small holdings, improve the style of tillage, and give the able-bodied poor a right to relief out of the public funds.’ The disagreement between the head of the Poor Law Board and the benevolent and enthusiastic advocate of Poor Laws is not so wide as at first it seems;—for Dr. Alison, mistaken as he appears to us in his other recommendations, admits the necessity for emigration as a temporary and preliminary measure, and Sir John McNeill expressly guards himself against being supposed to hold that emigration is the sole thing needed, or that, if unaccompanied by precautionary measures against a recurrence of the present evils, it could prove more than a transient relief. The chief

* Some witnesses even say that the return in grain is often not more than the seed sown, and that the chief value of the crop is the straw it yields for the cattle.

practical difference to be considered seems to be this: whether the ultimate prosperity of these districts is to be looked for in enabling the present numbers to subsist upon the soil by a system of *petite culture*, or from reducing the numbers to something like one-half, taking thereafter such precautionary measures as shall appear wise against any further augmentation till the altered habits of the people and the discovery and development of additional resources may have rendered such augmentation legitimate and safe.

Dr. Alison clings to the belief, and Dr. Mackenzie boldly proclaims it, that the actual soil is sufficient, if wisely divided, to support even the present population in abundance—that the cause of their miserably inadequate supply of food is to be sought in the deficient size of some of the crofts, and the wretched mode in which they are generally cultivated. The delusion that lies at the bottom of this impression Sir John M'Neill thus exposes:—

‘The answer generally given to this question is, that the small size of many of the crofts disables their occupants from supporting themselves; that an extent of arable land quite sufficient, while potatoes flourished, to produce food for a family, is quite inadequate to supply corn enough for that purpose; that the only effectual remedy for the evil, therefore, is to give to each man as much land as will produce enough, independently of potatoes, to maintain a family and pay a reasonable rent. . . . But the result of a practical application of this rule would probably be very different from what is anticipated.

‘The evidence taken in many parishes is sufficiently distinct and uniform, both as to the size of croft that will produce enough to maintain an average family and pay a reasonable rent—which is stated to be such a croft as is now let for 10*l*. to 12*l*. in some parishes, and from 15*l*. to 20*l*. in others*—and as to the amount of capital necessary to the crofter who would undertake its cultivation, with a prospect of success, which is stated at from 80*l*. to 120*l*. The evidence is equally conclusive as to the small number of persons—scarcely half a dozen in a parish—not already occupying such crofts, who are in a condition to undertake their cultivation. . . . A man must have the means of subsistence while he is cultivating his croft in a country where he cannot find employment, and he must have sufficient seed, implements, and cattle to make the land produce enough to live upon and to pay rent. If he has not the means of providing these things, he cannot get his subsistence from his croft; and the larger the croft, the more he will require. But the proposal is to give him more land, because he is in distress and has not the means of subsistence. It is said that

* It is necessary to estimate the size of the croft by its rental rather than by its acreage, because its value consists in *part only* of that portion of it which is capable of tillage. Much depends on the amount of hill-side pasturage attached; and this is reckoned not by extent, but by the number of stock the crofter is allowed to graze.

he may gradually accumulate the needful capital by the wages of labour, . . . but the truth is, that he cannot find employment in his district sufficient to maintain him till the produce of his land becomes available; and if he seeks employment at a distance, he cannot cultivate the extent of land necessary to relieve him from the necessity of working for wages. To make land the means of subsistence, he must also be provided with capital.

‘But if it were possible to provide the capital necessary to success, the plan of giving to every family land sufficient to maintain them and pay rent, would appear to be impracticable. In Skye there are 3665 families who do not occupy land enough to maintain them for half the year. To provide each of these families with the needful extent of land [as much, that is, as is now let for 15*l*.] would require as much as is now let for 54,975*l*. The annual value of real property in the seven parishes of Skye, as returned to Parliament in 1843—viz. 23,079*l*.—could furnish only 1538 crofts at 15*l*. Even at 10*l*. it would only give 2308 crofts, leaving 1357 families, besides all whose rents now exceed 10*l*. [or above 300 more] unprovided for.* To give as much land as is now let for 10*l*. to each of the 3665 families would require more land than Skye and Lewis could furnish, and would still leave every one now paying above 10*l*. of annual rent to be removed. In Harris there are at least 600 families without land enough to maintain them. To provide even 10*l*. crofts for each of these would require about half as much more land as the parish contains, leaving every one now paying above 10*l*. of annual rent to be removed. The stipulated rental of Lewis is 11,825*l*., and the number of families occupying land is 2726. If the whole were equally divided among them, it would only give to each as much as is now let for 4*l*. 6*s*. 9*d*. . . . The result is everywhere the same. Were every tacksman, tenant, and crofter paying, or promising to pay, above 10*l*. of annual rent, to be removed, there is not one of the parishes that could furnish to the remaining families such a croft as is now let for 10*l*.—the smallest that, according to the evidence of almost every one examined, produces enough to feed an average family, even if there were no rent to pay. . . . If reliance is to be placed on the concurring testimony of a great number of the most intelligent men in each parish, who could have had no concert with those in other parishes, the inhabitants of the distressed districts have neither capital enough to cultivate the extent of land necessary to maintain them—if it could be provided—nor have they land enough were the capital supplied to them.’

Many attempts of different kinds seem to have been made

* The following is the analysis of the population of Skye according to the census of this year :—

Tenants under 8 acres	3645
„ more than 8 and less than 30	184
„ more than 30	41
Shopkeepers, innkeepers, &c.	380
Proprietors, professional men, &c.	77
Total	4327

in

in different parts to evade the cogency of this conclusion, and to enable the people to support themselves at home. In Harris, forty crofters were removed from lands previously occupied by eighty-one, and located on lands hitherto occupied in large farms; and the holdings they vacated were divided among the forty-one who remained, so as in both cases to double the size of crofts previously held. Both experiments failed, and the tenants in both cases are largely in arrear, and have even increased their arrears since the holdings were enlarged.

Another attempt was made at the same time to establish some men who had been unsuccessful as agriculturists, but were practised fishermen, on lands conveniently situated for fishing, but previously occupied by tacksmen (or large tenants). They had allotted to them two acres of arable besides grazing for two cows and four sheep. They were supplied with boats and nets for following their calling; but this experiment was as unsuccessful as the other. None of the people could pay their rents, moderate as these were; and the proprietor is not now receiving from this land, so divided, one-fourth of the rent paid to him when it was held by tacksmen.

A fourth experiment, made on the Gairloch property, belonging to Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, and managed by the Dr. Mackenzie whose letter to Lord John Russell is now before us, has been much relied upon, as showing the possibility, and indeed facility, of redeeming and raising the population. In 1845-6 the land previously held in common was divided among the crofters—and in order to make their crofts large enough a quantity of waste land was enclosed and brought under tillage, while hill-grazing in due proportion was attached to the crofts. While the process of reclaiming this land was going on the people subsisted on the wages of labour. In this manner above 12,000*l.* was expended among them in four years, and of course, during that time, they lived in comparative comfort. Their labours were directed and superintended, and they were required to follow a certain mode and rotation of culture. Yet, notwithstanding this, it is clearly proved that these crofters are now only just raised into the position of crofters elsewhere, and that their crofts will not support them for more than six months in the year. They have had to purchase largely of meal for their subsistence; they are many of them still in debt for this meal, and are largely in arrear of rent.* Dr. Mackenzie, indeed, repudiates this statement; he protests against its being concluded

* 'The able-bodied and efficient cottars (*i.e.* labourers holding no land) will not be so ill off as many of the crofters who have rent to pay.'—*Report of the Parish Board of Gairloch.*

so soon that the experiment has failed; declares that time has not been given him to educate the people to a better style of husbandry; and renews the assertion of his conviction that they may yet be enabled to support themselves even on five acres of land. We are bound, however, to say that he adduces no proof which can induce us to agree with him; and his *own* testimony as to *actual fact* agrees with that of all other witnesses:—

‘The crofters,’ he says, ‘on the Gairloch property obtain from their crofts sufficient food to maintain themselves and their families for about eight months in the year on an average—that is, *taking into account the fish they catch for their own consumption*. . . . They are still largely in arrear for rent.’*

It is instructive to contrast this case with the adjoining property of Applecross and Lochcarron, where no innovation has been attempted. Here the number of small crofters is 418, at an average rent of nearly 4*l*.

‘During the last four years there has been no extraordinary expenditure, except, perhaps, to a small amount on improvements carried on by the proprietor near his residence, not for the avowed purpose of providing employment, but ostensibly with a view to his own advantage. The Destitution Fund afforded relief during those years to a considerable number of the inhabitants, but the proprietor did not even countenance this proceeding so far as to take any charge of or part in the arrangements. The people have been left to depend on their own exertions under a kind proprietor, *who was always ready to assist individuals in making proper efforts to improve their condition, but who attempted no new or specific measure for the general advancement of the people*. Their rents are moderate, all feel secure of their tenure so long as they are not guilty of any delinquency, and a large proportion of those who hold land at rents of 6*l*. and upwards have leases renewable every seven years. During the fifteen years ending Whitsuntide, 1850, they have paid an amount equal to fifteen years rent. Many of the small crofters are owners, or part owners, of decked vessels, of which there are forty-five, owned by crofters on the property; and a considerable number have deposits of money in the banks. The great majority of these men have not relied on agriculture, and no attempt has been made to direct their efforts to that occupation. Left to seek their livelihood in the manner in which they could best find it, and emancipated from tutelage and dependence on the aid and guidance of the proprietor, they have prospered more than their neighbours, apparently because they have relied less upon the crops they could raise on their lands, and have pursued other occupations with more energy and perseverance.’

We must add that, whereas in Gairloch the population, during the last decade, *increased* from 4880 to 5352, that of Apple-

* See precisely similar evidence by Mr. Shaw (*App.* 115).

cross and Lochcarron diminished from 4821 to 4326. In round figures, the parishes of which the people were left to themselves, and 500 of their numbers found subsistence elsewhere, were comparatively flourishing and prosperous; the parish where they were aided by the small-croft schemes of their chief, and where 500 additional persons were quartered on the soil, is still struggling, and its future, at best, very problematic!

Dr. Alison lays great weight on the success of the plans of Sir John Sinclair on his vast property in Caithness, where, finding distress in the early part of this century, he divided much land into small holdings, allotted them at moderate rents among the peasantry, as at Gairloch, and compelled them to adopt a certain rotation of crops. But Sir John Sinclair, in his account of his own parish of Thurso, published in 1798, after stating that the population had increased by 183 since 1755, adds:—‘That increase however has taken place entirely in the town—the population of the country part, *by an augmentation of the size of farms, without which no improvement could have taken place, having considerably diminished.*’ (Old Stat. Acct., vol. xx. p. 502.) Dr. Alison compares the progress of Caithness since that period, and its state now, with those of the Western Highlands, and draws from thence a conclusion that the soil, in the latter as in the former case, might be made to support its entire population. We do not think his facts conclusive; and we are sure that his comparison is not fair. As concerns *Caithness*, we add in a note* some information derived from the

Minutes

* *The Rev. Thomas Gunn, Keiss.*—‘The working classes in the parish are generally fishermen, and have small bits of land; but their farms are very small, and not sufficient to occupy their attention during the rest of the year.’—p. 323.

J. Henderson, Esq., Procurator Fiscal.—‘The small tenants within a reasonable distance of the sea-shore usually unite herring-fishing with their farming occupations. They do not, however, engage in white fishing. . . . The people of this parish, as along the whole coast of Caithness, are generally of Scandinavian origin, and do not speak Gaelic. There is no indisposition among them to go to sea as fishermen, such as is known to exist among the Gaelic population.’—p. 324.

Marcus Calder, Esq., Factor to Sir George Dunbar.—‘. . . .’ ‘The greater proportion of the small tenantry employ themselves in the herring fishing, and they occasionally go out also to the white fishing; but they apply themselves to the latter only to procure a supply of fish for their own families.’—p. 330.

Sir George Sinclair, Bart.—‘One great source of employment in this part of the country is the quarrying of slates, which is carried on to a very considerable extent on my own property, as well as on those in the neighbourhood. The county is mainly indebted for this source of employment to the late Mr. Traill, of Ratter. I cannot speak positively as to the amount of wages usually received by the quarriers, but I think it may be about 2s. per day.’—p. 342.

The Rev. William Mackenzie, Olvick.—‘The labourers in my parish are principally quarriers of pavement and slate; but, besides these, we have agricultural labourers. Some of them have no bits of land, and depend entirely on day labour. The wages of the quarriers are 1s. 8d. a-day in summer, and about 1s. 4d. a-day in winter. The wages of agricultural labourers are from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per day.’—p. 343.

Mr.

Minutes of Evidence before the Poor Law Commission of Inquiry in 1843. That evidence shows that, even in Caithness, the crofters, as crofters, are not making much progress, and but for external resources would probably soon be in the same condition as their brethren in the West; and that whatever progress in improved agriculture has been made in Caithness has been on large farms, and chiefly on lands farmed by the proprietors on their own account. Numberless details to exactly the same purport may be found in the New Statistical Account of Caithness-shire, published in 1841. But further it must be borne in mind that the great majority of the people in Caithness are of a more energetic race than the Western Highlanders—being in fact of Teutonic or of Scandinavian blood;—that steam communication with the south is much more regular, and has been longer established; that Caithness has a much larger proportionate extent of arable land, and a soil and climate much better adapted to the growth of corn, than the western side of the country;* and that the number of acres per head of the rural population is just double what it is in Skye.† But, moreover, it appears that the prosperity of Caithness does not depend solely or chiefly on the success of its agriculture—that the people are supported to a very

Mr. Purvis, Factor for George Traill, Esq., M.P.—‘A considerable number of our tenantry pay from 20*l.* to 60*l.* of yearly rent; and probably one-half of the whole property is let in large farms, or is in the immediate occupation of the proprietor. The rent of this last class of farms is from 200*l.* to 600*l.* . . . We have besides, a great many labourers employed in slate and slab quarries. They earn, at an average, from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* a-day when employed as sawyers, or in dressing the slates or slabs. . . . Our small tenants are principally located on the margin of the Pentland Frith. They are for the most part fishermen, as well as farmers. Their crofts occupy but a small portion of their time. It is difficult to say, as the fishings are so very fluctuating, what might be the average of a man’s earnings during the season. I should say, however, speaking generally, that between the lobster and herring fishings, on which the principal dependence of our fishermen rests, it may amount to about 15*l.* a-year. . . . When, in 1822 and 1823, or about that period, a certain number of the population were removed from the Sutherland estates to make way for the introduction of sheep-farming on these estates, the late Mr. Traill took a fancy to give them crofts on part of his property in the parish of Dunnett. Several hundreds of them were thus provided in crofts, and planted very densely. In the course of a few years the experiment proved to be a failure. The Highlandmen had never been accustomed to the laborious life which their new situation required of them. They soon fell into arrears of rent; and, when this happened, they generally ran away. The proprietor was well pleased when he heard of their flight. They were, in point of character, respectable and decent men, but really wholly useless as regarded active and laborious exertions.’—p. 349.

* Even before the close of the last century, when agriculture in Caithness was in a ruder state than it now is in the Hebrides, grain, to the amount of 25,000 bolls, was annually exported from that county, as well as cattle and horses.—*Stat. Acct.*, vol. xx. p. 519.

	Area in Stat. Acres.	Population in 1841.	Acres per Head of Population.	Population of Chief Town.	Rural Population.	Acres per Head of Rural Population.
† Caithness	439,650	36,343	12·09	22,911	13,432	32·73
Skye . .	355,000	23,082	15·37	1,000	22,082	16·07
						great

great extent, not by their crofts, but by the extraneous resource of the herring, cod, and ling fisheries,—the main produce of which is cured and exported. According to official returns for the last ten years the average annual value of the cured fish exported from the two stations of Wick and Lybster in Caithness must have exceeded 130,000*l.*—while the annual value of real property in the county was returned in 1843 at 66,000*l.* In 1797 the value of fish exported from Caithness was 13,000*l.* So much for the true sources of the prosperity of Caithness, supposed by Dr. Alison to have been so largely promoted by the introduction of *la petite culture*—under the care of Sir John Sinclair, who, as we have seen, was of opinion that ‘without an augmentation of the size of farms no improvement could have taken place.’

We are no fanatical opponents of the system of small holdings and spade husbandry. We are far from wishing to contest the examples of Lombardy or Switzerland, or the still more remarkable one of parts of Belgium, in which, under a great degree of subdivision, the farming is excellent and the condition of the peasants, whether proprietors or tenants, comfortable and independent. This, however, is merely conceding to Dr. Alison and his allies that there are cases in which by resolute non-multiplication—by the cheerful, habitual, and spontaneous expatriation of redundant numbers—by the favour of a good climate and a rich soil (sometimes even, as in Flanders, without this last requisite)—by the watchful seizure of every resource, and the skilful development and turning to account of every capability—by a degree of frugality and hardness of living often, which would seem wretched destitution to English, and even to many Irish and Scotch, peasants—and by an amount of excessive and unremitting industry of which neither Irishman nor Highlander have any conception, and which many of them would consider too dear a price to pay for life itself—the difficulties consequent on dependence on a subdivided soil may be met and overcome. But for the attainment of all these counteracting conditions qualities are needed which as yet the Highlanders and the Irish do not possess, and to generate which among them will take long years of instruction and good example on the part of their superiors, and of submission and patient docility on their own. To make them peasant-proprietors, or ten-acre croftsmen, with a view of creating in them those mental and moral habits without which, as all experience shows, peasant-proprietorship and small holdings must prove a disastrous failure, appears, in our humble judgment, to be what Burke defined as the true meaning of the word ‘preposterous’—*i. e.* putting the cart before the horse.

Let

Let us compare for a moment the habits of the Belgian and the Highlander, each the tenant of a five or six acre croft. The former—we are told by Mr. Laing, Mr. Mill, Mr. Thornton, and the able author of the papers on 'Flemish Husbandry' published some years ago—is a marvel of diligence, assiduity, and skill; not a chance is missed, not a spare hour is unemployed; the children assist in the labours of the farm at a very early age; broom is grown where nothing else will grow, and is cut and sold to the bakers and the brickmakers; not a morsel of straw or fern is lost; not a morsel of solid or liquid manure is allowed to run to waste; composts of every kind are scraped together, as if they were gold, to form the dung-heap; as soon as a cow can be kept, artificial grasses are grown for it, and cut and carried to it three times a day; every moment, every accident, every shower, is turned to account: all that untiring zeal and energy can do is done, and of course success is the result. Now what is the picture of the Highland crofters drawn by those who live among them? Mr. Forsyth, of Sorne, who went to great expense in draining and fencing his tenants' land, and was at great trouble to induce them to adopt a better system of cultivation, found himself utterly baffled and defeated by their obstinacy and laziness. There was manure, but they would not take the trouble to collect it or apply it. 'They told me plainly that it was too far to cart their dung two or three hundred yards downhill by an excellent road that I had made for them' (*Report, App.*, p. 24). In Lewis, many of them 'would starve and allow their families to starve rather than do a fair day's work at draining, trenching, or roadmaking, for a fair remuneration' (*App.*, p. 96). In Skye, 'long dependence on eleemosynary aid has undermined every feeling of pride and every disposition to exertion. They lounge about in listless indolence, their moral and physical energies alike paralyzed' (*App.*, p. 40). At Stornoway, 'work was offered to the able-bodied in distress, but they were slow to accept it, and did not work perseveringly' (*App.*, p. 92). The Rev. David Watson, of Uig, believed 'that if the people were industrious they would be able to maintain themselves and their families; but they do not, nor do I expect they will.... I offered men, complaining of destitution, work at a shilling a-day, and women at sixpence, which was not accepted. The people generally prefer smaller remuneration with less work, to fair wages for a fair day's labour' (*App.*, p. 103). Mr. Shaw, a gentleman of great experience as factor to Lord Macdonald, gives this evidence:—

Q. 'Do you consider the people capable, by reasonable inducements, of being trained to habits of regular and profitable industry, as occupiers

piers of the soil?—*A.* I doubt it exceedingly. I would have much better hopes of stringent regulations amounting to compulsion. They work well for a day or two, and then slacken and become indifferent if left to themselves. In the new Perth colony, in North Uist, they work constantly, but they are very discontented, and many of them tell me it is necessity and the pressure of want alone keeps them at it.

Q. 'Will you have the goodness to state the grounds of your opinion on that point?—*A.* Their general indolence and aversion to continuous labour, and the miserable apology or trifling circumstance that so often leads them to spend days in idleness, which I have often noticed in all the people. I remember, in 1843, Lord Macdonald got a man from Perthshire to direct the people in draining. Though they were paid at a fair rate for draining their own lands, and were not charged any interest on the outlay, the overseer had the greatest difficulty in getting much work done, and now he can scarcely get them to clean out the open ditches to keep the drains running.'—*App.*, p. 117.

From the Duke of Argyll we learn that the people do not attempt anything like rotation of crops, or a good system of manuring. *Dr. Mackenzie* tells us that 'it is no uncommon sight to see a string of ruinously-expensive horses ridden to the peat-stack by their owners, who are too lazy to carry the fuel home all at once in summer, or on their own backs.' *Dr. Alison* says, 'in Skye, the manure from the horses and cows is thrown out of a hole in the side of the house, and lies in a heap exposed to wind and rain. *The liquid is actually drained away into the nearest stream.* I never saw such waste of manure' (*Reclamation of Waste Lands*, p. 35). 'Manure from cattle,' writes *Dr. Mackenzie* (*Alison*, p. 28), 'was little valued, and sea-weed occupied its place. One excuse for disliking cattle manure was, that, as most of the arable land was far from the houses, and the people could only carry the manure in creels on their backs, the women, on whom the task devolved, took care to have as little of the dirty work to do as possible.'

The time may, and we trust will, come when, by the slow and gradual operation of many concurring influences, the character of the people may have been energized, and their habits essentially improved—when, by education as it is ordinarily understood, and by that higher and more efficient education which results from the stern teaching of circumstances, a way may be opened and a field cleared for the introduction of a better system and a happier condition. But to this an extensive and speedy removal to more grateful lands of all who cannot find full employment and a decent sustenance at home is, beyond question, the grand pre-requisite. The emigration of a portion of the people must make it possible for the residue to subsist on the resources which remain even with their present languid character and imperfect civilization;

civilization ; then new agencies of improvement may be put in operation, which in time will so increase the capabilities both of the people and of the soil, that population may again begin to augment itself, *pari passu* with that increase, without risk of reproducing the present deplorable state of things.

How that emigration is to be conducted—by what means it is to be induced or enforced—to what quarter it should be directed—and whence the funds for effecting it are to be derived—are questions requiring much consideration. It may be that by the cessation of eleemosynary aid, and by the resolute refusal of that relaxation of the poor-law which Dr. Alison recommends, the desire for emigration on the part of the crofters themselves which *did* exist may be revived and fostered. There is evidence of a tendency in that direction in some quarters even now. In that case facilities only will be required, and no enforcement will be necessary. It may be that the Bill passed at the close of last Session enabling proprietors in the distressed districts to borrow money for emigration purposes on the security of their estates, may, from the peculiar circumstances of some properties, be found inapplicable or inadequate ; and that it will be desirable to throw the conduct of the emigration on the Parochial Boards, and to empower them to mortgage the rates in order to obtain the necessary means. It may be that, as the Irish drain has been directed mainly to the United States, it will be well to direct that from the Highlands towards our North American colonies, where such considerable numbers have already gone. Or, as the occupation of shepherds and cattle-tenders seems in general to harmonize better with the tastes and habits of the Highlanders than the more laborious vocation of tillage, it may be that Australia will present the more suitable and promising field for their future career. On these questions we are not prepared to pronounce dogmatically. If we have succeeded in making it clear that wholesale emigration is a measure which cannot be avoided and which ought not to be postponed, the management of that emigration is a matter for administrative skill, which will not be found wanting when the nature of the work to be done is fully ascertained and universally acknowledged.

The case of the Highlands presents so many analogies with that of Ireland, that it is impossible to treat of the one without being constantly reminded of the other. The emigration, which we have shown to be essential to the reintegration of the Hebrides and the adjoining main land, is already proceeding in Ireland on a gigantic scale ; and we cannot well close this paper without a glance at the ultimate effects which it is calculated to produce on Great Britain and on America. The astounding facts brought to light by the

the emigration returns, by the Irish census, and by the accounts of proceedings in the Encumbered Estates Court, have not yet been considered in all their magnitude, nor traced to all their consequences. To begin with the last.—We were most of us probably aware, as a general truth, of the great indebtedness of the Irish gentry as a body, and of the embarrassments which a long course of carelessness and extravagance had brought upon them. We knew that numbers of them had been habitually living beyond their income, had borrowed money from generation to generation, and mortgaged their property time after time as security for the loans, and had thus in many cases become little more than nominal owners of the patrimonial estates they held. But few of us probably were prepared for the disclosures made by the recent publication of the proceedings of the Encumbered Estates Court, from the commencement of their sittings, November 25, 1849, to September 23, 1851. During these two years 1945 petitions for the sale of estates have been presented, of which only 212 have been dismissed by the Commissioners. What proportion these 1945 estates may form of the whole number in Ireland we have no means of ascertaining: if, as has been stated by some parties, the total number of proprietors (omitting, no doubt, the mere 40s. freeholders who yet remain) does not exceed 8000, nearly one-fourth of the whole number are already under notice of enforced sale on account of their encumbrances. Nor can we state how far these 1945 estates present fair samples of the rest: in all probability the *most* indebted and encumbered will naturally have been brought into Court first. But in these 1945 cases will it be believed that the *interest* on the encumbrances (at 5 per cent.) *swallowed up the whole rental*; that if the estates are sold, as they generally are, at about twenty years' purchase, the *entire proceeds* will go to the encumbrancers, leaving literally nothing to the owner; and consequently that the nominal proprietors have not only been hampered and mortgaged, as was well known, to a degree which left them no power of doing justice either to land, labourers, or tenants, but that they actually did not *own* a single acre of the property of which they were the ostensible possessors? The following table will show this:—

Total value of said estates sold at 20 years' purchase	£22,821,800
Total amount of encumbrances on said estates	22,458,576

Residue £363,204

Thus only 363,224*l.*, or about *one-sixtieth* of the whole, would remain to be divided among the *proprietors* after all debts were paid, even if all the estates fetched twenty years' purchase on the rental, and if the whole of this surplus were not eaten up by the costs of sale.

Net

Net annual rental of said estates	£1,141,090
Annual interest on said encumbrances at 5 per cent.	1,122,928

£18,162

So that 18,162*l.* must have been all that these 1945 *proprietors* had to live upon after paying the interest of their debts, or not 10*l.* apiece!

A proprietary so helpless and indebted could do little for the peasantry under their charge; no resources lay in the background to meet unforeseen difficulties; the strength of the day was scarcely equal to its habitual and ordinary evils. When the famine came, therefore, notwithstanding all the efforts of Great Britain to alleviate its consequences, we were not wholly unprepared to anticipate the fearful revelations of the census of last March. The population, which had been 8,175,124 in 1841, was found to have sunk to 6,515,794 in 1851, or 286,000 *below its amount thirty years ago, in 1821!*

But this diminution in ten years, unmatched as it is in history, by no means displays the full extent or the frightful rapidity of the depopulation. There is every reason to believe that up to 1846 the population of Ireland progressed at the same moderate rate as during the previous decennial period, viz. a half per cent. per annum. Up to that date the emigration was moderate, the mortality not more than common; the potato-rot had not yet appeared, and the usual circumstances of the country remained unchanged. In March, 1846, therefore, the population of Ireland will have reached 8,379,500; in March, 1851, it had fallen to 6,515,794; showing not, as is generally stated, a diminution of 1,659,330 in *ten years*, or 165,933 per annum, but a diminution of 1,863,706 in *five years*, or 372,740 per annum. A drain, continuing at this rate, would leave Ireland wholly empty in eighteen years, or before 1870!

Even this statement, frightful as it is, gives but a very inadequate idea of the rate at which depopulation has proceeded. The *decrease* has been greatest since 1846 in those provinces where, up to that date, the *increase* had been greatest. Between 1831 and 1841, and up to 1846, the rate of increase had been 5 per cent. in Connaught, and 8 per cent. in Munster. The true comparison therefore will stand thus:—

	Connaught.	Munster.
Population in 1846	1,454,330	2,492,000
Population in 1851	1,011,917	1,831,817
Decrease in <i>five years</i>	442,413	660,183

According to this, nearly *one-third* of the population of Connaught,

naught, and more than *one-fourth* of that of Munster, was swept away in five years. A drain of the same number annually would wholly depopulate the first province in less than *twelve* years, and the second in less than *fourteen*. The real rate of decrease in Connaught is not therefore, as stated in the official returns, 28·6 per cent. in ten years, but 30·4 *per cent. in five years*. The real rate of decrease in Munster is not 23·5 per cent. in ten years, but 26·5 *in five years*.

What proportion of this appalling drain is due to actual mortality, and what to emigration, it is not easy to ascertain with precision; but we may arrive at a near approximation. A vast proportion of the emigrants from Liverpool—some say nine-tenths—are known to be Irish. The estimate of the Emigration Commissioners is, that the annual emigration of Irish from the United Kingdom has of late averaged 200,000. We believe it to have been more than this. The *total* number of emigrants was in 1847 and 1848 above 250,000 per annum. In 1849 it reached 300,000, and has since increased. Of these 300,000 not quite 39,000 went to Australia and other parts; the residue, 361,000, went to the United States and the North American provinces. In all probability the number of Scotch and English who emigrated to America will be nearly balanced by the Irish who emigrated to the Australian colonies. To the emigrants from Ireland to foreign parts we must add the emigrants to England and Scotland who permanently fix their abode there. Numbers of those who come no doubt return again after the harvest, and a certain number (varying from 15,000 in 1847, to 5946 in the first nine months of this year) are passed back as paupers; but a considerable proportion remain, especially in Lancashire and Lanarkshire. The number of deck-passengers who arrived in Liverpool in 1847 was 296,231. From November 3, 1848, to October 12, 1851, the numbers were 756,674, of whom 531,469 were emigrants and jobbers, and the rest apparently paupers; but as this return only reaches to October 12, instead of November 3, 1851, and omits a period of nine weeks in 1850 (during which no account was kept by the Liverpool authorities), the total number for the *three years* would reach 816,000, or 273,000 per annum. In the first ten months of the current year the total number of emigrants from the United Kingdom was 285,898, or 343,000 for the year. These were thus divided:—

Irish	216,724
English	55,031
Scotch	14,143
					<hr/>
					285,898

Taking

Taking all these facts into consideration, we can scarce be far wrong in estimating the entire loss of population to Ireland from emigration to all quarters at 250,000 per annum, or 1,250,000 during the five years. This would leave a balance of 613,706 as the amount of depopulation to be laid at the door of increased mortality.

This emigration not only continues, but during the whole of the current year has gone on at an accelerated pace, and even at the approach of winter shows no signal of cessation. It is natural that it should continue; it would be matter for surprise if it did not. It is not a thing of yesterday. The Irish have long furnished the chief emigrants. Many have been shipped off by their landlords, who could no longer allow them to remain as squatters or paupers on the soil, where they paid no rent, and hindered all improvement. Thousands, seeing little prospect of mending, or even of maintaining, their condition in the old country, scraped together all their little substance, and trusted themselves to the chances of a foreign land or a distant colony. Thousands more were allured to the same course by glowing accounts of the comfort thereby won. Parents followed their children; wives their husbands; and where one brother had established himself, and was getting on, the other brothers were anxious to be too. Then came the famine, the pestilence, the ever-recurring potato-rot, which deprived them of their last stay, dissipated their last hope, and snapped the last tie which bound them to their native land. The poor-law acted on the small farmer much as the potato-failure acted on the cottar. It ruined many who were on the brink of failure, and dismayed many who were as yet some way from it. In the mean time every post brought tempting tidings of the improving condition of those who had already emigrated, and liberal contributions to enable others to join them. Every man who sailed was to his lingering relatives a tie more to America, and a tie less to Ireland. When only one of a family had gone, Ireland was still 'the home of the affections' to the remaining four; but when three had gone, the balance of attraction had decidedly turned in favour of the New World, and there was little likelihood of the surviving two staying long behind. Thus every day beckons to them more and more brightly across the Atlantic; every day makes their old home gloomier and less desirable. Who can wonder, then, that the tide of emigration still flows on unchecked? The stream having once vigorously set in under the combined influence of such strong attraction and such dread repulsion, among a nation so affectionate and gregarious as the Irish, so prone to the excitements both of panic and of

sanguine hope, it is not a temporary advance of wages, or an unusual demand for tenants or for labourers, that will arrest its flow. The motives and inducements operated long before the westward impulse was fairly impressed upon the people: that impulse will probably continue long after the motives shall have been withdrawn, and the real worldly inducements shall be all the other way.

Nevertheless, we confess that, looking at the subject, not from the point of view of Irish farmers who dread a scarcity of labour, nor from that of Irish landlords who are naturally scared by finding farm after farm thrown upon their hands by tenants who are leaving the country, omitting the payment of their last year's rent,—we cannot participate in the anxiety and alarm which has been expressed by several of our contemporaries. We see in Irish emigration—vast as it is, vaster as we yet believe it will be—not a disease, but an effort of nature to throw off a disease; and in proportion as the disease is deep-seated and of ancient origin must the effort of nature be abnormal. Let us then fairly face the fact; let us even assume that before the next census the population of Ireland will have been reduced another million, and will stand where it stood at the beginning of the century; and let us inquire into the probable operation of such a drain, and such an influx, upon Ireland and upon America.

One of the great misfortunes of Ireland has always been the absence or inadequate development of the secondary branches of industry. For generations manufactures have never been allowed to flourish there. Too large a proportion, and probably too great an absolute number, of her people have always been employed in the cultivation of the soil. According to Mr. Porter ('Progress of the Nation,' i. 39) the proportion of families in 1831 employed in raising food was in Great Britain 28 per cent., and in Ireland 63 per cent. By the census of 1841 the proportions were not materially altered. Out of a total of 4,961,045 adult males in Great Britain, 1,215,204 were engaged in agriculture, or nearly 25 per cent. In Ireland, out of a total of 1,472,787 families, 974,188 were engaged in agriculture, or 66 per cent. The result of the last census is not yet ascertained. It appeared also from the third Report of the Irish Poor Law Commission that the usual average produce per acre in Ireland was only one-half that of England. Here, then, we have two impressive facts, which distinctly point to the great economic cause of Irish misery, and as distinctly mark out the direction in which a remedy is to be sought.

Ireland is, in an overwhelming degree, an agricultural country.

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Manufactures on the whole scarcely occupy and support a larger portion of the people there, than they do in the most agricultural counties of England. So long, therefore, as this continues to be the case, it is unreasonable to expect her to support a denser population than those counties. Moreover, her soil, taken as a whole, is scarcely so good, and certainly not so productive, as that of the best agricultural counties of England. Even when the lakes and absolutely unimprovable land have been deducted, a large quantity of bog and stony land remains, which, though capable of cultivation for pasture, is very poor, and reduces the average capabilities of the soil to a very great extent. It appears from the last careful official survey, that, of the 20,808,271 statute acres of which the surface of Ireland consists, 6,290,000 acres are unimproved bog and mountain land. Of these, 1,425,000 are improvable for tillage, 2,330,000 are improvable for pasture only, and 2,535,000 are absolutely hopeless. Now, with these facts before us, let us compare the population maintained per acre in our purely agricultural counties—selecting those which are most free from poor and mountain and stony soil—with the numbers which, even in its present depopulated condition, Ireland is expected to support.

Counties.	Statute Acres.	Population, 1851.	Acres to each Individual.
Hereford	552,320	99,112	5.57
Lincoln	1,671,040	400,266	4.16
Dorset	643,840	177,597	3.63
Northampton	650,240	213,784	3.13
Rutland	95,360	24,272	3.99
York (North Riding)	1,315,200	194,624	6.72
Wilts	874,880	241,003	3.62
Devon	1,654,400	572,207	2.88
Buckinghamshire	472,320	143,670	3.28
Sussex	938,240	339,428	2.80
Average	3.97

It appears, then, that the average of ten of the peculiarly agricultural counties of England, whose soil is fully equal to the average, allows nearly *four* acres to each individual. The mountainous districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland allow five and a half and eight and a half respectively. Now let us see what is the case in Ireland, leaving out only, in order to make the comparison a fair one, the *absolutely unimprovable* land, but including all reported to be available for *any* purposes either of tillage or of pasture.

Provinces.	Statute Acres, exclusive of Lakes, &c.	Statute Acres absolutely Unimprovable.	Net Number of Statute Acres.	Population in 1851.	Acres to each Individual.
Leinster . .	4,825,000	200,000	4,625,000	1,667,771	2.78
Ulster . . .	5,262,000	712,000	4,550,000	2,004,289	2.28
Munster . .	5,913,000	873,000	5,040,000	1,831,817	2.79
Connaught .	4,180,000	750,000	3,430,000	1,011,917	3.39
Total . .	20,180,000	2,535,000	17,645,000	6,515,794	2.71

Thus, while the agricultural districts of well-cultivated England do not pretend to support or employ a population of more than one person to every *four* acres, ill-cultivated Ireland still retains, but, alas! can scarcely be said either to employ or support, a population of one person to every $2\frac{3}{4}$ acres. In 1846, her population was one person to every $2\frac{1}{8}$ acres. In order to assimilate it to that of the rural districts of England, it would require to be reduced to 4,500,000, or *two millions below its present amount*. Let us ponder these figures well, and consider their full meaning.

If the emigration should continue at the rate of a quarter of a million per annum, we see no ground for alarm; for even then it would require eight or ten years before the population was reduced to a level with that of the agricultural districts of England, which, judging from the frequent complaints of heavy poor-rates and unemployed labourers, are surely not too scantily inhabited. Nay, more: emigration might go on even faster and further still without appalling us, since we look for the regeneration of Ireland not only to the approximation of its relative numbers to the standard of the non-manufacturing portion of England, but also, and principally, to the introduction into it from Great Britain of a race of proprietors, farmers, and labourers, distinguished from the natives by greater capital, superior steadiness, more pertinacious energy, and a loftier and more insatiable ambition. For these a vacancy has to be made.

Two statesmen of profound sagacity, though cast in very different moulds, and separated by the lapse of two centuries, have seen the immense advantage which would result both to Ireland and to the empire at large from colonizing that island as extensively and systematically as possible with a race differing from the natives in origin, in religion, and in character, whose enterprise might develop the rich resources of the country, and whose knowledge and activity might guide the industry and stimulate the emulation of its inhabitants. Cromwell, as is well known, entertained and for a while relentlessly carried out the project of an actual substitution of one people for another.

‘He resolved to put an end to that conflict of races and religions which had so long distracted the island, by making the English and Protestant population decidedly predominant. For this end he gave the rein to the fierce enthusiasm of his followers, waged war resembling that which Israel waged on the Canaanites, smote the idolaters with the edge of the sword, so that great cities were left without inhabitants, drove many thousands to the West Indies, and supplied the void thus made by pouring in numerous colonists of the Anglo-Saxon blood and of the Calvinistic faith. Strange to say, under that iron rule, the conquered country began to wear an outward face of prosperity. Districts which had recently been as wild as those where the first white settlers of Connecticut were contending with the red men, were in a few years transformed into the likeness of Kent and Norfolk. New buildings, roads, and plantations were everywhere seen. The *rents of estates rose fast*; and soon the English landowners began to complain that they were met in every market by the products of Ireland, and to clamour for protective laws.’—*Macaulay, Hist. Eng.*, i. 130.

The year before his death Sir Robert Peel intimated, in a remarkable speech delivered in the House of Commons, his conviction—the result of long observation and thought—that the restoration of Ireland to a prosperous condition must be sought for by the infusion of a new spirit and new blood. He saw that an opening was made—not as formerly by the hand of man, but by the hand of God—for extensive and systematic colonization. The vacancy which Cromwell had created by violence was here created by a ruthless famine and its direct result—a wholesale emigration. A rich field was calling out for capital to turn its resources to account: landlords were clamorous for skilful tenants, and in many quarters even labourers were beginning to be scarce. Sir Robert Peel saw the golden opportunity, and pointed out the fitting remedy. Since his death the case has become even clearer, and the opening even wider for redemption. Vast tracts of land are going to waste for lack of capital and husbandmen of enterprise; in every direction farms of every size and capability are to be had on the most reasonable terms; and, through the operation of the Encumbered Estates Court, the soil is getting once more into the hands of *bonâ-fide* and unfettered proprietors. Already, though slowly, cautiously, and with misgiving, a tide of *immigration* both of labourers and of farmers is setting in towards Ireland—small as yet, but destined speedily to a great increase—which will at once harmonise with and countervail the *emigration* that has struck so many with alarm.

When colonization of this nature has once set in on a scale adequate to the vacancy to be filled up, a new era will have opened for Ireland, and her prospects will be as brilliant and as beckoning

beckoning as her most attached children could desire. A country with a population of four millions and a half, of which two millions and a half will be Protestant and Anglo-Saxon, will have both a present and a future widely different from those which hung over her when inhabited by eight millions and a quarter of souls, of whom six millions and a half were Celts and Romanists—as was the case in 1846. Her agriculture will improve in character and become immeasurably more productive. The restless turbulence and perpetual discontent which have hitherto distinguished her people will give place to the quiet of prosperity and the peace of satisfied desires and of progressive hopes. Manufactures will again flourish and extend, under better auspices than at any previous epoch of her history; and population may once more begin to increase, without fear of ending in an abyss and a catastrophe like 1847. For there is this about Ireland: that it has vast resources, but resources that cannot be developed by the Irish. There is this about the Irish: that they have great capabilities, most serviceable qualities, most admirable gifts; but qualities that demand the example, the amalgamation, the superposition of another race, differently endowed, to bring them to perfection or to turn them to full account. They are impetuous and impulsive, but not dogged nor pertinacious; preferring the enjoyment of life to its improvement; and seeking that enjoyment not in perpetual struggle, nor in the rewards or straining efforts of ambition, but in the cheerful dance, or the *dolce far niente* of a sunny home. They can toil, they can save, they can adventure, they can endure hardships, they can encounter sacrifice and self-denial—few people better; but they do all this *for a time and for a purpose*, not for a permanence and for itself; they toil—but it is for the sake of future rest; they deny themselves present gratification—but it is for the sake of after and fuller enjoyment; they strive and struggle—not like the Englishman or the Yankee, for the sake of rising to a loftier elevation and reaching a wider field of exertion and of enterprise, but in order to command for the remainder of life the repose and the pleasure after which they have been always sighing. Hence, even in our colonies, where everything around them is new, stimulating, and advantageous, where, if the fault lay in the circumstances of the old country and not in themselves, as is so often asserted, their success would be certain and signal, we find that they proceed in the same manner and sink into the same condition as at home, *wherever they settle in numerous bodies together*—wherever, that is, they are subject to home influences and to the operation of their uncorrected nature, and where they do not insensibly acquire different habits and desires by living among people of stronger character and

and higher aims. Where, on the other hand, they settle singly among others, and are either in a subordinate position or in a minority of numbers—where they *take* the tone instead of *giving* it—where, instead of guiding and governing themselves, they are directed and controlled by others—where their imitative and obedient qualities are called into play, they make among the best of colonists.*

From the process of emigration, which has now reached such an unexpected height, followed up by the process of colonization, which is only just beginning, we look with confidence for the regeneration of Ireland. Its effect—immediate and indirect upon Great Britain—it is scarcely less interesting to contemplate. We are inclined to think that this effect will be almost as marked, though not as immediate, in the latter country as in the former.

We will not speculate, as the 'Times' and the 'Spectator' have done, on the possible consequences of a British exodus to distant lands superadded upon a Celtic one, because we believe that the operation of the second will be rather to check and postpone than to stimulate the first. It is true that a steady tide of emigration, both of English and of Scotch, to our colonies has now set in; but it is moderate, slow, and more reluctant than we should wish to see it. All the mortifications and embarrassments of the *res angusta domi*, all the anxieties for the future of children and of friends, the crowded state of all occupations and professions, the low remuneration both of capital and labour, arising from the disproportion of both to the actual home-field for their employment, have hitherto proved inadequate to overcome in one class the attachment to the land of their forefathers, and in the other the want of enterprise, and the dread of a distant and untried scene of life, natural to unawakened intelligence and scanty information.

We have just seen that in the first ten months of 1851 the number of Scotch and English emigrants did not reach *one-fourth* of the whole. The ignorance of our labouring classes, for the most part, leaves them unacquainted with the real attractions of a colonial life; its actual or reported hardships at the outset deter them; even when they might be disposed to go, they do not know how to set about the necessary steps, or perhaps do not possess the requisite funds; the idea of a long sea-voyage is dismaying to them; and the idea that, when once there, return will be impossible, or so difficult and costly as to be virtually hopeless—all concur to make them struggle with the evils which they

* See especially Johnston's Notes on North America, i. 64; ii. 17, 176.

know at home rather than seek a better lot elsewhere. The middle and upper classes, too—though poverty and narrow circumstances often press upon them as painfully as upon those of lower rank—though, even where daily bread is not actually wanting, other things as indispensable to them are almost unattainable—do not find the prospects of colonial life so inviting as to make them readily sever all the ties which bind them to cultivated society and to ancestral homes. It is a great thing for men and women brought up in refinement—and refinement is often the attendant of very straitened circumstances—to encounter a hand-to-hand struggle with rough nature and still rougher man, to leave for ever old friends and old associations, and brave the severe privations and severer isolation of a new world.

When all these things are duly taken into the account, we shall have no reason to be surprised that even the severity of competition here, the lowness of profits, and the multitude of 'the uneasy classes,' should have failed in driving Englishmen to distant colonies to seek a more grateful soil for their labour and a richer remuneration for their capital. But when the scene of colonization shall be changed; when the new world shall be brought to their own doors; when the thirsty land which tempts them to expatriation shall be only twelve hours away, perhaps only six hours' sail; when they can communicate with their friends all over England in four-and-twenty hours, and can send telegraphic messages in as many minutes; when, if longing for society, they can return for a few days, and, if repenting of their step, can easily return for good; when, in leaving their native country, they neither change their government, their climate, nor their habitudes—we cannot doubt that the rate of emigration will be prodigiously accelerated. Thousands will go to Ireland whom nothing could have tempted to Australia; thousands will go for a tithe of the inducement; thousands will go after a fraction of the hesitation, reflection, and delay. As soon as the country is quiet enough, as soon as life is safe enough, as soon as the pecuniary inducement is strong enough, clear enough, and generally known enough, we shall see labourers and capitalists from England and Scotland swarm into Ireland, almost as bountifully as Irishmen are now swarming into America. A land indented with bays; a sea stored with fish; soil of the richest quality, offering on terms which in England could only command fields in the barrenest or most pauperised unions; excellent roads made, and railroads making, to bring markets within reach of every producer—these are capabilities which are sure to attract English capital and English

English enterprise, and which need only English capital and English enterprise to develop from them the most brilliant harvest of results.

England will thus have found what it so peculiarly wants—a new and enlarged field for the employment of its money and its labour. The superabundance of capital which here accumulates so rapidly, which alternately lies idle in the banker's coffers or the bill-broker's drawers, or, wearied with inaction and 'delirious from smallness of profits,' rushes into the rashest and insanest projects, would find ample occupation in Ireland—in the purchase and improvement of the land, in the erection of those farm-buildings which are everywhere so deficient, in the substitution of a better class of dwellings for the poor, and in developing the exhaustless resources of the seas. Profits would rise in England; plethora would cease; the apparent need for periodical bloodletting would be no longer felt; and healthy investment and legitimate enterprise would replace wild and random speculation. But capital in Ireland, as elsewhere, could only become remunerative by the employment of labour; and, justly enough, English and Scotch farmers and moneyed men have a strong conviction of the superior productiveness and efficiency of English labour. Rightly and naturally they would be unwilling to trust altogether to the imperfect tools which they would have to work with were they limited to the native population, who require to be taught better modes, and indoctrinated by example with better habits, before they can become really available labourers. The most valuable quality of Irish labour *at present*, viz. its cheapness, would have vanished with the removal of two millions of people from the land; and when the Celt and the Saxon alike demand two shillings a-day wages, no sane man can hesitate which he would employ. Landowners and farmers, therefore, who went over from this country or from Scotland to adventure their fortunes on Irish soil, would be sure to take over with them a certain number of English or Scottish agricultural peasants to act as the nucleus of their staff of labourers, and introduce steadier and more intelligent toil among the lazy and antiquated natives of the West. The redundant population of our rural parishes would thus be rapidly absorbed; the monstrous spectacle of men, young men, in the prime of life and the vigour of manhood and strength, dependent on the charity of others, and idly immured within the walls of a workhouse, would cease—let us hope for ever; as also the spectacle, scarcely less sad or reproachful, of whole families living upon earnings inadequate to their ample and healthy maintenance. Wages would rise to a level suitable for decent and comfortable

comfortable support; and—the vast immigration which now takes place from these districts into the metropolis and the manufacturing towns ceasing also—not only would wages rise there too, but we might hope to see not the extinction, indeed, but the reduction within such limits as improvidence and incapacity will long render permanent, of those numbers of half-employed tailors, needlewomen, and others, who form the really miserable and embarrassing portion of our city population.

What a prospect is here opened for a new era of hope, prosperity, and general ease and comfort! What an opportunity for the trial of promising experiments, and the success of long cherished but long baffled schemes for national amelioration! for the removal of those sore sufferings which have so long saddened the heart of the philanthropist, and those dark blots which have so long perplexed, alarmed, and reproached the statesman. For the first time for many generations the Poor Law might, without harshness, be re-organised on a principle of just and salutary sternness. The people, no longer reduced by superabundant numbers to beg for work as for an alms, might make reasonable terms with their employers; no longer compelled to toil unreasonable hours for necessary sustenance, they would be able to command both time and means for needful education, for humanizing recreations, and for consoling and restoring leisure; no longer ground down by the hard necessities of overpowering competition, they might expand and advance into a social condition of far loftier dignity and worth. If they used their opportunity aright they might put the fear of pauperism from them for ever, and become at once regenerated and disenthralled. The remuneration of the labourer might become as adequate, and his position as independent, as it is in New Zealand or America.

The question, how to provide sustenance and occupation for our increasing numbers, has long been a formidable rock a-head in the minds of our more thoughtful statesmen—especially since it appeared that the numbers employed in the cultivation of the soil was actually decreasing under the influence of improved implements and more scientific methods. Hitherto the marvellous expansion of our manufacturing industry has prolonged the time allowed us for the solution of the problem. As fast as the population increased in the agricultural districts, it has overflowed into the manufacturing counties and there been absorbed—*tant bien que mal*. But experienced and reflecting observers have for some time had misgivings that this could not last. We cannot always, nor long, continue to be the workshop of the world. As the population and the capital of other nations increase, they, like us, are driven

driven to strike out new lines of industry, and like us have attempted manufactures. Countries formerly altogether dependent upon us for their clothing, now in a great measure supply themselves. Countries that were formerly our customers are now our rivals. In one great department of industry—the cotton trade—this is particularly the case, notwithstanding the unexampled extent, rapidity, and continuance of its development. Russia, which we used to supply with *cloth*, we now only supply with *yarn*, the raw material of cloth; and even this they are now beginning to spin for themselves. To Germany we every year send a smaller proportion of the finished, and a larger proportion of the half-finished article. In the United States factories are rapidly multiplying, and our exports thither are yearly becoming more confined to the finer fabrics, which they have not yet learned how to produce as well or as cheaply as ourselves. Austria and Switzerland are our competitors in the market of Lombardy, and America in that of Brazil and even of China. Every year our own colonies embrace a larger proportion of our export trade. Unless, therefore, these increase in a greater ratio than hitherto, our manufactures cannot continue to extend at the rate which they have long maintained. Some other outlet for our yearly increase of numbers must, therefore, sooner or later be found; and this Ireland may supply.

The vast tide of Celtic emigration, which so many look upon with dread, and so many more with doubt, may and ought to become both their salvation and ours. Ireland's extremity must be made England's opportunity. It is one of those rare and glorious chances of redemption and achievement which occur but once in the lifetime of a nation, and, if rejected or passed by, are offered no more.

But what will be the influence of the Irish exodus upon the destinies of the great American Republic?

The population of the United States is probably the most mixed and heterogeneous on the face of the earth. The Slavonic element, which is entirely antipathic, is almost the only European one unrepresented there. The native German, the Anglo-Saxon, the Milesian and the Gaelic sub-varieties of the Celtic race—to say nothing of the African—have all contributed largely to the composition of that strange people. But if any reliance can be placed on the accuracy of the following table—which seems to have been constructed with great care by a Mr. William F. Robinson, and read before a learned and statistical assemblage at Clinton, in New York—the Celtic blood even now predominates. The gross population of the Union was, in 1850, a little above
twenty-

twenty-three millions, which, says Mr. Robinson, may be thus appropriated:—

Irish born	3,000,000
Irish by blood	4,500,000
German by blood or birth	5,500,000
Anglo-Saxon by blood or birth	3,500,000
French or other Celts by blood or birth	3,000,000
Coloured, free or slave	3,500,000
	<hr/>
	23,000,000

According to this table more than half the white population of the United States are Celts; more than a third Irish Celts; more than a seventh actually of Irish birth. This increasing predominance of a race of so strongly marked a character, and of qualities so opposed to those of the Anglo-Saxon, may well give rise to considerable anxiety on the other side of the Atlantic, and to interesting speculation here. If the Irish, enabled by their numbers to congregate together there as in the old country, and thus to withdraw themselves in a great measure from the influences of a new scene and a superior race, shall retain their national features unchanged, or only slightly modified, they may affect greatly the aggregate character and the political and social proceedings of the Union. The stern and resistless energies of the Anglo-Saxon may, and probably will, still enable him to retain the supremacy; but even then the destinies and the nature of the American people, as a whole, must be affected by this inordinate infusion of Irish blood. Their indomitable energies may not be impaired or tamed, but they may assume a wilder, rougher, and more reckless character. Already, we think, a change is perceptible. The Americans now are no longer the Americans of the days of Washington or his immediate successors. The style and tone of their civilization is scarcely what it was forty years ago. Their love of order, too, their obedience to law, their capacity of pacific and forbearing political warfare, will in all likelihood be impaired by the intermixture or the juxta-position, in such surpassing numbers, of a people turbulent and insubordinate by the habit of many generations. Even now this effect is felt much, and dreaded more. The Americans often display a lawlessness which was not formerly their characteristic. And, lastly, their friendly feeling towards England can scarcely fail to be weakened and embittered, when every year pours out upon their shores thousands upon thousands of men whose strongest feeling, perhaps, is blind and savage animosity against a race whom their agitators have long taught them to regard as spoliators and oppressors,

oppressors, and whose hatred even the boundless aid we extended to them in their hour of need has only been able slightly to assuage. This is a serious and painful consideration. It may be, that as years roll on—as experience develops to the Transatlantic Anglo-Saxon those peculiar characteristics of Irishmen which have made them so hopeless and impracticable here—as *they gradually come to bear the same relation in position and numbers to our descendants in America which they bore to ourselves in the old country*—as the incapacities and perversities with which they have perplexed, embarrassed, and exasperated us in Ireland, shall be reproduced in New England and New York;—the Yankees, bothered and baffled like ourselves, may come to confess that after all, probably, we were not so much to blame as they believed when they had only *heard* the Irish, not *felt* the English side of the question.

But it may be that the future has a better possibility in store. The Irish, transplanted into another soil, and subjected to the influences of a new political and moral atmosphere, may have their character modified, their deficiencies eliminated, and their excellences developed; and may reach a height of culture the loftiest of which their nature is susceptible. Or, finally, it may be that the Anglo-Saxon race—in spite of inferior numbers—shall, by virtue of its higher organization and its more untameable energies, be enabled to control and overmaster the other elements of the population—to give the tone to the miscellaneous crowd, and impress its own stamp on the aggregate of the heterogeneous mass; while, at the same time, by drawing from the other races intermingled with it whatever elements are wanting or inadequately developed in itself—by enriching its own nature with whatever is loveliest, worthiest, and most vivifying in the different peoples whom accident has made its fellow-citizens—it may solve the problem of the wonderful capabilities which lie hidden in the principle of ethnic amalgamation; and the issue may be the development of an harmonious combination of diverse qualities, such as a pure and unmixed race could never show.

ART. VI.—*Notes* by Sir Robert Heron, Bart. 2nd Edition. Grantham and London. 1851.

WE notice this work—though for the very reasons which make it a curiosity in its way—with considerable reluctance. The author gives us to understand that it is his first publication;* and he tells us that he completes and publishes it in this his *eighty-sixth* year. We have little desire to give pain to so young an author, and still less to disturb the complacency of so ancient a gentleman; but our readers will see presently that this task is forced upon us by the insolent and calumnious attacks which these *Notes* make on the principles which our Journal has always professed, and on the statesmen towards whom we have always felt the greatest political confidence and personal regard. If the *Notes* were of recent dates, we might conscientiously have disregarded them as innocuous though disreputable twaddle; but, though only published to-day, they profess to be a contemporaneous record of the observations of a long parliamentary life, beginning as far back as November, 1812, and continued by intervals down to the present time. It is the earlier portion of these *Notes*—written while the author must have been in the enjoyment of whatever capacity he ever possessed—that demands our notice; and we shall abstain from any observations on the more recent anilities, which we consider as protected from criticism by a kind of intellectual *Statute of limitation*.

Sir Robert Heron has been a somewhat obscure, though, it appears, abundantly zealous and superabundantly rancorous member of that Whig opposition which had so long, so factiously and—luckily for the country—so fruitlessly arrayed themselves against the principles of Mr. Pitt and of those eminent statesmen who were trained in his school, and who continued, in our time, the traditions of his administration and policy. We need, therefore, hardly say that our opinions on the chief political questions of the last forty years have little or nothing in common with those of Sir Robert Heron; but as we have had, during that whole period, abundant opportunities of defending our views against much weightier Whig authorities than the octogenarian Baronet, we are not at all inclined to reopen those discussions with *him*. Our single motive for noticing the book at all is, that amidst his very weak, desultory, and contradictory disquisitions—which we might safely leave to work their own refutation—Sir Robert has been, under some strange hallucina-

* We say *publication*, for it appears that most of the *Notes* were privately printed some years since, but not published. We wish for several reasons we had seen that first edition.

tion, induced to record, as *matters of fact*, imputations on our political friends, and in one instance at least against ourselves, of the most absolute *falsehood*—falsehood which can only be attributed to the grossest ignorance, or to the blindest malice, or a combination of both—and under which, personally contemptible as the penman may be, neither truth, justice, friendship, nor honour can permit us to be silent.

But before we arrive at those points of the case, our readers will perhaps desire to know something of the general character of the author and his work. Of the author we shall say little more than he himself tells us, but even that will not create any very high respect for the consistency and practical value of the opinions that he *now* professes. He gives us a few hints about his family and the origin of the station he occupies in society, which—as the boast of a *radical patriot*—is not without interest.

In 1777 John Earl of Buckinghamshire, being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, selected for his public Secretary one Mr. Richard Heron, a lawyer, it seems, of a doubtful rank—certainly not a barrister—and totally unknown in political or even public life. His nephew, the author of this work—who derives from him his rank, and a portion (it does not appear how much) of his fortune—tells us (p. 141) ‘his professional line was the *not brilliant* one of a *chamber counsel* or special pleader,’ and that—‘from not being worth a farthing’—‘he had acquired an income that allowed him to be living in respect and comfort in *Grosvenor Square*,’ at the time that he was so strangely selected by Lord Buckinghamshire for an important political office. We are afraid that Sir Robert’s gratitude to his benefactor—and perhaps the same vanity which induced him to record the residence in *Grosvenor Square*—may have caused him to assign to the old gentleman a professional grade, ‘*not brilliant*’ indeed—as he admits—but still somewhat higher than exact truth would warrant; for we find from an entry in the Rolls that ‘Richard Heron, of Newark, in the county of Nottingham, was admitted a *solicitor* on the 24th of May, 1748,’ and continued on the roll till the 25th of April, 1769—the date, we suppose, of his retirement to ‘the respect and comfort of *Grosvenor Square*.’

This attempt at what is vulgarly, and, on such an occasion, appropriately, called *swell*, is noticeable—not only as characteristic of the ludicrous vanity, which pervades the whole book and is in fact all that is amusing in it, but—as of some importance to Sir Robert’s subsequent account of this uncle, whose sudden protrusion into public life in so high a station created great astonishment and not a little censure. Sir Robert informs us that his uncle
‘filled

'filled his office *with honour to himself and advantage to Ireland*;' that 'he was *remarkable for his disinterestedness*, and was *scantily reimbursed for the profession he had abandoned* by the [sinecure] place of Collector of the Customs at Cork, from which he never derived more than 500*l.* per annum, though at his death it was found to have been worth 2000*l.* per annum' (p. 142). This report, however, of Mr. Heron's official success is not corroborated by history. Mr. Hardy, a most impartial witness, records in his *Life of Lord Charlemont* the public wonder and dissatisfaction at the appointment—*per saltum et insolitum*—of Lord Buckinghamshire's law and land agent as Chief Secretary for Ireland; and he naturally asks what, in the then state of Ireland, could be expected from one whose highest merits were those of a scrivener or conveyancer? 'Alas! good man,' adds Mr. Hardy, 'he was not only inadequate to the accumulation of duties that fell upon him, but to any part of it; neither his species of knowledge nor habits of life were in the *slightest degree assimilated to his situation*' (vol. i. p. 366). So far for his *ability*. Nor can we concur in the ostentatious praise of *disinterestedness*; for we think that a sinecure office for life of 2000*l.* a year (for so much was levied on the public, however Sir Richard may have mismanaged his affairs) was no very scanty reward for a highly-salaried residence of less than four years in a country which the recipient never saw before or after;* especially as his nephew inadvertently admits that he had made no professional sacrifice at all; having, as he tells us, previously retired to live on an elegant competency in Grosvenor Square. When Sir Robert wishes to justify the original appointment, he represents his uncle as an independent gentleman in Grosvenor Square; but presently, when he finds it necessary to justify the sinecure, he represents him as having been called away from *his profession*. Neither can we, in this point of view, omit to observe that, after Mr. Richard Heron had been about sixteen months in Ireland, he procured for himself an English baronetcy, with a special and unusual remainder to his elder *brother* Thomas, the father of our author—of whose *Notes* one of the most marked features is his generous indignation at the profligate jobbery which puts inefficient men into public offices, and rewards them extravagantly at the public expense.

* It appears in one of the Reports of the Committee of Financial Enquiry (1797), though not in the '*Notes*,' that Mr. Heron had been long before a sinecurist—a rich old maternal aunt having purchased for him the office of Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer in the Court of Exchequer, which he held to his death. This was not illegal, nor, according to the fashion of the times, blameable; but one cannot help observing that *patriots* as well as *courtiers* may be produced from the hotbeds of sinecure office.

As our chief concern about Sir Robert is the trustworthiness of his anecdotes, we are not sorry to take an opportunity of testing his accuracy on points in which there could be no *political* bias, either on his part or ours. We therefore select one or two of his family anecdotes. The fortune of our author's grandfather was so limited that he was unable to give his younger sons the same education which it seems he had given the eldest. This is thus complacently expressed:—

‘My grandfather grew tired of giving expensive educations to his very numerous family, and that advantage was denied to his younger sons.’—*Notes*, p. 140.

And this is confirmed by a subsequent Note, that when the youngest of these sons, the future Sir Richard, had arrived at man's estate and was advancing into life, ‘he had not a farthing in the world’ (p. 141); but, on the other hand, Sir Robert counterbalances this deficiency of education by the following extraordinary testimony to his uncle's natural abilities:—

‘Bishop Warburton conceived so high an opinion of Sir Richard's natural abilities, and so great a friendship for him, that he offered to shut himself up with him, and to do his utmost to assist him in the attainment of classical learning. I know not why it was declined.’—*Ib.* p. 142.

Swell again! We know that Mr. Warburton—who was not a bishop for five and thirty years after—obtained the living of Brant Broughton, near Newark, in 1728, when the future Sir Richard Heron was about four years old; that he lived in the parsonage there with his mother and sisters; and that there he wrote the *Divine Legation*, which he published in 1738, when little Heron was about fourteen. Was it while his eager and ambitious spirit was elaborating his great paradox that Warburton offered to shut himself up to teach classics to such a child; or was it after that great work, and in the midst of the *éclat*, the wonder, the hopes, the controversies that it occasioned, that the proud and ambitious dogmatist, now forty years old, and ‘the most impudent man alive,’ offered to shut himself up with an uneducated boy, at this period probably an attorney's apprentice, with whom he had no tie but a romantic kind of friendship? It is just possible that Warburton, as a clerical neighbour, may have remonstrated with old Heron on his neglect of the education of his younger children—it is possible, but hardly probable, that he may have even said that he would be glad to put the younger boy into the way of bettering his education—but the story, as coloured by Sir Robert's vanity, is morally, and we might almost say physically, impossible; and may be safely put on the same shelf with most of his more modern anecdotes.

We need hardly say that such Notes as we have described are likely to be of a heterogeneous character; but they are rendered more so by a whimsical peculiarity. Sir Robert, it seems, is an amateur naturalist, a kind of virtuoso—and he intercalates his observations on these pursuits amongst his political strictures without any sort of division or discrimination—which occasionally makes a mixture almost as droll as the old *Cross-readings*. For instance; after relating the sending Mr. Hobhouse to Newgate in 1819, he proceeds to say that Sir Francis Burdett took Mr. Hobhouse's part with extravagant violence; and goes on quietly to remark—

'I am afraid hydrophobia is become more prevalent than formerly in this country.'—*Ib.* p. 111.

—and then treats us with certain anecdotes of hydrophobia in his own stable and kennel—leaving a careless reader to imagine that the political insanity of Mr. Hobhouse and Sir Francis had some relation to the *rabies canina*. Again, in the spring of 1820, he gives us a long dissertation on the perfidy of King Ferdinand of Spain, who he expects will change the liberal colour of his policy at the first opportunity—

'An opportunity I hope he will never find.

'On Tuesday, the 28th March, a chameleon was sent me, about eleven inches in length, tail included. It came in a wicker basket, covered with flannel; it was then entirely of a light yellow. The next morning it was entirely of a bright green.'—*Ib.*, pp. 115, 116.

The change of the King and the chameleon are thus juxtaposed as if of equal importance.

About a month after he records in the same breath the death of the chameleon and the dissolution of Parliament.

And again,—

'The reckless expenditure of all our Administrations, and its sanction by all Houses of Commons, appears to me alarming and unaccountable. We have now been thirty-three years in the enjoyment of peace, and have increased rather than diminished the debt. Does any man believe that after another serious war the interest could be paid?

'Two red-cheeked paroquets from Australia laid three eggs,' &c.—*Ib.*, p. 317.

In 1825 we find the following jumble of subjects:—

'After having passed the Commons, the [Catholic Emancipation] bill was thrown out in the Lords by a large majority: this unfortunate result was chiefly to be ascribed to the virulent opposition of Lord Liverpool.

'My black swans have hatched four young ones, and brought them up with care and success. I believe they are the first black swans, bred in England, that have reproduced.'—*Ib.* p. 155.

And

And again—

'*Hunt* is thrown out, but he was more odious and troublesome to the Members than mischievous to the country. By way of exchange *Cobbett* is chosen; my expectation is that he will fall flat, but it may turn out otherwise; and should he have *Hunt's* impudence, he may still be more annoying.

'This morning I found a *large white gold-fish* in great distress; a male *toad* had fastened itself on the head and shoulders of the fish.'—*Ib.* pp. 200, 201.

And thus he goes on throughout, producing alternately, and apparently with equal interest, his *menagerie* at Stubton, and the national *menagerie* at *St. Stephen's*. All this mixture of matter and ideas is only incongruous, or at worst shows a little eccentricity; but here is an *à propos de bottes* at once more ludicrous and more serious:—

'*October, 1829.*—I brought up two young owls of this species on mice; but when the owls were old enough to come out in search of mice, their parents found them out and carried them away. The next year the experiment was tried again; but this time, in the scarcity of mice, the owls were fed on small birds, and the consequence was, they also ate the young and one old pigeon.

'The King of France suddenly this summer dismissed his Ministers, and appointed the Prince de Polignac his chief Minister. The Duke of Wellington had *certainly* a great share in this *intrigue*, and expected that all moderate men would rally round the Prince. . . . The Duke of Wellington is, *I have reason to know*, very much alarmed at the results of his own work.'—*Ib.* p. 181.

We do not presume to controvert Sir Robert's experiments on owls and mice; but as to the Duke of Wellington and Prince Polignac, we once before had occasion to state, on the best authority, and we now repeat, that the fact which Sir Robert says he has *reason to know*, is a downright lie, and so far from having any semblance of truth, that the Duke of Wellington was not only totally ignorant of the intended change, but that Prince Polignac actually embarked at Dover without paying the Duke, who was then at Walmer, the ordinary compliment of a visit or of even acquainting him with his departure.

On this political slander Sir Robert Heron contrives to hang a more detestable private one. He says twice over that Prince Polignac was the adulterous son of Charles X. There is abundant evidence that this is an infamous falsehood. The Duchess de Polignac was a model of all the domestic virtues, and not more remarkable for the beauty of her person and the quiet amiability of her character than for the purity of her life.

These are the kind of calumnious imputations of which we

complain; there is hardly a line in which he mentions any political adversary in which we could not expose partiality and injustice, and very often personal malice; and, indeed, we must add that in one respect he shows a kind of impartiality, for he equally misrepresents men of his own political party—nay, his leaders and parliamentary colleagues—when they happen in some way to have offended that sour and jealous vanity which is evidently the main feature of his character as it is of his book. We shall not descend to such details; and shall only notice a few of those libels on public subjects and on a larger scale, of which the refutation can be established by notorious facts and infallible dates:—

‘The late Sir W. Manners (Lord Huntingtower) sold three seats in Parliament to the Prince of Wales, *then pretending to be a Whig*: the three returned for Ilchester and Grantham were Sheridan, *John W. Ward*, and *Robert Smith*; for this, Sir William had the written promise of a Peerage. *When the Prince became Regent* the promise was claimed; the Regent informed Sir William that his Ministers would not consent to the Peerage, but that any sum of money he would name should be paid him. Lord Huntingtower said, “He could not put a pecuniary value upon the honour of a King.”’—*Ib.* p. 206.

We request our readers' attention to the chronology of this statement. All the three seats were sold to the Prince of Wales *before* he was Regent, and when he became Regent he is stated to have said—what, no doubt, he might most truly have said—that his Ministers would not permit such a scandalous traffic of the peerage. Now for the facts and dates. It is true that in the year 1807 Sheridan was returned for Ilchester; we know not whether by any special interposition of the Prince—but if so, it contradicts a subsequent imputation of the Prince's ungrateful indifference to Sheridan; but we do know that there was *then* no prospect that the Prince was likely to have peerages at his early disposal—his father's illness taking place three years later; as, however, the other two-thirds of the story are indisputably false, we need not trouble ourselves with that point. As to John William Ward (*Lord Dudley*) and Robert (*Bobus*) Smith, we begin by observing that Sir Robert Heron must have been strangely ignorant of the menagerie at St. Stephen's when he *classed* those gentlemen as followers of the Prince of Wales; everybody knows that they were both adherents of Mr. Canning—at that time most obnoxious to the Prince; but the dates settle the question. John William Ward was returned for Ilchester and *Bobus* Smith for Grantham in 1812, more than a year subsequent to the *Regency*: and thus vanishes that fable.

As we are upon the subject of poor Sheridan and the Regent,

we

we may notice another of Sir Robert's invidious misrepresentations :—

'The Regent left his *companion* Sheridan to pass his time in a sponging-house, but was shamed into sending him a paltry sum of money when it was too late.'—*Ib.* p. 131.

We have no desire to rake up the melancholy story of poor Sheridan's last moments ; it is enough to say that he died in his *own house* in Saville Row ; that the story of the sponging-house is a disreputable interpolation of Sir Robert Heron's malignity ; and, we will add of our own knowledge, that the assistance of the Regent was proffered as soon as the want of it was suspected.

It is remarkable that there are no words that occur more frequently in Sir Robert's criticisms on his contemporaries than *political apostacy* ; generally accompanied by some enhancing epithet—such as *vile, shameless, profligate*, and so forth. Thus, George IV. is taxed with '*profligate apostacy*' on the Catholic question ; he having really been, amidst all his personal friends and all his political advisers, the person who had exhibited the least inconsistency on that particular point—his first and real and only *apostacy* being—as he himself emphatically said to Sir Robert Peel—his reluctant consent to the Emancipation Bill in 1829.

Apostacy in our author's vocabulary means any difference from his own opinion *for the time being* ; but, while he uses such hard measure to others, he totally overlooks that his own changes of principle might be treated with equal harshness, and more justice ; for instance, he now professes to be a Radical Reformer, even to the extent of the Ballot, but that is after having sat for the forty years of his parliamentary existence for *nomination boroughs*. This, and much less than this, he would denounce in any other man as *profligate apostacy*. In 1815 we find him a great advocate for high Corn Laws. He was one of the Whigs of that day who did not think that Lord Liverpool's scale was sufficiently protective, and the honourable Baronet was so obnoxious for his concurrence 'with the Minister and a great majority of the House' (p. 50) that he was himself—

'attacked by the mob, and for five minutes in their hands, but I escaped from them with no other injury than the loss of a part of my coat.'—*Ib.* p. 50.

Our respect for Sir Robert's age forbids our reproducing the traditions of the laughable exhibition that he made of himself on that occasion ; our present concern is with his political consistency—and his readers and ours must be surprised to find that after all his zeal and suffering in the agricultural cause he has now become

become a *Free Trader*, and exhibits himself both in his votes and his 'Notes' a hearty disciple of the Anti-Corn-Law League. We will not look into his pages for the terms in which he would expose even a minor inconsistency in a political adversary!

He was it seems at first very ambitious of making some figure in parliament. We refrain (for the personal reasons we have already stated) from saying why it was that he was so unsuccessful as to have made, we believe, not above half-a-dozen attempts at oratory in forty years—and two or three out of these unlucky even to ridicule; but he delights to tell us of a couple of minor exploits achieved in Committees, and he has thought these instances creditable to his talents and his candour.

'I was engaged during the Session (1815) in two* different matters respecting individuals, in both of which I was on the successful side. Croker of the Admiralty, *one of the most determined jobbers*, whether from caprice, personal feeling, or *some strange fancy to obtain credit with the public for an economy* which he never seriously sought after, took it into his head to oppress the four Marine Barrack-masters, most ancient and deserving servants of the public, by depriving them of the fair and allowed advantages of their situations without any adequate remuneration. The Treasury were easily brought to decide in their favour, but the Admiralty, who had already given an opinion favourable to them, was induced to support the measure of Croker. At last the subject came before the House of Commons in a Select Committee, which at length decided in favour of the barrack-masters. The great difficulty was to get a sufficient number of the Committee to attend to prevent the matter being smuggled through by Croker and the few who had lent themselves to this *job*.'—*Ib.* pp. 59, 60.

This is a new version of the term *job*. That a public officer should endeavour to reform a public abuse and to *prevent* an improvident and undeserved grant of public money to his own subordinates—is very unlike what is usually called a *job*; but if any one will take the trouble of looking into the Journals of the House of Commons, he will find that there is *not one syllable of truth* in the whole story from beginning to end, and that the very reverse was—and must have been—the fact. As this is a matter in which Sir Robert says that he was *personally engaged*, we shall trespass on the patience of our readers with a summary of the transaction, collected from the documentary evidence of the case, which anybody may consult, as we have done. The

* The second of these cases, of which Sir Robert seems so proud, we do not think it worth while to go into—it is, in our judgment, very discreditable to him, for he confesses in his *Notes* that he knew that his case was a bad one, though he did not scruple to assert in Parliament his entire confidence in its propriety and justice—compare *Notes*, p. 60, and *Hansard*, June 2, 1815—the case of Governor Ainslie; and he totally misstates the issue of the affair, on which he had no kind of influence. *Swell again!*

Barrack-masters of Marines had plied a kind of private trade in coals, blankets, and other necessities supplied to the troops, buying at wholesale and charging at retail prices; this was obviously a great abuse, and a new arrangement was made for supplying all those articles by public contract. The Barrack-masters remonstrated that they lost about 500*l.* a-year each by this reform; they alleged that the existing practice was old, well known, and recognised by former governments, and by two Committees of Inquiry, in 1802 and 1805, and that they had received their offices on that acknowledged footing; this they made out in point of fact, and the Admiralty, desirous of giving them an equitable compensation, took the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, who reported decidedly that the Admiralty had no power to do so. When this was communicated to the Barrack-masters they earnestly solicited the Admiralty to endeavour to overcome the legal difficulty, and one of them on the part of the rest addressed a letter to Mr. Croker to the following effect:—

‘Portsmouth, October 16, 1814.

‘I have the honour to acknowledge your communication informing me that the *law officers’ opinion* was unfavourable to the power. Our case being thus taken out of the hands of our natural protectors, I trust you, Sir, will pardon my entreating *a continuance of your individual good offices*, and that through *your favour and kindness* our case may be brought to the consideration of the Treasury,’ &c. &c.

Upon this Mr. Croker, on the part of the Board of Admiralty, made a ‘*favourable recommendation*’ of the case to the Lords of the Treasury, who took the same view of the equity of the request, but were of opinion with the law officers that it could not be accomplished but by a special sanction of Parliament, which they suggested that Mr. Croker might endeavour to obtain. Accordingly, on the 2nd of May, 1815, Mr. Croker moved to refer the Barrack-masters’ claim to a committee of twenty-one members—and in looking at their names in the Journals it is evident that if any reproach could be made to the list it might be that it was selected with too much favour to the Barrack-masters; and accordingly nothing could proceed more smoothly. The Committee sat, heard evidence, and reported, as far as appears, unanimously, on the 6th of June, in favour of the grant, which was subsequently adopted.

Such are the *facts*; and we are entirely at a loss to imagine how our Baronet could have got into his head a notion of the transaction so entirely at variance with the obvious and indisputable reality. We almost doubt whether he could have had any personal

sonal knowledge of the affair, for, if we are to believe the Journals, *Sir Robert Heron* was not on the Committee, nor do *Hansard* or the newspapers of the day indicate that he had any share whatsoever in the matter. This is odd enough; but still more surprising is it that, having, as he, however inaccurately, boasts, thus forced the Government to an expense which they thought indefensible, he winds up his account of the session with the following self-gratulation, and, in truth, self-contradiction:—

‘I can reflect with some satisfaction that I have, during the whole session, never omitted *any exertions in my power* to promote the *great object of public economy*.’—*Ib.* p. 67.

There are two or three other *Notes* in which Mr. Croker's name is introduced, and which, if it were worth while, we could show by dates and documents to be totally false:—fortunately the malice is so transparent that it can injure no one but its author.

There is, however, an historical point on which Sir Robert has chosen to make Mr. Croker the occasion of an attack on this Journal which requires a reply on our part. He asserts that at the approach of the Queen's Coronation there appeared—

‘a most malicious article in the Quarterly Review against Soult, evidently for the purpose of preparing a hostile reception for him in this country. The Duke of Wellington entreated its suppression, but in vain; it appeared in all its bad taste and viciousness.’—*Ib.* p. 236.

In reply to this we beg leave, on our own parts, to say that the interference attributed to the Duke of Wellington is a mere fable—for which there was not the slightest colour; and as to all the rest, we request a moment's attention to a few facts and dates which Sir Robert Heron chooses to suppress.

The Queen's Coronation having been fixed for the 28th of June, 1838, it was announced in Paris about the middle of April that Marshal Soult was to be the Ambassador—‘a soldier,’ said the French Government papers, ‘whom we may show with pride to our friends, and *with confidence to our enemies*.’—(*La Presse*, 23rd of April, 1838.) Just at the same time—that is, *twenty-four years after the event to be celebrated*—there was announced a public subscription in France for the erection of a *Monument* to record the *victory of Marshal Soult over the Duke of Wellington at Toulouse in 1814*—and to this ridiculous gasconade the *French Government officially* gave its sanction and a subscription of 1000 francs. The next step was a more direct and obtrusive insult. Soult, while commanding the *Grand Army* assembled for the invasion, had begun the erection of a column

on the heights above Boulogne, '*in honour of Napoleon, and of the army destined to the conquest of England.*' The Restoration found this pillar incomplete, and Louis XVIII., with great good taste, caused it to be finished, with appropriate accessories, as a monument of *Peace*; but now, on the 14th of May, 1838—a month after Marshal Soult's nomination, and six weeks before his expected journey to England,—the French Ministry proposed, and the Chamber of Deputies voted by acclamation, a sum of 150,000 francs for the avowed purpose of *restoring* the monument to the *hostile aspect* which its founder Marshal Soult had originally given it, and which it was for the honour of France that it should wear on the present occasion. To these demonstrations of the insulting temper in which Marshal Soult was chosen for this mission our Ministry affected to be blind, and we *literary folks* had no immediate concern with them; but just about the same time, that is the middle of the month of May, there was published in Paris an essay on the battle of Toulouse by the French General Jucherau de Saint Denys, claiming, by the help of a series of the most elaborate misrepresentations and falsehoods, the battle of Toulouse as a complete and splendid triumph of Soult over Wellington. It was this *challenge* that called *us* into the field. Our reluctance to come forward, and our motive for doing so, will be best explained by two or three of the preliminary sentences of our article:—

'We know not whether our good friends the French may have speculated upon *this* as a favourable moment for advancing their claims to a victory over one whom they never had defeated, and who had beaten in succession their great Emperor and all his Marshals, from an expectation that British hospitality would rather submit in silence to such an insulting claim than cloud the *visit of Marshal Soult to the British Court* by asserting the disagreeable truths with which the subject is pregnant. If such was their expectation, they have been mistaken. *We certainly should not have chosen such a moment for such a discussion.* The French have made that choice themselves, and the question has been—*just at this time*—brought forward, not only by the private partisans of Marshal Soult, but by the public authorities of France, and even by the Government itself. *We* therefore have no option between sanctioning by our acquiescence what we deem to be an imposture, and vindicating, as we shall incontrovertibly do, historical truth and the honour of our country. The inopportunity of the discussion (if it be inopportune) is not chargeable on *us*; we *only answer a call loudly, repeatedly, and authoritatively made*—and made, as it seems, *advisedly* for this special occasion.'—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. 62, p. 163. (June, 1838.)

With this explanation our readers will be able to appreciate the candour of Sir Robert Heron with respect to ourselves, as well as his

his feeling for the honour of his country. And the following observation on the Duke of Wellington's Salamanca campaign will exhibit still more strongly both his patriotism and his candour:—

'In Spain Marmont, by a *single error*, gave Lord Wellington an *opportunity* of gaining the battle of Salamanca.'—p. 8.

Lord Wellington, it seems, would not have had sense enough to have found the opportunity, if Marmont, in a single moment of error, had not furnished him with it. Sir Robert proceeds:—

'But, instead of pursuing Marmont till he had entirely destroyed his army, he suffered him to repose and collect his forces; whilst the English army sat down before the strong castle of Burgos, and, having sustained great losses by unsuccessful assaults, it was reduced to the necessity of a rapid, disorderly, and disgraceful retreat, by which it was rendered unable to undertake any *further operations*.'—p. 8.

But when, after this modest and patriotic depreciation of the Duke of Wellington's generalship, we looked forward in the volume for some mention of the subsequent advance of this disgraced and disabled army from the Douro to the Ebro, from the Ebro to the Bidassoa, from the Bidassoa to the Adour, from the Adour to the Garonne—over the battlefields of Vittoria, Pampeluna, St. Sebastian's, the Pyrenees, the Nivelle, Bayonne, Orthes, Toulouse—of all this we found—*not a trace!*—and the pages in which we might chronologically have expected some notice of these glorious and heart-stirring deeds, we find occupied by a long dissertation on the breeding of *Pea-fowl!* (pp. 23-26.)

Amidst numerous petty sneers and cavils at the memory of Mr. Pitt, the following is the only one that we think worth especial refutation—and that chiefly with the object of denying that there can be any resemblance between the two statesmen whom Sir Robert chooses to bring into comparison:—

'Peel like Pitt delights in feeble colleagues, but with this difference, that *Vansittart by his ignorance and presumption* did infinite mischief to the country; while Goulburn, not a whit more able, is perfectly inoffensive, because Peel executes the office himself.'—*Id.* p. 295.

Thus it seems that this accurate observer and great political critic imagined that Mr. Vansittart had been Mr. Pitt's Chancellor of the Exchequer; the fact being that Mr. Pitt filled that office himself during his entire ministry; that Mr. Vansittart was not even Mr. Pitt's Secretary of the Treasury—and did not become Chancellor of the Exchequer till after the death of Mr. Perceval, six years after Mr. Pitt's; and, to be sure, those who can remember anything of Mr. Vansittart cannot but smile at hearing Sir Robert Heron denouncing as '*ignorant and presumptuous*' a statesman

statesman of whom the most remarkable qualities were his vast fund of information on *all*, though especially on financial subjects, and an almost blameable modesty and diffidence in his own opinion and abilities. Nor is Sir Robert Heron any better founded in his assertion that '*Pitt* delighted in feeble colleagues.' Mr. Pitt's administration always comprised the most distinguished statesmen of the day, and most of them of personal characters the very reverse of subservient or even complying—Lords Thurlow, Loughborough, and Eldon, in the law; the Duke of Richmond and Lord Cornwallis at the Ordnance; Lords Howe and Spencer at the Admiralty; the Dukes of Portland and Buckingham, the first two Lord Camdens, Lords Wellesley, Fitzwilliam, Mansfield, Grenville, Melville, Harrowby, Mulgrave, Liverpool, Castlereagh; Messrs. Yorke, Windham, Huskisson, and Canning! The truth is, that, however inferior any one of his colleagues might be to the great Minister himself, they were the most eminent men that the country afforded, and the ablest for their respective departments. Mr. Pitt was equally above any dread of a rival, or any jealousy of a colleague.

Sir Robert Heron winds up another clumsy comparison between Mr. Pitt and the late Lord Londonderry (Castlereagh) with the following libellous innuendo:—

'*Pitt* was disinterested with regard to the acquisition of money for himself, though he connived at the most shocking plunder of the country by his friends. *Here the comparison fails*; at least it is somewhat difficult to account for *the immense property* said to have been acquired by *Lord Londonderry's father during the administration of his son.*'—*Ib.* p. 136.

Our readers are aware that we have had opportunities of observing very nearly the whole course of Lord Castlereagh's political and private life, and we have had both formerly and recently such minute and authentic information as to his private concerns as fortunately enables us to give to this imputation a superfluous perhaps, but most absolute and unequivocal contradiction. Lord Castlereagh's father made no '*immense acquisition of property during the administration of his son*;' that son never contributed one penny to the acquisition of any property, great or small, by his father—nor did he make any such acquisitions on his own part;—on the contrary, Lord Castlereagh had from his father a large annual allowance, in addition to whatever official income he might be in the receipt of, and both together would have been inadequate to the expenses of his station if he had not also had a considerable accession of private fortune by his wife. It is a matter of notoriety that Lord Castlereagh's early elections for the county of Down cost his father a sum of

60,000*l.*,

60,000*l.*, from which the old Lord felt a serious degree of inconvenience even to the close of his life. It is irksome to be forced—yet consolatory to be able—to defend so pure and generous a character as Lord Castlereagh's from the imputation of meanesses which never had any existence except in the foul fancy of his accuser.

Sir Robert Heron's slanders are indeed for the most part the production of his own wayward intellect; but he sometimes affects to cite his authority—as in the following instance, where the calumny is so palpable that, even if it was related to him, *which we very much doubt*, the smallest degree of thought or inquiry must have detected it:—

‘About the year 1796 or 7 the Duke of Portland wished to bring in his son, Lord William, for the county of Nottingham, but it was necessary to find a seat for his brother Lord Edward, who then sat for the county. He accordingly purchased of *Sir John Lister* a seat at Clitheroe for 4000*l.*, but when the time arrived for payment he had no money; *he had just then joined Pitt*, and asked Sir J. L. if a peerage would satisfy him, and Sir J., accepting it, became Lord Ribblesdale. This anecdote was told me by Mr. Groom, who acted as *agent* for both parties.’—*Ib.*, pp. 338-9.

We say nothing as to the degree of credit which a man of honour would be inclined to give to *an agent* who could thus betray his employers in a most delicate trust, because we do not believe Sir Robert's assertion as to Mr. Groom—who was a very respectable man, and whose credit, in our opinion, stands much higher than that of Sir Robert Heron. But in truth it is no question of credit, for the dates and material facts defeat the whole allegation. Sir Robert Heron's statement is, that a certain election of Clitheroe took place, for which 4000*l.* was to be subsequently paid—that when the time of payment arrived, the Duke of Portland, ‘*who had just joined Pitt*,’ had no money—[the Duke of Portland no money!]*—*but induced *Sir John Lister* to waive it for a peerage. Now, it appears from the London Gazette, the Journals of Parliament, the Annual Register, &c., that the Duke of Portland joined Mr. Pitt in the spring of 1794—in the July of which year he was gazetted as Secretary of State for the Home Department. The election of Lord E. Bentinck for Clitheroe did not take place till the 27th of September, 1796, two years and three months *after* the date of the Duke's junction with Mr. Pitt; and the peerage itself was not conferred until October, 1797. These dates sufficiently refute Sir Robert's fable. The truth of the case was this. About the close of 1797 Mr. Pitt resolved to make a large promotion in the peerage, principally of his *country gentlemen* supporters; and accordingly the Gazette of the 10th of October

tober announced *fifteen* new baronies. In this number was the gentleman whom Sir Robert Heron, with his usual accuracy, calls *Sir John Lister*, but who was, in fact, *Thomas Lister, Esq.* The Lister family had always been connected in politics with the Duke of Portland, and, this being the first creation of Peers since the great coalition between Mr. Pitt and the Portland party, it was very natural that this party should have a share in the promotion. Mr. Lister accordingly appeared in the same list with Mr. Grenville, Mr. Orde Powlett, Sir Gilbert Elliott, Sir John Wodehouse, Sir John Rushout, Mr. Powis, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Mackenzie, and other supporters of Mr. Pitt. It was a large promotion, no doubt, and it naturally excited a great deal of angry animadversion at the time; but, amidst all the faction of the day, we have never seen any imputation that any one of those peerages had been sold. We add, as a further corroboration of the community of personal and political feeling between the Duke of Portland and Lord Ribblesdale, that *five years* after this transaction, and when Mr. Pitt was out of office, the same Lord E. Bentinck was *re-elected* for Clitheroë to the Imperial Parliament.

Let us return to more modern times.

Of course Sir Robert Heron could not be otherwise than a partisan of Queen Caroline, and amongst other calumnies on this subject we find the following Note:—

‘The King has not even the decency to wait for the interment of the Queen before *he exhibits himself in banquets and processions in Ireland*; a measure which at any other season would have been *just and politic*.’—*Ib.* p. 129.

All the world knows, or may know by consulting the Annual Register, that the King embarked at Portsmouth for his ‘*just and politic*’ visit to Ireland on the 31st of July—before there was any idea of the Queen’s illness. The yachts had a stormy passage, and did not reach Holyhead till the 4th of August, where the King found the *first account* that the Queen was ill. It had been originally and naturally planned that he should enter Dublin on his *birthday*, the 12th of August; but in consequence of this news he remained on board his yacht in the Welsh harbour of Holyhead in the most perfect seclusion till the 12th, five days after the death of the Queen; he then quitted the royal yacht, crossed over into Ireland in a small steam-packet, and, instead of a public reception, which had been magnificently prepared for him in Dublin, he landed privately at the little port of Howth, and proceeded, without entering the city, to the country residence of the Lord-Lieutenant, where he remained—still in the most entire seclusion—until two days after the Queen’s body had been embarked for the Continent—when he yielded to the advice of his Ministers and
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the impatience of the Irish people and made his official entry into Dublin on the 17th of August. The difficulties under which the King was placed by so many unforeseen accidents were certainly very peculiar, but we never, until we read Sir Robert Heron's extraordinary Note, were aware of the slightest doubt of his proceedings having been most strictly and delicately what they should be under a strange concurrence of circumstances entirely beyond his Majesty's control.

We are unwilling to extend in any degree the pain (if pain can be excited by such trash) which individuals might feel at the impertinent and injurious comments which Sir Robert Heron makes almost promiscuously on his political friends and adversaries. But there are a few touches which will complete our picture of Sir Robert Heron without, we hope, giving pain to anybody.

The following passage—under the date of *April, 1813*—will more than justify all that we have already suggested as to Sir Robert's good faith, to say nothing of his good manners:—

'The Duke of Cumberland is gone suddenly to the continent, no one knows *why or where*, bearing with him *universal contempt and detestation*.'—*Ib.* p. 16.

A more candid inquirer would have discovered that, as the great tide of continental war was reaching the confines of Hanover, it became necessary to the interests of that country and the honour of the royal family that one of them—a soldier—should appear on the scene ready to take a part in the events that might occur. The Duke of Cumberland accordingly joined the headquarters of the Prussians, served—as far as a volunteer could—with distinction in those gigantic campaigns, and was on the spot when the hour of deliverance arrived to take military possession of his father's hereditary dominions, which were to be afterwards his own kingdom. A few pages forward from this injurious mention of the Prince, Sir Robert Heron notices the brilliant and decisive battle of Culm, by which, after the battle of Dresden, Vandamme was cut off, and the whole fortune of the war changed; but he does not tell us that the Duke of Cumberland was present in that remarkable struggle, and exhibited throughout the hereditary courage of his family. When Sir Robert Heron noticed with such expressions of contempt the Duke of Cumberland's sudden disappearance, *nobody knew why or where*, he ought in common honesty to have mentioned the Prince's re-appearance in the hard-fought fields that opened the final deliverance of Europe.

We hope Lord Brougham will excuse our noticing the following ridiculous libel upon him:—

'Brougham is continually asking why he was not Lord Melbourne's Chancellor.

Chancellor. He knows well enough that Lord Melbourne had told him *most confidentially a most important secret*; no other person was present except the late Lord Sefton, and the next morning it appeared in Lord Brougham's paper. The secret was the *intended dissolution of Parliament*.'—p. 276.

An intended dissolution of Parliament a *secret* from the *Chancellor*!—and communicated to him—the *holder of the Great Seal*!—in presence of Lord Sefton, who was not in office, nor even a Privy Councillor, and was one of the greatest quidnuncs about town!—a new mode of handling state secrets. The charge as against Lord Brougham is absurd; but the whole story, even as against Lord Sefton, seems fundamentally false; for we do not remember any dissolution during the time that Lord Melbourne was Minister and Lord Brougham Chancellor.

Lord Brougham, it seems, had from the outset the good luck of being no favourite with Sir Robert Heron. We find Sir Robert objecting to Mr. Brougham's wishes to succeed to the lead of the party in the House of Commons, on the score of—*what, for a ducat?*—Mr. Brougham's not being a sufficiently fluent debater!

'He is not ready, and seldom succeeds when suddenly called upon.'—p. 68.

And he modestly proceeds to tell us, that, happening on one signal occasion to speak after Mr. Brougham had made one of his most remarkable philippics, 'which was,' he says, 'universally disapproved,' *he*, Sir Robert Heron, came to the rescue, and repaired Brougham's failure 'to the almost general satisfaction' of the House (p. 69). Poor Mr. Brougham!

Indeed, Sir Robert Heron appears to have been as difficult to please as to any other person's eloquence as he was indulgent to his own *duck-winged* flights, if we may use his own ornithological style. It is in February, 1813—after what he considers the most fortunate of those attempts—being one of the very few that he got fairly through—that he says—with an obvious feeling that there was *one* exception—

'there is certainly a great deficiency of oratory in the House of Commons' (p. 12)—

there happening to be at that time in the House—to say nothing of the *oratores minores*, many of whom ripened into eminence—Milnes, Horner, Elliot, Ponsonby, General Fitzpatrick, Jekyll, Whitbread, Tierney, Romilly, Wilberforce, Grattan, Sir William Grant, Sir William Scott, Huskisson, Peel, Palmerston, Plunkett, Dudley, Melbourne, Castlereagh, Canning, and—Sir Robert Heron!

Sir Robert, if he were to see our pages—which indeed we wish
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he may not, for they would probably pain him, and certainly could not correct him—would, we fear, be grievously offended at finding himself classed with Mr. Canning, of whose speeches—the delight of every *soul* who heard them—he thought, at this time, as meanly as he did of his general character. ‘They were,’ he says, ‘got up with much labour and trouble’ (p. 13). Even as early as 1813 Sir Robert judiciously prognosticated that such artificial oratory and ‘such an enormous quantity of hoarded quotations must soon be exhausted, and that the country then would have time to observe the almost total want of argument.’ But this was not all:—

‘*Profligate and false* in his politics, he [Canning] is industrious and cunning, but he must now *sink into insignificance*.’

So again, in 1817, he scornfully alludes to—

‘the slender talents for eloquence in the Legislature, which are still more diminished. Canning is returned; but his powers appear to have sunk with his character.’—*Ib.* p. 80.

In the same judicious spirit Sir Robert pronounces in 1827 that ‘Huskisson’s character is gone’ (p. 170)—at the very moment of Mr. Huskisson’s whole life at which it certainly stood highest in the estimation of every one except Sir Robert Heron.

In one who unites, in a nearly unexampled degree, the highest qualities of the lawyer, the statesman, and the orator—who combines the most cogent reasoning with the clearest and most persuasive elocution—in *Sir John Copley* Sir Robert could perceive nothing but—‘*vox et præterea nihil*’ (p. 92); and every other observation which, in the course of his work, he makes upon *Lord Lyndhurst* is marked by the same discrimination, candour, and truth. One of them is important enough to deserve a distinct contradiction:—

‘Scarlett was recommended by Canning as Chancellor to the King, who rejected him and insisted on Copley. On this Canning expressed a doubt whether Copley would accept the seals from *him*; the King then summoned Copley, who could not arrive before half-past twelve at night, being out of town: he saw the King, and went away Chancellor.’—*Ib.* p. 167.

Scarlett was *not* recommended as Chancellor by Canning, nor was Copley insisted on by the King. From the first moment that Mr. Canning foresaw the possibility of being called upon to form a Government, he had contemplated Sir John Copley—then Master of the Rolls, and the first legal reputation in the country—as his Chancellor, and had communicated that conditional intention to their common friends. When the crisis came, Copley happened to be out of town—(and this is the single particle of truth in Sir Robert Heron’s statement)—and, on his way

way back, met a messenger with Mr. Canning's offer of the Seals ; he proceeded to town, had a clear explanation with Mr. Canning as to the maintenance of his opinions on the Catholic question, which Mr. Canning not only consented to, *but was very glad of*—for what he most desired at that moment was Protestant colleagues and, *above all, a Protestant Chancellor*. After this short preliminary interview Canning took Copley directly to the King—the first time he had ever been in his Majesty's private presence. He was graciously received, and came out of the closet Lord Chancellor and was created in a day or two Lord Lyndhurst. If our readers will look back to the Quarterly Review, July, 1831, p. 522, they will see that it was Sir Robert Heron's Whig friends that sacrificed their opinion on the Catholic question to Mr. Canning, and not Lord Lyndhurst, who did not make even a compromise.

It is distasteful and grievous to us to be forced by this crazy simpleton to reproduce on so small an occasion the illustrious names we have above enumerated—*many* of whom we loved—most of whom we admired—*all* of whom (even our political antagonists of the hour) we knew, and valued for various ranges of moral, intellectual, and statesman-like qualities. We wish our tribute to their merit and their memories could be paid on a worthier occasion ; but we have no choice—now or never!—and we shall conclude this topic by confessing that the only thing that looks like candour throughout the entire volume is the kind of moral courage—very like impudence—which has induced Sir Robert to publish concerning such men such passages as we have quoted, with many others, which, to avoid extending idle scandal, we have not quoted.

We have exhausted our space, our time, and perhaps the patience of our readers—certainly our own. We could have extended ten times farther our exposure of this farrago of nonsense and libel ; but we have confined ourselves to some prominent cases which admitted of documentary and chronological refutation. We trust, however, that we have done enough in thus warning the public against about the falsest and most impudent publication we have ever happened to read—a task which we should not have undertaken at this moment, if we were not afraid that ill-informed persons might hereafter say that an ancient Baronet, of forty years' standing in Parliament, had published such and such things without having been *in his lifetime* refuted or even questioned.

ART. VII.—*The Roman States, from 1815 to 1850.* By Luigi Carlo Farini. Translated from the Italian by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for the University of Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. 1851.

LUIGI Carlo Farini is a natural subject of the Papal throne. He was born at Russi in the province of Ravenna, 1812. He studied at Bologna, and practised physic in his native village—but from an early age, it would seem, he has made politics his real business. In 1834 he took a part in the insurrectionary movements in Romagna. He then escaped to Florence, and from thence directed the revolutionary attempts that were made at Rimini in 1843. He was the author of the ‘Manifesto to the European Powers,’ and we must not omit that he subsequently became the editor of the journal called the *Risorgimento*. Under the amnesty of 1846 he returned to the Roman States, and obtained the appointment of Physician to the Hospital at Osimo. In 1848 he was named by the Electoral College of his native place a Member of the Constitutional Chamber, and became Under-Secretary of the Interior in Pius IX.’s first lay ministry. On the change of ministry he resigned, and ‘in October,’ says Mr. Gladstone, ‘he was appointed (by Rossi) Director of the Board of Health, but was ejected by the triumvirs of the republic.’ He resumed his office on the entry of the French, and, although he continued to retain it after the Pope’s formal condemnation of the Constitution by the ‘*motu proprio*’ of September, 1849, he was again dismissed by the triumvirate of Cardinals. He retired to Turin, and has there been appointed Minister of Public Instruction.

The reputation of Signor Farini must have attracted our attention to a history from his pen; but when we saw that a statesman and writer of Mr. Gladstone’s eminence had bestowed on it his valuable time, and the still more valuable sanction of his name, our curiosity was greatly quickened. We then looked with confidence for some startling revelation of facts—some candid avowal of the errors into which the well-meaning of the liberal party had been betrayed—some exposure of the arts by which they had been ensnared. We hoped for some bold and honest announcement of unpalatable truth—some solemn warning that noble ends cannot be brought about by unworthy means—that calumnies, plots, and assassinations never permanently served the cause of freedom—that they make constitutional government impossible, and reaction terrible—that secret societies demoralise a people far more than all the oppressions of tyranny. We looked for an assurance that political regeneration can be secured only by moral progress, and that to attempt it by rousing the

the worst passions of the worst classes of society is to dress a festering wound with vitriol. Something at least of this kind we thought ourselves entitled to expect—but our disappointment is complete. We find little in the book to distinguish it from its countless predecessors. We have merely a repetition of the same Jesuitical subterfuges and the same often refuted calumnies—epithets at variance with the facts—conclusions in contradiction of their premises. Such as it is, however, it may be considered as the manifesto of the *moderate reformers*. Such a party, we are assured, did exist and still exists; Signor Farini professes to be its organ—and an ex-minister of the English Crown, a member of Sir Robert Peel's last Cabinet, vouchsafes to be his interpreter.

In strict accordance with established precedent the author commences by attributing all the crimes and misfortunes of Europe to the treaties of 1815. Nevertheless, there is no point on which we appeal with so much confidence to the judgment of history, as the conduct of that alliance which Signor Farini sneers at as 'afterwards called holy.' Never, we will venture to say, were greater magnanimity and disinterestedness displayed than by some of its leading members—never did political arrangements, made under circumstances at all similar, betray less of selfish and narrow views. The plans of consolidation which it attempted were conceived with a view to connect sympathising and kindred races, and to advance material prosperity. Stability was preferred to aggrandisement. It was against the interest of all to set up what could not stand of itself; it was against the interest of each to grasp what it might not reasonably be thought possible to retain. Signor Farini complains that 'Italy, after having been trampled upon for twenty years by aliens of every race, saw its finest provinces *deprived of their ancient liberties, and dragged under the yoke of Austria*' (p. 3). Who would suppose, from this and similar declamations, that to each of the States of Italy its ancient limits and government were assigned—with the two exceptions of Genoa, which was united to Piedmont, and Venice, which was added to the Austrian province of Lombardy? The former of these measures was a step towards the independence as well as union of Italy; the latter at least towards its union—that union which Italians profess to desire, but in reality so cordially hate. At that time there were many among the Italian party who desired that the Legations, instead of being restored to the Pope who had surrendered them by treaty, should be annexed to the Austrian States. But, on mature consideration, Austria refused the tempting bait. Nor did she show less moderation and wisdom in her internal regulations after the restoration: even Signor Farini allows

as much. A more liberal constitution was established than had been granted by the French. The system of self-government was carried out to a great extent; each commune and each district had its own magistrate with his assessors, each province had its council, and each of the two governments into which the kingdom of Lombardo-Venezia was divided had its 'general congregation' of elective deputies. The education of the people was undertaken by the state; schools, colleges, and universities were provided for the instruction of all classes, and certificates of qualification and good conduct were exacted from the candidate for every species of public employment.

Notwithstanding these judicious measures, Milan partook largely of the discontent which shortly spread throughout the peninsula. Each quarter doubtless had its own list of grievances, more or less plausible; but for the general disquiet a general cause must be sought in the disorganization of society which twenty years of revolution had wrought, the disappointment which attends all restorations, the hostility of the adherents of the late government, and, above all, the machinery originally organized for its subversion, and still kept subsisting by agitators who preferred anything to insignificance.

At Milan, in 1820, there was discovered a plot for the expulsion of the Austrians—with the murder of the Viceroy and some of his principal ministers. Whether it would have been prudent, or indeed possible, to affect ignorance of the scheme, and, content with defeating its purpose, to leave the conspirators unnoticed, we will not attempt to discuss; it is certain that from this moment the good understanding between the Government and the people, so essential to the comfort of both, was interrupted, and never entirely restored. Several persons of consequence were implicated in the guilt of treason; some escaped into Switzerland—others were arrested, tried, and condemned. Among the last was the Count Gonsalviere—originally one of the foremost partisans of the restored Government. We are tempted to mention an anecdote, which we have received from undoubted authority, to throw light on the fate of this Count, who has been so often quoted as an instance of Austrian rigour. In his case the sentence of death was pronounced—but commuted by the sovereign into perpetual imprisonment. This gentleman, neither standing high in public estimation, nor, we believe, deserving to do so, had long been separated from his wife. His ill-conduct might have alienated her affections, but it did not, she thought, cancel her conjugal obligations. She threw herself at the Emperor's feet, and implored his pardon of her husband. Her story was well known to Francis, and he was not insensible to the appeal.

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Shortly afterwards, in passing through Gratz, where the Count was imprisoned, he commissioned his confidential minister, the same to whom the crown and country owed such vast obligations, to visit him, and whisper the words of consolation. To avoid observation the time of midnight was chosen. The visitor found the prisoner in bed, and asleep. There had been a previous acquaintance between these two persons so painfully brought together, and it was with much emotion that the first salutations were exchanged. The prisoner was made acquainted with the steps the Countess had taken for his deliverance. 'The doom of death or eternal imprisonment,' he said, 'is much the same to me and to all who take an interest in me.' 'That word *eternal*,' replied M. de Metternich, 'is not for mortals to use, and can apply to nothing on this side the grave. I do not speak as to time, but be assured your imprisonment will not be *perpetual*. Meantime, is there any alleviation that can be afforded it?' He glanced round the room; it was furnished with a good bed, table, chairs, books, and implements for writing. 'Nothing,' was the reply; 'I have no boon to ask but freedom.' With that they parted. The abstemious diet of the prison, regular exercise, and the interruption of irregular habits, checked the progress of a disease which had already made deep inroads on the Count's constitution, and probably added many years to his life. We wish we could add that, when he was restored to liberty, he made an effort to stem the torrent of calumny against the Government which had spared him, or to publish the alleviations that had been granted to his punishment.

Silvio Pellico, who had been tutor in the family of Count Porro, was engaged in the same conspiracy and involved in the same punishment. He has given an account of his prison in a volume which, while endeavouring to fix an imputation of cruelty upon the Government, in reality bears witness to its lenity. Farini terms him (in consideration of his literary talents, we presume) 'the most distinguished among the victims of Austria,' and adds that 'he has awakened that Christian temper in the minds of men that moderates the violence of passion, and by putting forth with extraordinary simplicity of style the cruel perfidies of the Emperor he brought into light the excess of that Austrian influence which was the cause of the servitude and wretchedness of Italy.' What 'perfidies' Farini thinks were revealed we cannot even surmise; but it is satisfactory to hear that the excessive influence of Austria over the Italian peninsula was unknown till this volume of mawkish pedantry was published. Notwithstanding the above eminent service, however, the writer himself soon lost all credit with his party,
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by whom he was contradicted and abused, and finally denounced as a traitor, an Austrian, and, worse still, a Christian.

Now there is a question, which is suggested by every chapter of Signor Farini's book, and by all similar publications, to which, if we could obtain an answer, all future discussions on foreign politics would be materially simplified. We desire to know if there is any state in the world which is deprived of the right, supposed hitherto to be inherent in all states, to resist and punish attempts to subvert its government by open violence or secret treason? If there be, let the fact be precisely declared. The point is too important to be insinuated. In the language of foreign *illuminati*, if persons engaged in actual rebellion are killed in the tumult they have raised, they are 'massacred'; if tried and executed, they are 'butchered in cold blood'; if sentenced to minor punishments, they are still 'illustrious victims of tyranny.' It is hopeless to expect writers so liberal to be logical or candid; but if English statesmen choose to stand sponsors to their sentiments, we must beg to remind them of the assumption which such phraseology implies. In the present case the criminals did not attempt to deny their guilt, and there was not at that time a single government in Europe, except the Austrian, by which they would have been spared to tell the tale of their sufferings.

Though Austria fills so large a portion of Signor Farini's pages, his professed subject is the Popedom—and the elucidation of Roman affairs is the sole object of his translator, as he himself assures us, in bringing this work before the British public.

'A great problem,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'of deep and lasting interest to the whole of Europe and of Christendom, has for some time been in process of solution in the Roman or Papal States.'

The two portions of this problem which are treated in the present volumes are thus stated:—

'First, until the death of Gregory XVI., the question was, whether the temporal power of the Popes could be perpetuated upon the basis of its old and very defective traditional system, further deteriorated by some of the worst characteristics of that system of government which owes its paternity to the first French Revolution. From the accession of Pius IX. in June, 1846, a second era commenced; and the question now became this: whether it was possible to remove the crying oppressions and abuses of the old system and to establish constitutional freedom, retaining at the same time any effective sovereignty in the Papal chair' (*Translator's Preface*, p. vii.).

The author has nowhere formally announced his conclusions; but, according to Mr. Gladstone, 'the evidence is presented to us upon which we may conclude for ourselves.'

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We could wish that the author and his translator had been less reserved, and had plainly told us what is the moral they derive from the events of the last four years. The questions mentioned by Mr. Gladstone form but a part of those involved in Signor Farini's narrative, and a still smaller part of those which must be solved before the difficulty of legislating for the Ecclesiastical States can be overcome. Before we inquire how far a Constitution (such as we understand by the term) is compatible with the existence of the Papal system, we should be glad to be convinced that any Constitution could be practically worked with such materials as the Roman states afford; and previously to all such discussions we desire an answer to two questions—the first of which Farini does not touch—How is Rome to subsist without the Pope, deprived of the advantages she enjoys at present as the seat of ecclesiastical power?—and the second of which assuredly he does not solve—How is the Pope to exist without Rome? The fact is, that the plans which have been proposed at different times for the separation of the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope have been conceived by those who are ignorant of the complicated nature of his authority, or by those who desire to undermine it, as a step to his final overthrow. In the latter class we should place Farini—in the former his accomplished translator. Could the Pope fix his throne in the mid-heavens the scheme might be feasible, but, as he must reside in a city made with hands, he must occupy in it the place either of a prince or a subject. As a subject he can secure, neither at home nor abroad, that independence which he needs as œcumenical bishop. It was a favourite project of Buonaparte to establish the Pope at Paris, and, through this ecclesiastical puppet, to sway the conscience of Europe by Nuncios as effectively as he domineered over its policy by Generals and Diplomats. His scheme would have failed—he would have only created a schism and lost all by grasping at too much. A bishop with patriarchal powers would have arisen in every country of any consequence, ruling the national church under the dictation of the crown, or, less invidiously, by means of a synod. Nor is it easier to separate the ecclesiastical and civil functions of the Pope's government. The most interesting part (in our opinion) of Farini's volumes is his narrative of the attempts made (often in good faith, but always with ill success) to combine the lay with the ecclesiastical element in the administration. The relations of the Pope with foreign nations are professedly, and, with few exceptions, really ecclesiastical. His ambassadors and his foreign minister must necessarily be churchmen. The Cardinal Vicar must ever retain the chief direction of domestic police; the decisions

decisions of an infallible church can neither be discussed in an assembly of laymen nor be criticised by a licentious press; and though some important offices hitherto monopolized by churchmen might be as well administered by laymen, nevertheless, if the Papal crown is to be maintained at all, priestly dominance must also be maintained, and with it the at least virtual subservery of the laity.

On the restoration of the Papacy in 1815, the difficulty of conducting a priestly government was much increased by the spread of infidelity, and by the diminution of the respect which was formerly felt for the person and authority of the Pontiff. 'The influence of the Holy See must be exercised in a very different manner in these sceptical days,' said Cardinal della Somaglia, the State Secretary of Pius VIII., and a diplomatist of the old school, to an English agent despatched from Malta to transact some business at the Vatican. 'When the Pope was seized in his own capital, and dragged through Europe by sbirri, without a protest being raised against the sacrilege, we were taught a lesson which *we* must remember, though we would wish others to forget it. The *prestige* is gone, and we must conceal our weakness by seeming to concede what we have not the power to resist.* Of the two schools of philosophy which in the last century united to assail the altar in order to reach the throne, that of Voltaire had made most converts in Italy. The school of Rousseau has, in recent times, been partially supplanted, if we should not rather say reinforced, by a new sect, who affect to unite the excess of republican and socialist opinions with a bigoted devotion to the Romish Church. Mazzini is considered the hierophant of the old school, while the Abbate Gioberti and his followers are the apostles of the new. Rome has gained little by the change. The zeal of both in the work of destruction is probably equal—but on the whole we are inclined to believe the Vatican has less to dread from an open enemy than from a false friend.

The greatest grievance which Signor Farini alleges to exist in the Papal States is one, we deeply regret to say, common to every part of the continent of Europe;—we mean a political police, carried on through a system of delation by spies and eavesdroppers of every class and every rank in society. There are few of the evils which governments have inflicted on mankind that cannot be traced to the direct influence of France. In that country

* Such cautious policy was long pursued in the negotiations between the Vatican and foreign powers; and though the Pope has recently assumed a haughtier tone in Spain and in other portions of the Roman Catholic world, it is only in England that his violence and insolence have reached a point which no sane statesman but Mr. Gladstone and some of his political associates have been found to defend or extenuate.

a police of *espionage* may be said to have been first really organised under the reign of Louis XIV. to complete and support the royal despotism then first refined into a system. During the times of the Regent and Louis XV. it was used rather as the means of gratifying a base and prurient curiosity than as a political instrument, but it was not the less active. Under the innocent and unhappy Louis XVI. its mischievous energy was checked, to be renovated and stimulated under the revolutionary governments that succeeded, and to be perfected, under the patronage of Buonaparte, by such skilful agents as Talleyrand, Fouché, and Savary.

Buonaparte discussed this delicate subject without repugnance and without reserve. It is while vaunting the unscrupulousness and vigilance of his own police that he is forced to admit its utter inefficiency. By an almost unlimited command of money the Imperial police minister was invested with unlimited power; and one who held the office boasts in his Memoirs that the wife of the Emperor, his sisters, and confidential ministers, were not ashamed to accept his wages. The Post-Office betrayed its trust. Even the Confessional was not secure. Never before had such a system of treachery been methodised. But the moral remains behind. 'The police foresees and prevents nothing; it misunderstands and misrepresents; adroit guilt escapes punishment—fools only are detected.'* If, indeed, the precautions of the police were effectual, it might well be urged that, while subjects conspire, governments cannot dispense with spies; but, to quote no remoter examples, the revelations of the knaves of 1848 have established the fact that, in the conspiracies against Louis Philippe, whenever three conspirators met at least one of them was in the pay of the police.

It is the vaunt of Italian *liberals* that they belong to secret societies, that they are bound by secret oaths, and that they work by secret terror. They sow distrust in families, excite the servant against the master, the soldier against the officer. They have the knife and the cup for the conviction of the refractory—and the credulity of the harmless but cowardly majority gives them the power which they boast. Thus wrong begets wrong—and the result of the corrupt systems of those who attack and those who defend autho-

* Bourrienne quotes a conversation with Buonaparte at Elba, tom. iii. p. 152. The whole chapter is very instructive. Prince Filangieri Satriano, the present Lieutenant of Sicily, to whose valour and moderation his master owes the preservation of that important portion of his dominions, has acted on this honourable principle. Open disobedience to the laws he declares shall be instantly punished, but he will listen to no delations. So completely has his system answered, that the work of pacification has proceeded uninterruptedly, and his generous policy has gone far towards healing wounds and reconciling animosities.

rity has been a general demoralization, and the destruction of all manly spirit: on one side the restless jealousy of governments; on the other, the base submission of the people to the exiled demagogues, who draw their subsistence from the fears of their dupes, and prolong the misery of the country by ceaseless agitation.

In Rome these evils date since the restoration of Pius VII. His states had long been governed by French men and by French maxims; the country was impoverished and society disorganised; disbanded soldiers and brigands, roving in large bodies, spread terror and dismay over the high roads and villages. A timid Government, which had only desired to reign by winking at abuses it could not reform, and bribing opponents it could not overcome, was at length fairly frightened into suspicion and severity. It is possible that Government had little to fear, since our author tells us 'the Carbonari of the Pontifical States became intoxicated with hope, united together in plots, and grew audacious—but, whether it was that they wanted numbers or courage, they did not second the movements of Upper Italy or of Lower Italy, and made no attempt at change' (p. 14). But it is certain that the security of private life was destroyed, the morals of the country were corrupted, and social order was undermined.

Lord Byron's evidence as to the character of the revolutionary party is forcibly recalled to our recollection. He, too, had endeavoured to relieve the tedium of joyless dissipation by playing at conspiracies. The family with which he was so discreditably connected were concerned in these plots; but—notwithstanding the lax morality he affected where Austrian barbarians were concerned—in the journal since made public by his biographer he makes no effort to conceal his contempt for his associates and the horror that some of their practices inspire. In January, 1821, he expresses disapprobation of 'the sort of shooting that has of late been the tenor of their exploits.' This passage is explained shortly after.

'Another assassination has taken place at Cesena; in all, about forty in Romagna within the last three months.'

Again:—

'It is a difficult part to play amongst such a set of assassins and blockheads. The principal persons in the events which may occur in a few days are gone out on a shooting party, a real snivelling, popping, small-shot water-hen waste of powder and ammunition and shot for their own special amusement; a rare set of fellows for a man to risk his neck with.'

In the mean time the affair grew serious; the sportsmen had no intention of playing out the play; the Austrians threatened to cross the frontier, and the Legate ordered a search for arms:—

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'What do my friends the patriots do?' says Lord Byron; 'Why they throw back on my hands and into my house those very arms (without a word of warning previously) with which I furnished them at their own request and at my own peril and expense.'—*Moore's Life of Lord Byron*, vol. v. pp. 62-85.

With the death of Pius, in 1823, terminated the administration of Consalvi—a man in talents perhaps not inferior to Richelieu, whom he surpassed in humanity not less than he exceeded Alberoni and Mazarine in disinterestedness and probity.

Leo XII. was anxious to raise the influence of the See, and to rule his own States without the interference of his subjects or the dictation of foreigners. As a counterpoise to the sect of Carbonari, he gave encouragement to the Sanfedisti, a political and religious association, which had existed ever since the restoration, and had its origin in a still older society called the Pacifici, whose motto was taken from the text in the Gospel, 'Beati pacifici quia filii Dei vocabuntur.' Its object was to support the Pope, the ministers of religion, and religion itself against the attacks of the infidels and the republicans, and to maintain the independence of the See against the encroachments of Austria. It was intensely national in its object, and was in much favour with the Ultra-Popish party. Whatever was laudable or useful in its original intention was counteracted by the silly and culpable paraphernalia with which it surrounded itself, of vows, secret meetings, and mysterious organization. The republicans, who were very jealous of others adopting such weapons, held the Sanfedisti in especial abhorrence, and made the imputation of belonging to that sect the prelude and pretext of every assassination they chose to commit (vol. i. p. 26). Leo had temporized to the utmost, and had pardoned all but inveterate offenders. These acts of grace are termed by the candour of Signor Farini 'conciliatory extravagances and tardy clemency;' and as they produced no good result, we can hardly be surprised that, after an attempt to assassinate Cardinal Rivarola, the legate of Romagna, they were altogether discontinued. A legate à latere was despatched to the disturbed districts, and an extraordinary commission composed, not of priests, but 'of pettifogging lawyers and military men' (p. 25), was appointed to investigate, to punish, and to redress. Farini complains indignantly of the manner in which this commission executed its task; and, aware as we are of the very defective methods of administering justice in Italy, we are surprised that he has been unable to establish a 'better case.' 'The commission obtained by subornation and bribery the means of discovering both the leaders and the followers' (*ib.*). 'Arrests were made and houses pried into—men were put in irons and insulted—prisoners were cut

cut off from the external world, and moral torture was inflicted on them' (p. 26). Such sufferings are the inevitable result of a criminal arrest; but we imagined that at least they were inflicted on innocent men. No such thing. 'They were accused of complicity in political *assassinations*, were condemned on the evidence of their own accomplices, and *they were indeed guilty*.'—(*ib.*)

Leo XII. applied himself vigorously to the reform of abuses; and our author admits that he accomplished much (p. 28). He shared the fate of all reformers. He made many enemies—conciliated no friends—and died brokenhearted and unlamented. Both he and his minister Bernetti preserved in Guelphic purity their anti-imperial policy; and that they made their Government respected by their subjects was proved by the contrast of the following reign. The election of Pius VIII. (March, 1829) awakened the hopes of the liberals, and 'they took to plotting with a hardihood they had never before exhibited' (p. 32). They opened a correspondence with the Italian exiles and the French malcontents. They consulted with Lafayette and others grown old in conspiracy, and alternately 'warmed them for enterprises of liberty, and were warmed in return.' 'The conspirators of the Pontifical State were for the most part either followers of Voltaire or indifferentists in matters of religion—materialists in philosophy' (p. 33). They had no settled plan; intent only on destruction, they were indifferent, it seems, to all consequences, provided 'the priests and Sanfedisti were well beaten, and their odious Government done away with' (*ib.*).

In November, 1830, Pius VIII. closed his short reign amidst these plots, which his Government had made little attempt to counteract, and which the aspect of Europe seemed to favour. The glorious days of July, and their menacing consequences, now raised the hopes of the Italian liberals, so boastful of their self-sufficiency, yet so ready to catch at foreign aid, and so eager that blood should be shed in the cause of liberty, provided it is not their own.

The first news that greeted the ears of Gregory XVI. after his election was the rebellion in Romagna, and the treachery or cowardice of his troops. The people showed little inclination for the rebels, and nearly as little fidelity to the Government. Like the troops, they seemed indifferent which cause prevailed, provided only they were not obliged to fight for it. The rebel camp, on the other hand, displayed rather a mob of tipsy Bacchanals than an army of partisans. Such a warfare was not the less deplorable because the agents were contemptible and their efforts ridiculous:—its continuance menaced social order with dissolution. Two distinguished strangers had taken up the revolutionary

cause—

cause—the sons of Hortense, ex-Queen of Holland, then residing in Rome, and who had there received remarkable civilities and attentions from Gregory. The elder brother, Charles Buonaparte, joined the drunken insurgents of Romagna—escaped by-and-bye—and not long afterwards died of the measles. Louis Napoleon, for whom a more splendid career was in reserve, framed in Rome itself—where the population generally showed strong attachment to the Pope—a plot for surprising the Castle of S. Angelo. The assault was to be made during the jollity of the carnival. The future President of France and his Carbonari friends were to approach the gates in the disguise of maskers, and with the accompaniments of music and morris-dancers. But this precious scheme was detected; the amusements of the carnival were stopped; the principal conspirators fled, and the streets were cleared by a patrol of cavalry.

Farini sums up the grievances against the Government by a long manifesto, dated the 25th of February, 1831, and written by Giovanni Vicini, President of the Provisional Government of Bologna, and no doubt an impartial witness as to the faults of the supplanted priesthood. According to him, the Pope and all his cardinals are equally crafty, cruel, and unjust; promises are violated, compacts broken, and all classes equally exposed to ‘execrable despotism.’ The tribunals are impure, judges partial, and witnesses suborned; the Court of Cassation faithless and uncertain—bringing back finished causes *ever so many times* to commence afresh (p. 48). The public purse is taxed to support ‘a Court of vicious Priests in Oriental luxury,’—and Cardinal ‘satraps’ are gorged with the plunder of the innocent. ‘The Roman hydra, struggling in her final agony, has no resource but to turn her poisoned bite against her own bowels, and perish in suicidal madness.’ A systematic corruption of youth is practised by the priestly instructors of schools and colleges. No professor is established for the study of physics; the *jus publicum* and political economy have no separate chairs in the universities—and the differential calculus is taught by a very faulty method (vol. i. p. 49).

Before applying to Austria the Pope endeavoured to repress these disorders with his own troops, who made themselves so unpopular by their conduct in this cause, that at Bologna, as our author expresses it, ‘the people served the papal authorities a trick, by welcoming the Austrians amidst public rejoicings; . . . wherever these went they were received as protectors, and even some places sent and invited them’ (*Ib.* p. 68).*

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* Louis Philippe, on whom the liberals built their hopes, had no intention of plunging into an European war, where he had much to lose and little to gain; but with an ambidexter policy, which reminds us strongly of more recent events, he sanctioned

The principal director of this movement, as of most of those which have since disturbed the peninsula, was Giuseppe Mazzini, a man of capacity superior to most of his brother conspirators, the object at once of their envy and their fear. He is a native of Genoa, but had quitted it in early youth on account of his participation in plots which at that time Charles Albert did not think it advisable to encourage. He it was who organised the party of the 'Giovine Italia':—seeking for recruits even among those classes, 'habituated,' says Farini, 'to faction, and making common cause with assassins, smugglers, and other yet more depraved sorts of men, who, feeling themselves exalted and honoured by this political partnership, under the cloak of which many atrocities might lurk, stood in readiness to take up arms at the moment when the leaders might command it' (p. 97). The exiles, however, were not regarded with much enthusiasm. To ask for money is nowhere a road to popularity—least of all in Italy. The masses remained obstinately impassive; and when Signor Farini taxes them with 'indifference' (p. 81), we believe he does less than justice to their feelings of alienation from the 'liberal' cause.

Mazzini has grown grey in the 'trade of conspirator—a trade which in these times can be pursued without personal risk. In the year 1834 he was busied in some attempt to create disturbance in Savoy, which 'ended,' Signor Farini says, 'as it began, in smoke.'

'Romorino—the same on whom the King of Sardinia [in the late war] so imprudently conferred the command of his army—was engaged in the undertaking. He had delayed his arrival in Switzerland, and had embezzled the money of the rest. Mazzini had lost his head at the critical moment—each deceived the other. There was abuse, upbraiding, calumny in abundance, gross scandal and discredit.'—*Ibid.*, p. 85.

Abortive and ridiculous as these attempts invariably were, they answered the purpose of their contrivers. Agitation was kept up, the list of the compromised was swelled, the government was terrified and perplexed, and an opportunity was afforded of denouncing its efforts at self-preservation as tyrannical ruthlessness. At last the Roman authorities, weary of punishing, put on an aspect, says Signor Farini, or rather his translator, 'of security

an expedition to Ancona. The French commander forcibly effected an entrance, in the face of a protest from the Pope, whose sovereignty nevertheless he restored and maintained. At first he affected to brave the Papal authorities, and to protect the rebels; and formed a legion of refugees, who would have been safe in no other part of the Papal dominions. The conduct of these guests rendered their presence intolerable; and the assassination of the Gonfaloniere was seized as an excuse for dismissing them. Some were executed for this murder; others escaped to Switzerland, there to blazon the injustice of the Papal Government, and to receive the sympathy due to liberal sentiments and unmerited misfortunes.

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without precedent';—but the cue of the conspirators was to provoke hostility, and this relaxation of vigilance only increased the audacity of enemies whom no clemency could reconcile. One Muratori, a physician, whom Signor Farini calls 'an honourable and gallant youth,' tried his skill at a guerilla warfare—a method of proceeding warmly recommended to the 'Giovine Italia'—and one of his first exploits was murdering in cold blood an unfortunate papal officer (p. 98) who accidentally fell into his hands. He was afterwards hotly pursued by a body of papal volunteers, and, having disbanded his forces, he escaped into Tuscany. Signor Farini's book abounds with such details—tedious, inconclusive, and unmeaning. We have selected this specimen because we wish our readers to know what is the conduct of 'honourable and gallant youths'—*so* characterized by the moderate and constitutional party in Italy, and for whose principles, we presume, the right honourable member for the University of Oxford bespeaks our sympathy. So completely, indeed, had these gallant and honourable persons disorganised society, that there was not a single individual at this period belonging to the well-disposed and peaceable portion of the community, or to that still larger section, the timid and selfish, who did not rejoice in the Austrian occupation, as their only protection against the worst species of anarchy and tyranny.

Towards the close of Gregory's reign, though there existed throughout the country a degree of prosperity that, in spite of all the efforts of the demagogues, indisposed the people to revolt, nevertheless plots continued to abound. 'The conspirators cherished strong and not ill-founded hopes of aid from the Austrian fleet, which had on board of it officers devoted to the sect.' In fact, the chief agents in the treason were the two sons of Admiral Bandiera, an Italian by birth, who, without any great merits of his own, had been raised to the command of the Austrian fleet. His sons had been pushed forward through his interest, and they now availed themselves of his confidential position and their own to spread disaffection through the fleet. The plot was discovered or betrayed in time, and the principal conspirators were obliged to seek refuge in the British Mediterranean isles. From the place of their exile, however, they kept up their intercourse with the malcontents of the Peninsula—and at last a rising at Cosenza was arranged, which was to be joined by the Italian refugees, under the command of the two sons of Bandiera. The commotion at Cosenza was immediately suppressed, and the few ill-advised persons who had engaged in it fled before the police.

'Nothing, however, could curb the ardent spirits of the youths Bandiera—neither their knowledge of the failure of the movement and the discovery of the machinations in Calabria, nor the general tranquillity
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of Italy, nor the promises of pardon from the Emperor, nor the tears and prayers of their bereaved mother, nor the advice of Mazzini, who from time to time warned them to refrain from any effort. Unhappy and generous youths, worthy of a better lot! With about twenty companions they set out, and were dragged to the shambles by a wretch of an informer, at San Giovanni in Fiore, in Calabria.'—p. 112.

The fact is that these two youths, whom the Republican party have raised to the honours of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and for whose souls they begin praying when they have no other means of annoying the police, possessed no qualities either estimable or admirable, and were so rash, and at the same time so unfitted for enterprise, that it is difficult to reconcile their conduct with perfect sanity.

It was at this juncture that the Cavaliere Azeglio put forth in Tuscany a pamphlet as pedantic in style as mischievous in effect. This and some similar publications mark a new act in the drama, and the entrance of new actors on the scene. The aspect of Italian politics was totally changed. The guidance of the movement was claimed by *moderate men*, who professed to respect existing institutions, while they desired administrative reform. These by their professed *moderation* rallied round them the sympathies of Europe, while they swelled their ranks by the accession of revolutionists of every grade, who were well pleased to fight their own battles under so popular a banner. The malcontents of Romagna, thus encouraged, issued that Manifesto—now reproduced by its penman, Farini—in which their grievances were blazoned in a style and at a length which makes a Spanish bulletin appear modest and concise. This declaration had the desired effect. 'Gallant bands of youths' took to the road, seized some public money, frightened Cardinal Massimo, and, finding no resistance from the troops, who 'were everywhere either indifferent or conniving,' wanted nothing but a little countenance from the people to become very formidable. This, however, was not afforded; and there was, moreover, so little concert among the insurgents themselves, that they were destroyed in detail by the Swiss and by the Papal volunteers. Renzi and Beltrami, both 'gallant youths'—(so were they all—all gallant youths)—had headed these outbreaks, but, being supported neither by each other, nor by any one else, retired into Tuscany, 'having lost courage, without attempting any exploit.'—p. 128.

If Signor Farini's account (p. 167) of the state of public feeling in the Roman States at the time of Gregory's death (June, 1846) be accurate, and we cannot call it in question since it is essentially the same as that which we have already presented to our readers, the partizans of revolution were to be found only in the scum of the provincial towns, while the nobility and clergy, the artisans and

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and the peasantry, if not perfectly satisfied, were only anxious for those ameliorations which can be accomplished without an organic change.

We have no intention of following our author through his diffuse and confused account of the reign of Pius IX., in which he blames and applauds the same persons, and laments and rejoices over the same events. Pius was not the popular candidate for the tiara, nor had he been mentioned as likely to succeed to it. As Cardinal Mastai, he was almost unknown to the people, and as Pope, from the first he was little more than a tool in the hands of others. The amnesty and the liberty of the press—two measures which, in his peculiar case, when once adopted, rendered authority ridiculous—were seized rather than granted; the trivial restrictions which accompanied them were contemptuously disregarded—and the error was not discovered till the time for retrieving it was past. The establishment of the Civic Guard completed the ruin of the priestly government; it drove the Pope from his throne, and seated Mazzini upon it.

In Italy, and we wish we could say only in Italy, falsehood, as long as it suits a party purpose, is immortal. Farini reproduces, and endeavours by an affected reserve—which we suppose passes with Mr. Gladstone for judicial calmness—to give what weight he can to the thrice told fiction of 'the great conspiracy.' The official correspondence has long been before the public, and has exhibited almost to the conviction of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Abercromby, and we should have thought of any people less credulous than the Italians, that the Emperor of Austria, the King of Naples, and the Archduchess of Parma, did not conspire with 'one Morandi, a spy, and a pander' (p. 238), and 'with Freddi, Allai, Minardi, and others of that brood' (p. 239), to seize the person of the Pope, annul his election, and massacre all those throughout his States who were honestly and sincerely attached to the cause of reform. The true history of the Ferrarese occupation is now equally accessible; and those who feel any curiosity about it will do well to turn to the *Blue Book**—in which they will observe, with regret, the ridiculous mistakes which the false intelligence of Mr. Abercromby made our Foreign Secretary commit—and, not altogether without mortification, the calm, manly, and statesmanlike explanations which were furnished from Vienna in reply to the persecuting impertinence of Downing-street.

* See, among other documents, a despatch from *Rome*, signed by Mr. Petre, in which, after observing that 'the police can discover no trace of the plot and conspiracy,' he says, 'upon my asking the Cardinal (Ferretti) as to the Austrians having entered the Papal states, he reminded me that by treaty the Austrians garrisoned Ferrara—and that the number was not fixed.'—*Blue Book*, vol. i. p. 73.

The quarrel between Rome and Austria was Mazzini's masterpiece. The only power that had the will and the means of defending the Pope was alienated; his suicidal march was accelerated. Henceforth the descent was rapid indeed. The Swiss soldiery, insulted by the people, and not supported by the Government, professed an intention of standing neuter in any internal disputes; the carabinieri declared they would not act without the concurrence of the civic guard. The police and gendarmes had long ceased to be efficient—and even the official servants of the late Pope 'apologised for having served Gregory; some of them disclosed the ill-deeds of the police in which they had themselves had a hand.' (p. 224.)

As for the emancipated press, lest we should appear to exaggerate, we will quote Signor Farini's testimony:—

'Our infant journalism had its infant passions and caprices: instead of meditating it gambolled, and every day it smashed its toys of the day before, as children do: it made boast of an independent spirit, and was the mean slave of out-of-doors influence. The earnest persons that in the first instance had spent their time and their labour had withdrawn from it, or were in the course of withdrawing; and thus it remained in the hands of men who wrote before they had learned to read—were senseless and insolent—who avenged their own meanness and ignorance on the fame of the learned and the wise; and if the recognized journalism was not sufficient, there was ever at hand the clandestine press, that acted as its ally, making mock alike at the laws and at the censors.' (i. 327.)

A period, however, was approaching when the sages of the closet, who had used the cries of the street as a means of governing, were to be supplanted by those whom hitherto they had made their catspaw—when the outlaw and the bandit were to seize the sway, and settle political differences with a fusillade. Where now, our readers will ask, were those wise and prudent men, alike averse to popular excess and to royal despotism, who, whether as monarchists or republicans, had proclaimed themselves the steady friends of law, morality, and religion? We are very far from doubting that there were and are in Italy many persons sincerely anxious to secure to their countrymen the benefits of a good government:—but none laboured for this object with a hearty zeal and sound discretion. These *Moderates*, unsettled in their convictions, disunited, and vacillating, shrank from the storm they had raised—they were the first to admit the necessity for a stronger arm than their own. They were Mazzini's pioneers, who fled at his approach. The same want of moral courage which incapacitated them from resisting the men with whom they had so rashly and dishonestly leagued themselves, now enslaves

enslaves them to a tyrannical minority, and renders them the zealous instruments of their own destruction. Perhaps Marshal Radowitzky has no warmer partisans in secret than those arrogant and purse-proud nobles of Lombardy, so eager to blazon their hatred of Austria in every place but the field of battle—so anxious to purchase the favour of the republican committee by their timid contributions to a cause that few of them in private even profess to approve. Till we see some determined opposition to this disgraceful tyranny, we can give no credit to 'the Moderate Party' either for patriotism or for *pluck*. Mazzini informs us that the Moderate gentlemen have all sought his favour and endeavoured to make him their tool—while he boasts, with truth, that he has compelled them to serve as his. So completely was that party silenced during the period when their resistance might have been efficacious, that they gave no token of their existence till after the defeat of the republicans, when they again appear on the scene to trumpet hypocritical projects which they know can never be realised, and to co-operate anew with Mazzini by traducing all legitimate authority and rendering all government impracticable. Never before was such a field opened to the honest ambition of the patriot as Italy presented in the beginning of 1848. It is in vain that Signor Farini drops mysterious hints about 'foreign influences hostile to constitutional freedom.' If Austria had ever exercised such an influence, the power of Austria was neutralised; no hostility was to be dreaded from France; and the princes of Italy seemed to be vying with each other as to the extent of their concessions, and the proofs of confidence they gave their subjects. 'Let Europe see,' said Cardinal Ferretti, 'that we can manage for ourselves;'—and Europe looked on with friendly sympathy—eager to praise, averse to blame—and indulgent long after Cardinal Ferretti's countrymen had forfeited all claim to indulgence. If Italy is not at this moment in the peaceable enjoyment of all the liberty that man is fit for, and all the advantages that liberty can secure, it is her own fault only, and more especially the fault of the so-called *moderate and constitutional* party, who, having had everything in their own hands, threw everything away.

It is with unfeigned regret that we notice the obstinate delusion of Lord Palmerston as to the real strength of this Moderate Party—on whose support he seems to have grounded the whole of his Italian policy. The bulky despatches from time to time laid before Parliament may perhaps be thought to afford some apology for *him*; but so much the worse for his agents—and among these Mr. Abercromby must be allowed to have distinguished himself for the zeal with which he transmitted

all the extravagant falsehoods that more intelligent malignity refused to credit.*

We wish we could think that it was desire to obtain better information which induced Lord Palmerston to despatch Lord Minto on his extraordinary mission. But, first of all—in accordance with all Whig precedent—the noble envoy derived all his preliminary inspirations from Mr. Abercromby—his Lordship's son-in-law; and, secondly—in equal accordance with the rules of his party—he set out with the intention of shutting his eyes to all he did not wish to see, and hearing nothing but what he wished to be true. Yet throughout his progress, and even at a very early period of it (see especially *Blue Book*, vol. i. p. 241), in spite of his prejudices and the verbiage of liberality, the Earl betrays considerable anxiety. It must indeed have required no great penetration to see how much his mission was misunderstood, and how little the agitators could need 'moral' or any other support against the impotence of the Government. He has denied having given direct encouragement to Revolution; but acts of gross indiscretion, we think, have undoubtedly been brought home to him. He admitted persons to his society who had no pretension to that distinction, except their revolutionary principles; and from such notice of them his approbation of their principles would naturally be inferred. A sort of public reception, given to the Roman agitator Cicerovacchio in his lordship's box at the Opera, we have heard described by an eye-witness as causing great surprise and displeasure to the well-disposed and respectable among the audience. It also appears that, among other compliments, his lordship presented to the son of the popular tribune a beautifully bound copy of Mr. Macaulay's 'Lays of Rome'—on the blank leaf of which was inscribed a copy of verses, addressed by the Ambassador himself to the young patriot. Thanks to the liberal journalists of Italy—we are enabled to present to our readers this literary curiosity:—

‘These be but tales of the olden day;
The patriot bard shall now his lay
To charming freedom pour,
And Rome's fair annals bid the fame
Of Cicerovacchio's humble name
In deathless honour soar.’

* He does not seem to have been on such terms with the Sardinian Foreign Minister as to obtain from him the most ordinary information. He represents the Sardinian cabinet as having received insulting proposals from Austria, which the cabinet itself denied through its own minister in London. And when the King, Charles Albert, sends a frigate to convey a Nuncio to Constantinople, Mr. Abercromby assures Lord Palmerston that it is designed to convey Pius himself to Genoa—his Holiness being anxious to secure an asylum in Piedmont in consequence of the meditated invasion of his own States!

By such cheering strains from so lofty a muse, the juvenile Roman was doubtless encouraged to pursue the course of 'deathless honour.' He was one of the persons commonly named as having drawn lots for the honour of ridding the Eternal City of the tyrant Rossi.

Whatever might be the object of Lord Minto's progress, it obviously could have no other result than to foment rebellion; and—however the Pope may have been mystified at the time—we can hardly be surprised that he now regards it with the bitterest indignation. It is the common jest on the Corso that the commission of Cardinal Wiseman and his colleagues in England is the repayment of the debt incurred by the mission of Lord Minto in Italy.

The main reason of the failure of 'the Italian cause' was the want of sincerity and consequent want of concert among its leaders and partizans: no one professed his real object—no one assigned the limits where he meant to stop. Under plausible and popular catchwords adopted in common, all had different and unacknowledged views and purposes; and hence the endless tissue of counter-plotting and treachery which ended in the ruin of the King of Sardinia. Farini's book is as vague and inconsistent as the proceedings he affects to narrate; but on one point the meaning of this Sardinian minister is clear. Whatever may be his professed topic, the one aim is to produce an impression unfavourable to Austria—a result far more important to the country of his adoption than any elucidation of Roman affairs. He will be satisfied with nothing short of the absolute nationality of Italy. Reform itself he values chiefly because it may promote a union between princes and their people—which union might lead to a league—and 'the league be the bulwark of national independence—for the object of repelling the intrusions of Austria; next, of driving her, with the help of God, from off the sacred soil of our country.' And he adds, 'The real meaning of Italian literature, politics, and conspiracies'—he does well to class them together—is to give expression to 'this most legitimate of all sentiments.'—vol. i. p. 204.

Now, as Lord Palmerston himself has thought fit, in his published despatches, and on some recent occasions more extraordinary still, to use language which implies approbation of these and similar pretensions, it is necessary to remind the reader of the plain historical fact, that the Austrian possession of Lombardy is not more certain, *de facto*, than their right *de jure*. We are not aware that at any period of the world any authority has been founded and maintained upon the principle of exclusive nationality. The ancient Empire of Rome certainly

certainly did not rest on such a basis; the Empire which subsequently represented that of Rome, inherited all its pretensions, traditions, and privileges; the Emperor, sometimes a fugitive and often a phantom, did nevertheless possess, if he did not exercise, an inherent right which might be trampled on, but was never denied. From Otho the Great to Charles V., the Emperors may have been frequently defied, but they, and they alone, granted diplomas, conferred titles, and published rescripts. On the death of Francis Sforza, the last Duke of Milan, without posterity in 1535, Charles V. bestowed the investiture of the vacant fief on his son, the Archduke Philip, afterwards King of Spain, instead of granting it to Francis I., who, through his great-grandmother, alleged some claims on the inheritance of the Visconti—themselves, as their very name implies, *feudatories*. In doing this the Emperor exercised a right which even his vanquished rival did not venture to question. If titles so clear are now to be disputed, let us at least reflect on the effects of the new principle which we sanction; let the kingdoms of Europe be prepared to sink into the confusion and insignificance of the Middle Ages; let France be resolved into Aquitaine, Normandy, Burgundy, Brittany and so forth—Spain into Leon, Castile, Arragon, Andalusia;—let England resign the Channel Islands—(her colonial empire will be more speedily disposed of by Lord Grey and the patriots of the House of Commons)—Wales, Ireland, and at least the Celtic portion of Scotland:—a state of things which, no doubt, will be highly satisfactory to the supreme intellects of Manchester:—and thus we shall be consistent at least if not wise.

It is in vain, however, to prove the rights of a dynasty to those who refuse obedience to any constituted authority whatever. Insulted nationality was but a specious pretence for an attack on monarchy generally; and the Pope himself, whose exclusive 'nationality' had been boasted, was the first sovereign to be dethroned. It was the more necessary to render the Austrians hateful as *foreigners*, since it was impossible to deny the merits of their administration, and the consequent prosperity of the imperial provinces.* Their popularity with the people is proved beyond contradiction by the events of the late war; in which, without it, all the genius of their chiefs and all the devotion and discipline of their army could not have achieved success. The fact is, that Austria is the mainstay of social order in Italy; hence the

* Not only did the Austrians rule well, but they constantly urged the necessity of justice and economy upon other Italian governments. Note after note was presented by the Imperial ambassador to the Papal court, pressing for practical reform. When the archives were in the hands of the demagogues these notes were examined by them—but their tenor prevented the possibility of their publication with any hope to advance the cause of 'liberty.'

hostility of the Red Republicans. Farini may deny that confusion is his object; but he cannot be ignorant that the extreme of confusion would be the result of the measure he advocates. At this hour Italy is dependent on *Austria* for her social existence;—if *she* were to withdraw her protection, the immediate result would be a bloody anarchy; human malice could not perpetrate a more cruel revenge than to abandon the Italians at this moment to their own discretion, and curse them with a 'granted prayer.'

We will not weary our readers by following Signor Farini through his account of the process by which it was contrived that *Austria* should 'bathe her hands in the blood of the Milanese;'^{*} nor will we again expose the calumnies which he gives as the *history* of the insurrection of Milan. The tale was invented soon after the events occurred—perhaps before—and has been repeated, with little variety, by Italian writers, who find a detail of Austrian atrocities as necessary as are theatrical properties—masks, bowls, and daggers—the stroller's stock in trade, to the effect of his tragic representation. Farini, in a passage where he speaks gravely as an historian,[†] does justice to the conduct and discipline of the Austrian soldiery; but no sooner does he get on the popular topic than he loses sight of all consistency, truth, and probability.

'I will *not speak*,' says he, 'of the men burnt alive, the corpses mutilated, the women and children butchered by the *defeated stranger*, that heaped disgrace on his discomfiture.'—ii. 11.

In spite of this flight of schoolboy rhetoric, we feel persuaded that if Signor Farini had been able to substantiate any one of these stories, or even to give a plausible version of it, he would not have missed the opportunity. Again and again the Austrian generals have demanded to see the evidence of these things, or of anything like them. We make the same challenge. God forbid that we should try to screen, much less defend, such enormities! Let but one tithe of them be proved, and we are silenced.

The policy pursued by the Pope was shuffling, dishonest, suicidal. He permitted the most atrocious libels to be published

^{*} We are fortunate in having a narrative of these transactions on the unprejudiced evidence of the British consul, Mr. Dawkins. He furnished our ambassador at Vienna with the striking account of these 'massacres' which is printed in the first of the Blue Books on Italian affairs.

[†] Farini for the most part carefully distinguishes between his two characters of rhetorician and historian. The calumnies of Austria are usually ushered in with the saving clause, 'It is said.' What was *not* said in the war of ink with which the Italian press backed the Italian arms? One important admission these volumes contain. We think Farini is the first liberal writer who has given us the true account of Radetzky's retreat from Milan:—'On the night of the 22nd, the General, finding his force thinned and exhausted, and *knowing that the Piedmontese host was on its way*, gave orders for a clandestine retreat.'—ii. 11.

in his capital, but refused to act as if he believed them. He blessed the crusaders who marched to the frontiers, but he resisted all importunities to declare war. His General, Durando, however, in that flowery style in which men of liberal sentiments love to express themselves,

'proclaimed it a war of civilization against barbarism; a crusade against that impious country whose General had dashed into the sanctuary with his horse, and violated the graves of their fathers with a foul band of Croats.'—ii. 65.

Durando, when the invasion was repelled, and an Austrian army appeared at Ferrara, protested against the violation of the church territory; and Signor Farini and the other consistent historians of the period declaim against the necessary results of a state of warfare which they themselves had used every effort to bring on, and had struck medals to commemorate. But, culpable as our author thinks the Pope for not openly proclaiming a crusade, the chief criminal is the King of Naples:—

'Let it be understood,' he solemnly tells the world, 'that the greatest, and, perhaps, the only effective cause of our misfortunes, and of the Austrian victory, in so far as the human mind can judge, was the desertion of the troops of Naples. Let him make a merit of it, or let others set it down to his blame, King Ferdinand of Bourbon, reigning over Naples in the year of grace 1848, may write this without hesitation in the annals of his dynasty, as without hesitation I here consign it to history. And so may God pardon him!'—ii. 180.

Notwithstanding this vindictive burst of Christian charity, Farini himself states reasons in abundance why, whatever the Neapolitan contingent might have done, the war must have failed. 'A fine fashion truly,' exclaims he, 'to conduct a war by the accusations of politicians, and by the generalship of lawyers set up to govern!' (ii. 153). Although the King of Naples is the scapegoat upon whom all the manifold failures and misfortunes of the Italian revolution have been heaped—he certainly neither deserves the praise nor the blame that have been bestowed on him. He was defended against a small but active minority of agitators, native and foreign, by the loyalty and zeal of his army and his people. So far from planning an attack, he would have disarmed all resistance; and had his orders been obeyed, the throne of Naples would have soon become not worth defending.*

It

* It is remarkable that the only Italian sovereigns, whose subjects have exhibited any attachment towards them, are those whom the liberals denounced peculiarly as foreigners. The Modenese troops deserted the standard of Charles Albert, declaring for their legitimate Prince; the Parmesan people expelled their Provisional Governors and re-proclaimed the Duke. The King of Naples was kept on his throne in spite of his own weakness, the efforts of the Republicans, and the hostility of France and England, by

It may be expected that we should here notice certain subsequent labours of Farini's right honourable translator—two Letters addressed by Mr. Gladstone to *Lord Aberdeen*, and circulated among all the cabinets of Europe by *Lord Palmerston*. These productions have called forth many others—the most important being a series of articles, now republished in the form of a bulky pamphlet, by M. Goudon, the editor of *L'Univers*. We hope we may give entire credit to one reiterated assertion of this French writer—namely, that the universally respected Earl of Aberdeen has 'disclaimed all connection' with or 'connivance at' Mr. Gladstone's epistles—as they 'were published without his consent.'—(p. xii.) It is so very distinctly made, that we think it impossible to withhold our belief—and we confess we consider this as the most important circumstance in the whole affair as it stands.

When, in one of these later lucubrations, the member for Oxford insinuates a doubt how far the King of the Two Sicilies is the lawful sovereign of his own dominions,* we presume he means that a case of forfeiture might be argued from the suspension of the Constitution of 1848. We cannot imagine a stronger proof—not even his editorship of Farini—how entirely he has been imposed upon by the plausible language of the so-called Constitutional party—persons 'as Conservative' (he says) as his noble correspondent—and he furnishes a test by which to judge the probability of all that he relates on other authority than his own.† When the voice of truth can be heard, we believe nothing will be more clearly established than that the Neapolitan Constitution was given in good faith and was accepted in ill faith. The leaders of the movement intended that the first day of the new chambers should be the last of the monarchy. The King made concession after concession to avert the crisis, and was at last—we repeat—saved by his troops and his *people*.

After this explosion he voluntarily renewed—and he kept—his promise to adhere to the Constitution. But the Constitution had no interest for those who did not regard it as the engine of Revolution; it became to the majority an object of suspicion—or,

by the resolute bigotry of his soldiers and subjects; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany was restored by the unassisted efforts of his, amidst tears of contrition and shouts of gratulation.

* We do not wonder that M. Goudon attributes this mysterious hint to the Right Honourable Member's wish to annex Sicily to the British Crown. So strange an innuendo might justify a foreigner in any supposition!

† M. Goudon is careful to point out how few of Mr. Gladstone's facts are guaranteed by any authority beyond that of hearsay. On such a point Mr. Gladstone was sure to be distinct; but the earnestness of his own conviction carries away his reader, as it has himself.

worse still, a dead letter;—to work it was impossible, and it was perforce suspended. There is no fact which we more earnestly desire to see impartially investigated than this. There is none more necessary to dispel the prejudices of our countrymen and to teach even ministers and ex-ministers how little their experience of our own institutions qualifies them to interfere in the internal affairs of continental Europe. With respect to the controversy which Mr. Gladstone has raised as to the subsequent conduct of the Neapolitan government, we observe that all writers on the subject have, either carelessly or designedly, confused two matters essentially distinct—the ordinary administration of criminal justice and the treatment of certain political prisoners. We do not doubt that both the penal code and the prison discipline of Naples admit of great improvement.* It is only of comparatively late years that these important subjects have attracted a due degree of attention in this country. M. Goudon's defence, that the practice of Naples is not worse than that of her neighbours, and in many respects quite equal to that of France—meaning that of France *under a professedly legal government*—is we believe perfectly true; and this consideration only increases the satisfaction with which we hear that the King has directed an examination to be made of the prisons—and has thus set an example which we desire to see followed in other states.

We do not question that in the violent struggle for the existence of the monarchy arrests may have taken place contrary to the usual forms of law. M. Goudon admits as much—and pleads the urgency of the alarm. He had seen whole departments of France in a *state of siege*. He could not forget how often and how lately we had seen districts and even counties *proclaimed* in Ireland. Even here, in England itself, within no very remote period, the Habeas Corpus has been suspended—and on such *English* occasions also calumny has been rife. It will be in the recollection of many of our readers that persons of 'undoubted veracity' asserted that torture had been applied in Newgate—A.D. 1819—and we may infer that they were sincere in their belief, as they staked their credit on it in the House of Commons—but, as it happened, no Russian ambassador sent their speeches about 'the martyr Ogden' in a circular letter to the courts of Europe. If we could believe that the sect of the *Unità Italiana* was an invention of his ministers, we should indeed pity the King of Naples, betrayed by those who profess most zeal to serve him. But for forty years busy secret societies have formed the bane of

* We particularly desire to see abolished the punishment, common enough in Continental Europe, but revolting to humanity, of chaining together convicts in pairs.

his country, and the real obstacle to administrative and constitutional reform; and even if there were no direct testimony for their continued existence, it is not at the present crisis that we could believe their mischievous energies to be slackened.* Farini's narrative painfully reminds us how nearly the blunders of Viscount Palmerston and his extravagant dread of France brought about the French intervention it was his special object to avert. Providentially for England, his efforts signally failed; but the blot remains. When the minister of a despotic crown derogates from the honour of his country, he has only his master to share with him the blame; but in a constitutional kingdom the public must bear the disgrace of the minister whom it permits to retain his power.

We turn again to Rome, where Reform, which was the pretext for the movement, and Revolution, which was its object, had made very unequal progress. Before any one amelioration was effected in any department, a Constitution was published; scarcely were the acclamations silent before further change was demanded. We know not if Italian political writers can see the truth; we are certain they dare not proclaim it:—but patient readers may detect it in Farini's pages, in spite of all their Jesuitical juggle and oppressive circumlocution. An Italian classic long ago said that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts:—if this was so, a pen was put in his hand to reveal them. Rome was governed by a ministry which enjoyed but little of the confidence of the Pope—or we believe we might add of any one else—a ministry to which, possibly, 'the name of the enlightened Mamiani gave the greatest lustre,'—but of which Farini himself was *pars magna*. Much cannot be said for its success in promoting the prosperity of the country. Pius had reigned for eighteen months, during a great part of which time he had been the idol of the people. He had sacrificed his friends, his conscience, and the interests of the Church, to preserve that popularity; and let Farini tell the result:—

'There was neither authority of laws nor authority of men; no authority but only upon trust, and for the moment: the old elements of disorder aggravated by the new ones. While Cicero vacchio was holding his despicable orgies in the capital, the state of the provinces was even yet more unsatisfactory. . . . In the Romagna political assassinations were committed with a frequency and an effrontery quite horrible. In certain places a furious faction, which arrogated to itself the name and boast of being liberal, was guilty of enormities

* It will be time enough to discuss these matters in more detail when—as must happen—we find before us a body of authentic documents: as yet the evidence is very incomplete, we must allow, on either side.

that

that surpassed in infamy the infamies of the centurions in the very worst Gregorian times; and from the Romagna, where it was inveterate, this livid plague of political assassination had begun to spread into the Marches.'—i. pp. 327, 328.

Of Bologna the author speaks as an eyewitness. In this passage, which we cannot afford to quote *in extenso*, the reader will find a fearful account of the lawlessness to which the liberal administration of Pio Nono and his servants had reduced a once flourishing community. The town was in the hands of the populace—arbitrary taxes were imposed at the will of the demagogues—robbery was rife on the highways—judges, policemen, and turnkeys were butchered in cold blood—all that were obnoxious to the dominant party, that is all the ministers and agents of justice, were exposed to a horrible persecution—sick men were stabbed in their beds in the presence of their wives and children, and their corpses left unburied in the streets; the brigands each selected his victim and shot him down, and, if any signs of life remained, the murderer coolly reloaded his musket and despatched him in sight of the people and of the soldiers. 'They hunted men down like wild beasts, entered their houses, and dragged them forth to slaughter!—I saw it, saw death dealt about, and the abominable chase.' (ii. 335.)

Other cities were in a state not less shocking. At last, in the hope of putting down disorders so appalling, the Pope called to his counsels Count Rossi, whose name has thereby acquired such mournful celebrity. The measures of this new minister were worked with an unanticipated vigour, and the Liberals began to apprehend that a constitutional monarchy might after all be a possibility. Their terror must indeed have been great since it induced them to commit so grave an error as the assassination of Rossi! We are quite astonished that they should have believed in the possibility of his permanent success—supported as he was by the lukewarm *Moderates* only, and opposed perhaps with nearly equal hostility by the Priestly party and by the Republicans. This portion of Farini's work presents no circumstances of novelty:—he is treading on very delicate ground—and if his position gave him opportunities of acquiring superior knowledge, his discretion teaches him to suppress it. The cabinet that was forced on the Pope, after the consummation of the crime, was headed by Mamiani, who was absent at the time of the murder, but who arrived most opportunely immediately afterwards to take the lead in the administration, and prepare the way for Mazzini, the real hero of the drama. It is on Mamiani, his political chief, that Signor Farini appears to fix his hopes; and to Mazzini, though he occasionally praises his virtues and

and talents, we understand him to be politically hostile; but for our own parts we have failed to distinguish the slightest practical difference between the 'brilliant Mamiani,' the 'illustrious Gioberti,' the 'pious Romini,' and him for whom they all laboured—Mazzini—'le dernier mot de la Révolution.'

The Moderates worked for Mazzini—if undesignedly, what becomes of the talents their admirers claim for them?—and he, an abler, an honester, or at all events a more direct man, stepped in to seize the prize.* The situation of a Moderate party in times of Revolution is very difficult, and its errors, as far as they are errors of judgment, deserve indulgence. If Farini and his friends showed any clear perception of their past mistakes, and any signs of amendment for the future, we could forgive them the mischiefs they have occasioned. But far from it; we see the same flatteries of the revolutionists, whose battle they are again willing to fight—the same sophistries—the same misrepresentations. When this weaver of paragraphs talks of the anxiety of Radetzky to chastise the rebellious citizens of Milan (ii. 286), we should not deign to offer a contradiction to a tale which no well-informed person believes, and which he himself must know to be false; but it is with feelings of deep humiliation that we find (*Corr.* p. 473) Lord Palmerston affecting to credit it, and, at the instigation of the Vice-Consul at Milan, inditing a most unwise remonstrance for the benefit of the Austrian cabinet!

These reproaches were the more unseasonable as they were addressed to a Government which had exhibited a forbearance unexampled in similar circumstances. Even Mr. Abercromby had at last been compelled to admit that 'the Austrians had not been guilty of personal acts of severity on the score of political offences;' and the few pecuniary amercements awarded had in most cases been either remitted altogether or reduced to sums wholly unimportant. While Lord Palmerston and his colleagues have held office it has been their misfortune to encounter open rebellion in nearly every province and dependency of the British Empire. The punishments which followed the ridiculous rather than formidable disturbances in Ireland were far heavier than any inflicted after the civil war in Lombardy—and those rigorously inflicted in the Ionian Islands and Ceylon were vastly greater, in

* Gioberti, upon whom Farini invariably bestows the most exaggerated praise, was the rival and opponent of Mazzini, and, as the head of the Sardinian Ministry, he was, beyond all others, responsible for the ruin of the cause in which Charles Albert drew his *spada*. Short-sighted and arrogant, he persisted, in spite of experience, in leaning on the support of France, and after an humiliating defeat he renewed the war in terms which a brilliant victory would hardly have justified. Had he taken counsel of Mazzini he could not have played the game more advantageously for *that* personage.

proportion to the population, than any which followed the suppression of the revolts in any part of the Austrian dominions. We mean to express no opinion on the justice or expediency of those punishments—we content ourselves with the simple fact—and we feel certain that on none of these occasions did Prince Schwarzenberg draw up any dispatches for the reproof of Her Majesty's cabinet; nor did he, at the suggestion of the Austrian Vice-Consul at Cork, recommend the British Government to evacuate Ceylon, to make over the Ionian Islands to Otho, or to recognise Mr. Smith O'Brien as King of Ireland.;

Signor Farini is justly severe—(ii. p. 287)—on that 'gang which tried the long-suffering of God' by raising the cry of treachery against the late King of Sardinia, and endeavouring to turn the wrath of the Milanese against their Piedmontese brethren who had been fighting their battles. But why then does he flatter the *patriots* by whom such false accusations have been so pertinaciously preferred? It is these men who are the steady and persevering enemies of Italy: agitators by profession, without subsistence but that which they derive from the credulity or the terror of their countrymen, they live but in troubled waters, and their object is to keep alive that spirit of discontent and rebellion which but for them would be pacified. Every town is full of their spies;—every theatre and coffeehouse is beset by their agents—insults, threats, and assassinations are the means by which they work; and such is the want of manly spirit in the country, that they are best obeyed by those who hate and fear them most.

This 'odious gang' have met with encouragement where they should have had least right to expect it. The support of this crew is now abandoned to *us*—it is in London that it has established those committees which levy contributions for the maintenance of its crusade against the throne and the altar. It had long been the boast of Englishmen that in their country alone the political offender could be sure of refuge and protection. We rejoice that it should be so; nor would we desire the expulsion even of those who, in the name of patriotism, had committed every civil offence in the catalogue, from assassination down to petty larceny, before they sought the sanctuary of our soil; but, having gained it, we think we have a right to exact that they should cease to organise conspiracies for the destruction of foreign governments and for the plunder of their peaceful subjects. It is in the much-abused name of hospitality and humanity that Lord Palmerston and his satellites, both of the press and of the House of Commons, have conveniently gratified their spite and malignity against the party of order and constituted authority. But can they even profess to believe that the cause of

humanity

humanity is advanced by encouraging the machinations of 'a gang which tries the long suffering of God'?

The conduct of the noble Viscount—whose loss of office is announced while we write—had long been inexplicable to us. None could doubt his capacity. Was it possible that the stings of mortified vanity could hurry him into seeking more revenge than he had already enjoyed? Surely the revolutions he had promoted, the civil wars he had protracted, and the bloodshed his policy had caused, must have amply satisfied him. The evils he had of late been fostering in Italy fell on the people with whom he affected to sympathise, and not on the government he wished to punish. We would wish for him no severer punishment than that he should visit the peninsula, and witness with his own eyes—as we have very lately done—the misery for which *he* is accountable. But his extrusion will signify little unless his system be abandoned. The pacification of Italy is impossible while the revolutionary committee is suffered to sit in London. It is their fixed design to goad the authorities to severity—to cherish by every art ill blood between the people and their rulers. After the rebellion was suppressed and the invaders driven from Lombardy, it was the earnest desire of the Austrian Government that old griefs should be forgotten, and a new course of peace and confidence commenced; and, but for the protection which the British Cabinet afforded the incorrigible exiles, this forbearing policy would, we sincerely think, have been crowned with success. Fresh plots are every day discovered; arrests have taken place and punishments have followed. The terror inspired by the agitators can be counteracted only by the more pressing terror of the law. The exiles (who are more than suspected of denouncing their own dupes to swell the list of punishments) thus gain a double advantage. At home the wounds of civil discord are kept open, and foreigners are persuaded to believe that every act of justice is the revenge for former rebellion—when, in truth, it is the meed of recent guilt—guilt incurred invariably at the instigation of the remote committees and their agents. As long as such crimes are protected by our Government they must remain unchecked; but England ceases to be the city of refuge of the Hebrews—it resembles rather one of those Barbary seaports from whence the robber and the pirate defied the ministers of justice, and waged a perpetual war on industry and civilisation.

But, alas! we have little cause for pride in this boasted security of our shores. It is only the traitor that is secure among us—the loyal and gallant defender of the rights of his Sovereign and the dignity of the State to which he was born a subject, is exposed to outrages for which the annals of cowardice and brutality

brutality afford no parallel. The rebel attorney Kossuth—whom but yesterday we should have characterised as the most cunning and also most impudent of traitors and usurpers—is welcomed with an ovation—while the devoted veteran Haynau is assaulted with clubs and stones, and compelled to quit our ‘hospitable shores’ if he would preserve his life. The Hungarian refugee announces, in his letter to the mayor of Southampton—who forsooth deems himself entitled to represent the British public and to speak in its name—that it is through the intervention of our Government that he has been restored to liberty and activity. Our Government may now, perhaps, decline to hold themselves responsible for whatever direction ‘the activity’ of their *protégé* may take—but they may be assured that an account will be demanded of them. Of the answers which, according to the reporters, the late Secretary made to certain suburban addresses we could not speak with too much reprobation—they have been justly compared (*Times*, Nov. 27) to that celebrated decree of the French Convention which voted fraternity to all nations who were willing to rebel against constituted authority. It was something that the noble Lord’s official agents attempted to deny some of the low images and phrases ascribed to him. They at least are *judicious bottle-holders*! But what can we say to the fact that he consented to receive such addresses at all? Was *he* really so ignorant of the state of public feeling in this country as not to perceive that the Kossuth agitation, with all its noise and bluster, had been an utter failure? Could he have seen in vain that, except two or three silly notorieties, not one person in the station of a gentleman condescended to be anyhow mixed up in this vile mummery? Nay, had he so little experience of democratic constituencies as to imagine that by this breach of public duty he could earn for himself—we say nothing now about his colleagues—even the most transient real support? Let it be hoped, at all events, that foreign statesmen may understand the real worth of what has been done in this matter—let them not fail to perceive that the whole was a scene of vulgar *engouement*—exactly on a par with so many that have occurred in England within living memory, and left not the slightest results behind them, except in the wonder and the shame of the real English nation.

ART. VIII.—*Révision de la Constitution.* Paris [n. d.].

THE pamphlet with this laconic title is in truth the *programme* of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte's* autocracy. It is confidently attributed to the President's own hand: it has certainly proceeded from his closet, and speaks beyond mistake his principles and his purpose. It was for three weeks, we are informed, the only brochure on the events of the day permitted to circulate—it is the only one, at least, that our Correspondent was able to transmit to us; and when we add that the political Press in Paris had been, for the preceding months, tolerably free and unusually prolific, its sudden and total suppression on and since the 2nd of December—rendered more striking by the solitary appearance of this ill-omened apology for despotism—is in itself a fact abundantly characteristic and condemnatory of the recent Usurpation. The pamphlet was, no doubt, sent forth in the hope that it would find a resting-place in public opinion—the raven from the ark—but we confidently expect that whenever the waters shall subside and the country begin to resume its natural state, it must be a bird of another colour that shall bring back the *olive-leaf*.

In our last Number we had thus sketched M. Buonaparte's prospects:—

'The "*Je le jure*" with which he accepted his position and the Constitution might perhaps be of no great weight on his conscience; but loosely as France is accustomed to deal with political oaths, it would afford a powerful topic against his authority; and it seems pretty certain that the continuance of his power *cannot for a moment be accomplished without violence—nor permanently with it*. He has no root whatsoever in the country: his claims are, first, that he is not a Bourbon . . . secondly, that he has a name which everybody far and near has heard of . . . thirdly, that he has, during his three years of power, had the opportunity of connecting with his own a great many other personal interests—*creatures and tools enjoying thousands of offices, and whetting the appetites of triple the number ambitious of being creatures and tools also*. He has moreover for the moment in his hands—and appears to be using it lavishly—a very powerful engine, the Legion of Honour, the *furor* for which seems to have increased in intensity under the Republic.'—*Q. R.*, Sept. 1851, p. 516.

Within the last three months the profusion, and partiality, with which this mode of corrupting the army was employed, had become still more flagrant—and this last week seven columns of one 'Moniteur' are filled with the names of soldiers thus decorated for their services to the Usurpation.

* We may as well, since he has now become an historical character, note that his real baptismal names are Charles Louis Napoleon.—(See *Almanach Impérial*, 1806 et seq.)

Our former Number went on to say that, in a supposed conflict with the Assembly, 'the President, *should the Army adhere to him*, might for the moment prevail,' but that he neither could procure the prolongation of his power '*without illegality, nor maintain it without bloodshed*—NOR WITH IT!' We added, further, that if the moderate parties in the country could not agree on a Constitutional candidate for the Presidency, we could

'see no possible extrication but by some illegal violence; and nobody can doubt that nothing but the *unconstitutional intervention of the Army* can effect or maintain any such usurpation.'—*Ib.*, p. 517.

We, therefore, could have felt little surprise at the explosion which has taken place; but we were not, we confess, prepared for the blow being struck so early and so desperately, because we had not reckoned upon the Assembly's carrying its moderation, its internal jealousies, or its fears to the excessive extent of divesting itself of the securities and guards with which the Constitution had legally surrounded it.

But still less could we have anticipated the complacency, not to say approbation, with which this Revolution has been received by many persons in England, and by some classes, we are told, in France, from whose antecedent opinions in favour of order, legality, and constitutional liberty, we should have expected the very reverse of a disposition to extenuate so gross and groundless a violence. All other usurpations that we have read of in history have had some kind of excuse—some pretext however flimsy—some form however empty—of public call or public consent. But here is a usurpation made by one of whom the little that is individually known, beyond his name, is ridiculous, and who has neither public services, nor conspicuous talents, nor personal reputation to justify an audacity far exceeding that of either Cromwell or Napoleon. We readily admit that rational men may believe, or rather, as we ourselves do, hope, that this great crime may be providentially guided to salutary results:—

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a *Borgia* or a *Catiline*!

The treason may eventually produce or accelerate a better order of things, but nothing can excuse the traitor.

We have often said, and it can hardly be too often repeated, that the whole Revolution from 1789 to our own day has been nothing but an alternation, or rather a combination, of falsehood and terror; and it has been the constant endeavour of this Review, as far as our information and influence extended, to vindicate historical truth and to exhibit each of its successive phases in its accurate features and under its real colours. And this duty was never

never more urgent than on this occasion, in which there has been a grosser perversion of the actual facts, and a more complete suppression of the public voice, than we had ever before to deal with.

On the first explosion of this outrage, the President asserted, in a formal proclamation, that he had acted merely in self-defence, and had only *anticipated* a conspiracy of which he would have been the victim: this flimsy, false, and dangerous pretext was abandoned almost as soon as it was uttered—at least in France—for we regret to say that some English Journals, from whom a soberer judgment might have been expected, have continued to reproduce amongst us a fable that had not even twenty-four hours' vogue in France. This pretext was thus suddenly dropped by the Usurper for several obvious reasons. First, because, though it would—if true—have justified the arrest of the conspirators, it would not have gone an inch towards legalizing the absolute subversion and annihilation of all the institutions of the State. Secondly, because such a charge involved the future necessity of proving it before some kind of tribunal, and it was very certain that, if any tribunal could have had cognizance of the case, the President and his half-a-dozen councillors would be found the only conspirators. A third and final reason was, that even the most enslaved and degraded state of mind of the French public must reject with indignant incredulity the idea of a *conspiracy* composed of such contradictory and incompatible elements as Changarnier and Cavaignac, Molé and Lagrange, Broglie and Nadaud, Berryer and Miot, Leo Laborde and Crémieux—persons having neither social stations, nor political opinions, nor moral feelings, nor anything else *in common*, except the *prison to which Louis Napoleon consigned them*.

But let us look at the whole affair from an earlier and a higher point of view.

We hardly need disclaim any partiality for the Republic, or its Constitution, or its National Assembly; but if we are to form a sound opinion on the *present*, or rational conjectures as to the *future* state of France, we must begin by a just and candid review and appreciation of the *past*.

Of the Republic and the Constitution, we have only to repeat what we have often said, and especially in our very last Number, that—whatever might be abstractedly their merits or demerits—they were the only legality existing in the country. Furthermore, when Louis Napoleon boasts that *he* had given three years' peace and prosperity to the country, we take leave to assert for the *other* Constitutional authorities a still greater share of that merit—for beyond all question every alarm and agitation that has disturbed the general current of the public prosperity for the last

two years has arisen from Louis Napoleon's own conspiracy against the Constitution which he had thus sworn to maintain:—

'In the presence of God and of the French people here represented by the National Assembly I swear to remain faithful to the one indivisible and democratic Republic, and to fulfil all the duties imposed on me by the Constitution.'

A copy of the Constitution now before us is ornamented by a full-length portrait of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, in a plain black coat, holding up his hand in the tribune of the Assembly, and pronouncing the foregoing oath, inscribed at the bottom of the print.

Nor is this all: the President has frequently voluntarily and officially renewed that same pledge as it suited some temporary purpose—down to a week or two before he openly unmasked himself.

There was also an article of this Constitution, to which we desire the special attention of our readers: every line of it is pregnant with meaning, and—we trust—with consequences.

'Any measure by which the President of the Republic should dissolve the Assembly, or prorogue it, or interpose any obstacle to the exercise of its functions, is a crime of HIGH TREASON. By this mere act the President is deprived of all his functions—the country (*les citoyens*) is bound to refuse him obedience—the executive power passes at once and by right into the hands of the National Assembly—the Judges of the High Court of Justice are bound on penalty of forfeiture of their office to assemble immediately, to summon a jury in the place which they shall designate, and proceed immediately to the trial of the President and his accomplices.'—*Constitution, Article 68.*

Folks may say what they please of the *Constitution Marrast*, but it cannot be denied that it anticipated very sagaciously its most probable danger. It also provided an adequate remedy, which, and the cause of its failure, we shall presently explain: but we must proceed *gradatim*.

The individual members of the Assembly took no formal oath:—all political oaths—except that of the President—having been previously abolished by law, as they had been still earlier dishonoured and disgraced by universal perjury. But the members who courted and accepted that mission did so under an honourable understanding and engagement to the *Republic*, fully equivalent to any oath that could have been imposed upon them; and those of them who have now joined the President in his public perjury are in morals, and indeed in law, quite as guilty as he.

Long before the *coup d'état* had pronounced the Assembly to be a 'hotbed of conspiracy' the Buonapartist press had begun to depreciate

depreciate it as '*faction*'—a term to which circumstances gave a superficial plausibility, and which has been heedlessly repeated on this side of the water even by some who, in every other respect, have taken a just and statesmanlike view of the last Revolution. Since the charge of *conspiracy* has been so utterly abandoned, and as the only lingering pretence for the dissolution of the Assembly is its pretended *factionousness*, we beg leave to say a few words in explanation of that very vague term. All parties in all countries are prone to call their rivals a *faction*. Lord John Russell once called the majority of the House of Commons a '*faction*;' and we are familiar with the Whig faction and the Tory faction, to say nothing of a fry of petty factions; and we believe that there is hardly a lord or a commoner in either House, who, in the familiar talk of Brookes's, the Reform, and the Carlton Clubs, would not be classed as belonging to some *faction* or other. So no doubt the National Assembly of France was divided into factions: there were the Legitimist faction, and the Orleanist faction, and the Montagnard faction, and the Socialist faction, and the Buonapartist faction; but what we totally deny is, that the individual views of any of those factions, or the occasional coalitions amongst them, endangered in the slightest degree the *President's personal position*, or the Constitutional authority of his government, or afforded the slightest pretence for the midnight military violence by which the Assembly was dissolved, and the *élite* of its members imprisoned like felons. On the contrary—into whatever parties it might be internally divided—not one of its *collective* acts can, by any latitude of expression, be called *faction*; nay, as we shall now show, the real reproach against it is an improvident reluctance to impair the authority of an ambitious and aggressive Government by measures which prudence and self-preservation must have otherwise suggested.

We by no means attribute this forbearance to a purely Constitutional motive: that, no doubt, influenced some; but we readily admit that the moderation of the combined majority may have been mainly influenced—not, as the President would have us believe, by a *coalition* of factions—but by their *division*—by the obvious impolicy, and, in truth, the impossibility, of uniting the component parts of the majority in any common principle of ultimate action. The President was supported by the same combination that elected him, because no one knew where else to find a President—where to find a Government. No Legitimist could have been satisfied with anything less than Henry V.; the Orleanists dreamed of a Regency or a President de Joinville; the moderate Republicans would have had a Cavaignac, the Reds a Ledru Rollin.

Rollin. Between two stools one falls, says the proverb, to the ground; but, between four, Louis Napoleon found a pedestal of power: the pedestal we believe to be in truth no better than one rickety stool, but it served for the moment to raise him above the unoccupied plinths on which the other parties were afraid to erect their rival candidates. M. Thiers truly declared that '*the Republic was the principle that least divided the Assembly*;' and we firmly believe that there was not one man in that Assembly—from the *Duke de Broglie* to *Citizen Nadaud*—who had the slightest wish to disturb the *Constitutional position* of the President of the Republic!

For *see what that position was*—a question which we do not wonder that the President and his accomplices should blink, as it annihilates the main—indeed, the sole—pretence of his usurpation; but we are surprised that it has not struck those who, at this side of the water, have discussed the matter with more impartiality and justice.

By the Constitution, Louis Napoleon's Presidency would LEGALLY EXPIRE in *March next*, and by that same Constitution *HE was not re-eligible*. What possible object, therefore, could any party in the Assembly have in disturbing a power which it had supported for three years, cordially at first, and substantially to the last, and which was now on the point of *expiring by due course of law*? That the *parties* must have thought, and thought anxiously, about the choice and the chances of a successor cannot be doubted; but what was that to *Him* personally? *He* was out of the question: the same law that had made him President, and which he had so solemnly sworn to obey, was about to unmake him, and had, as a fundamental principle of the Constitution, prohibited his re-election. What, then, had faction or conspiracy to do as *against* Buonaparte? Common sense—even if there were not the superabundant evidence of facts—must answer—*nothing*!

But had *faction* and *conspiracy* nothing to do for Buonaparte? Have they done nothing? On the contrary, had they not everything to do, and have they not done everything? He complains of faction and conspiracy, forsooth!—*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes*? Do the real conspirators in France, and their apologists here, imagine that all the world must forget, because they choose to ignore, the long train of events which marked the Presidential Conspiracy—a conspiracy of which the first and most immediate object was to get rid of that provision of the Constitution which assigned a legal term to his personal power? No antagonist faction could have any interest in hastening that term already fixed by law—about to expire—and requiring no extrinsic aid or effort for its extinction. But there was

a Usurping

a *Usurping Faction*, which had all along the interest and the design of overleaping that legal limit, and breaking down that Constitutional barrier.

To trace all the steps of this conspiracy would be to write the public history of France and the secret history of the *Elysée* for the last three years. We need not enter into such details: a few broad facts will suffice to revive the recollection of our readers. In the first place, it was soon observed that the *Citizen President* expected to be addressed by the title of *MONSEIGNEUR*—as a *Prince of the Blood*. Sir Francis Head—in his always amusing and often sagacious sketches of France, lately published, and which he too modestly calls ‘*Fagots*’ (unless he thinks with Sganarelle, ‘*qu’il y a fagots et fagots*’)—Sir Francis, we say, gives a very flattering portrait of the *Prince President*, who, it seems, was singularly *empressé* towards him, and whose civilities (as was no doubt hoped) Sir Francis has gratefully repaid with his lively and, we need hardly add, favourable pencil; but it is impossible not to see in every touch of the portrait that *Monseigneur* was already *preluding as Emperor*. Will Sir Francis allow us to add a light stick to his gay bundle? Considering the nature of the midnight outrage committed by the President and his gang, it seems a curious coincidence that the instrument chiefly employed in burglary and housebreaking in Paris—described in the Dictionary as ‘*grosse pince de voleur*’—is technically known to the thieves and the police as a ‘*Monseigneur*!’ and never before, we venture to say, was any ‘*Monseigneur*’ employed so flagitiously, or for the moment more successfully.—*Mais Patience!*

The Constitution had jealously provided (Art. 50) that the President should never have any *personal command* of the army; but *Monseigneur* very soon exhibited himself in a military uniform, surrounded himself with an *état-major—aides-de-camp* and *officiers d’ordonnance*—was accompanied everywhere by military escorts, and reviewed the troops and distributed orders and honours with exactly the same forms that the military Emperor and the Constitutional Sovereigns used to employ. These autocratical symptoms soon broke out into still more significant acts. Very soon after his election he attempted to possess himself of the documents deposited in the public archives relating to his attempts at Strasbourg and Boulogne; and when this was resisted by M. de Maleville, his own Minister of the Interior, he addressed him a letter so insolent, so despotic, so full in short of ‘*idées Napoléoniennes*,’ that M. de Maleville had no option but to resign, and nothing but the excessive moderation of the rest of the cabinet (Odillon Barrot being President of the Council), and of the Con-

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stituant Assembly itself, prevented a serious collision even at that early period. *Stealing papers* not being one of the offences guarded against by the Constitution, all parties were puzzled how to deal with the case, and so the affair was hushed up: but—*litera scripta manet*—the arrogant tone and illegal pretensions of the letter remain (*Ann. Reg.*, 1849, p. 197) to testify to the spirit of its author. But before the close of the year he dismissed this constitutional and patient cabinet in an angry style, and announced the event to the Assembly in a haughty message containing this significant passage:—

‘A whole system triumphed on the 10th of December—for the name of NAPOLEON is a complete programme in itself.’—*Ibid.*, p. 271.

Where was the factious spirit of the Assembly that was not awakened at this warning?

Advantage was taken, in the autumn of 1850, of the adjournment of the Assembly to make some direct experiments on the feelings of the army and the opinion of the public. A sadly misnamed journal, *Le Constitutionnel*, then the precursor as now the defender of the Usurpation—had already advocated the unconstitutional *prolongation* of the Presidential reign. About the same time, some even of the most moderate and most respectable journals—for no other reason, that we can discover, but their opposition to such a design—were seized, and their editors were significantly warned that they might find a ‘*lodging in the Conciergerie*.’ Immediately after this, a bolder denunciation was made against the press in general by one of the President’s periodical organs—the *Bulletin de Paris*. It announced

‘the well-considered and resolute determination of the Government to force the press of all sides (*forcer la presse de toutes les opinions*) to respect scrupulously the Government and the law, by inflicting severe punishment (*en se servant sévèrement*) on any organ of the press that should violate this double duty.’

A formula of tyranny hardly to be matched in the despotism of Napoleon the Great. But while these measures against the press were taken, and these wider severities menaced, the greater game of debauching the soldiery was played—not only in a thousand details—but at last on a bolder scale. On the 3rd of October, 1850, an army of *twenty thousand* men was assembled on the plains of St. Maur, a few miles to the eastward of Paris, where they were reviewed by the President surrounded by a brilliant *Etat Major*; and after the manœuvres, the troops were refreshed by a gratuitous distribution of provisions and wine; but General Changarnier commanded in person, and no other irregularity than the collation took place. This assemblage of troops on that site was probably

probably meant to try the temper or to compress the spirit of the formidable Faubourg St. Antoine; but it failed—the troops showed nothing like an Imperial enthusiasm: and, as the President returned through the Faubourg, the people showed their suspicion and their dislike of his unconstitutional intentions by cries offensive to his person and zealous for the *Republic*. This was a kind of check which the Presidential conspiracy hastened to repair, and a still more extensive demonstration of military force and Napoleonist enthusiasm was announced to take place on the 10th October, at Satory, near Versailles, on the opposite side of Paris from the last exhibition. Here an assemblage of *thirty thousand* men was announced; and, during the interval, the public mind was agitated by rumours—and indeed by much sincere and *bonâ fide* apprehension and hope (as various parties felt)—that the Gordian knot of the Republic was to be suddenly cut by the sword of the President on the plain of Satory. It was, we are told, the subject of bets in Paris, whether he that rode out *President* was not to ride home *Emperor*—but the plot again failed. *There* were the *thirty thousand men*—*there* was the bedizened President and his embroidered staff—*there* were the cold collation, sausages, cigars, and champagne—but *THERE* also was General Changarnier: and though some of the President's aides-de-camp were seen to ride from his side and provoke the troops to cries of '*Vive Napoléon!*' and even '*Vive l'Empereur!*' and though two or three colonels gave the example of this breach of discipline, it failed of any serious effect; and the great mass of the troops, and especially of the infantry, showed not only no disposition but a sturdy reluctance to countenance the adventure. It seems that between these two reviews the permanent committee of the Assembly, appointed to sit during the adjournment and invested with a delegation of its powers, felt itself obliged by the increasing agitation of the public mind to have some explanations with the Government, and particularly with the Minister at War, as to the attempts made on the discipline of the army; but acting as they did with extreme moderation, they accepted the assurance of the Minister that 'the circumstances complained of were merely accidental, and should not happen again.' A promise which was a few days after broken and belied by the flagrant scenes of Satory.

These scenes, however, were too little encouraging to prompt at that moment the President and his cabal to the already meditated *coup d'état*. The design was adjourned to a more propitious opportunity, when the President might be able to get rid of General Changarnier and other Constitutional officers. The Committee of the National Assembly, and the National Assembly itself on its re-assemblage,

re-assemblage, were so desirous of avoiding all collision with the President, or doing anything that might impair his authority, that these extraordinary and *treasonable* proceedings were suffered to pass almost without observation.

But, as generally happens, these difficulties soon took a *money* aspect. The Constitution, formed on the general principle of the American Republic, had contemplated, on a real principle of equality, a President *without a Court*. It provided (Art. 62) that 'he should be lodged at the public expense, and that he should receive a salary of 600,000 francs (24,000*l.*) a-year.' This sum the Assembly—liberally though unconstitutionally—consented to double by an additional vote of 600,000 francs under the good-natured pretext of *frais de représentation*, and it added 150,000 francs (6000*l.*) for charities, &c., making with some other small additions his salary 1,625,000 francs, besides all the expenses of his palace, lighted, warmed, furnished, decorated, and served—a very liberal allowance for a *Bourgeois* President, and above a million of francs more than the Constitution contemplated. But it was soon discovered to be very insufficient for *Monseigneur le Prince Président*, surrounded by a gaudy *état-major* of courtiers, civil and military—maintaining a *quasi* imperial *train de maison*—collecting at state banquets of fifty covers an obsequious native court, and such stray foreigners of name or note as he hoped to dazzle with his splendour, or propitiate by his cajoleries—and giving collations of roast fowls and champagne to *twenty thousand* men at St. Maur, and a week after to *thirty thousand* at Satory.

Preparatory, therefore, to these magnificences, in June 1850, the President had persuaded his ministry to ask of the Assembly a large supplementary addition to those official allowances—no less than 1,400,000 francs. The Assembly saw pretty clearly that they were asked to furnish a stick to break their own head, but still—moderate or prudent, timid or conciliatory, or anything you will, except *factionous*—they voted the allowance chiefly on the persuasion of General Changarnier, who by that recommendation showed himself a more generous adversary than a prudent political leader—for if the Assembly had shut up the President within the four walls of his salary, he and his imperial schemes would have soon jumped out of the windows, and the sober portion of the country would have applauded their representatives for the joint merit of economy and legality.

When, however, by and by, after the seizure of the journals—after the reviews of St. Maur and Satory—after reiterated insults and provocations to the Assembly—the President again, in the February of 1851, made another demand for 1,800,000 francs, and

and it was avowed that he expected his annual income to be permanently fixed at 3,425,000 francs (about 140,000*l.*)—above five times the sum established by the Constitution—and when it was openly stated in debate by the President's advocates that these sums were to forward *ulterior views*—the Assembly, unless they had been absolute idiots or traitors, could not have consented to what would have been a mark of approbation for the past and the means of aggression for the future; they accordingly negatived that vote—the single check, as we recollect, which under such frequent provocations and such imminent danger that over patient body ever interposed to the greedy and insolent encroachments of the President.

But on the reassemblage of the Assembly after the last vacation matters had become more urgent. The Constitutional Generals had been under various pretences dismissed. The principle of selecting Ministers from, and responsible to, the National Assembly was boldly repudiated; men of straw became the men of red tape and court embroidery; practical exemplifications of the doctrine of '*L'état, c'est moi!*' were audaciously developed in every word and act of the Prince President. At last the forbearance or perhaps the perplexity of the Assembly encouraged him to make a more formal inroad on the Constitutional independence of the Legislature.

The Constitution, which, as we have seen, had anticipated a treasonable attempt to dissolve the Assembly by force of arms, had endeavoured to guard against this by its 32nd Article:—

'*The National Assembly fixes the amount of military force necessary for its own security and directs it (et elle en dispose.)*'

This provision was obviously suggested by the fact that almost every revolution that had taken place since the days of the Convention had been effected by a seditious invasion of the Legislative Assemblies—but it did not state, as perhaps it ought to have done, how the power of the Assembly was to be exercised. There had been, indeed, an antecedent decree of the Constituant Assembly which cleared up that difficulty by declaring that the necessary authority was where it naturally must be—in the hands of the *President of the Assembly*; and—to obviate all possible misconception—a copy of this decree was posted up in all the quarters and barracks of the troops. As, however, it began to be whispered that this decree might not be considered as a full legal authority, the Quæstors—a committee of four members charged with the police of the Assembly—thought it right to leave no doubt on that point, and they proposed to convert the existing decree into a formal enactment. Upon this *Monseigneur* boldly put in practice the old apologue of *the Wolf and the Lamb*;—he

—he complained that this was an aggression of the Assembly on *his* authority and a libel on *his* intentions, and he sent two newly found Ministers of the Interior and War departments to oppose the bill before the committee appointed to prepare it. These ministers shuffled and equivocated in the strangest way as to whether the decree was or was not in force, and could find no extrication from their embarrassment but by the bold stroke of having the decree, which really was posted up in all the barracks, torn down and *mis au néant* by the mere authority of the Minister at War.

The Assembly, which had been all along indisposed to venture on an open rupture, now exhibited the incomprehensible weakness of rejecting, by a majority of 408 to 300, the proposition of their own Quæstors. It is in vain that the deserters from the Conservative party on this vital occasion assigned as their excuse that the terms of the Constitution were sufficiently clear and strong without any new provisions. It is now undeniable that—whether through cowardly or conciliatory motives—they gave up themselves and their country to the catastrophe of the 2nd of December. They have, however, on this point one slight consolation—since the result affords most undisputable proof that the majority had not only no disposition to aggression against the President, but had not even the determination of legal self-defence: and accordingly—*fuere!*

While this struggle, if struggle it can be called, between unscrupulous unity of purpose on one side, and timid diversity of opinion on the other—

—— Miserae cognosce procemia rixæ :

Si rixa est ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum—

while, we say, this unequal struggle was going on, the apprehensions and the danger of the Assembly were greatly aggravated by a Presidential manœuvre of a different, but, if possible, more serious character. It was only in May, 1850, that Louis Napoleon, seeing the great alarm into which some Socialist elections had thrown all the respectable part of the community, thought it for his interest, in the contemplation of his future *candidature*, to propose a modification of the right of universal suffrage, of which the main point was the requiring from the voter a three years' residence in his district. We say nothing of the justice or policy of this alteration of the law—we only note that it was zealously promoted by the President and his ministers, and passed by the Assembly by a union of all the *factions*, except the Mountain, in favour of the Government's measure. But, lo, a change comes over the spirit of the President's dream, and in October, 1851, contemplating, no doubt, the

the mock election which he has since announced, he bethought him of propitiating for his own present benefit the *three million* of what we may venture to call *vagabond votes* which he had annihilated eighteen months before: his respectable republican ministry declined this act of apostacy and peril, and he with difficulty collected some names from the highways and byways to countersign the proposition. The result was, however, another proof of the moderation, from whatever motive, of the Assembly. It was indeed rejected—but by a doubtful majority of two only in the fullest house that had ever voted.

But though the Assembly thus imperfectly vindicated its own consistency as to a general repeal of the law, it took the opportunity of a municipal bill then in progress to make a great step of concession by reducing the term of electoral domicile to a single year; and while this bill was yet in discussion, with a daily increasing tendency towards the President's views, there came, like a thief in the night, the dissolution of the Constitution—as if the President really feared that the compliance of the Assembly would not leave him the shadow of a complaint against it.

That Assembly, it cannot be denied, was in its general composition infinitely better than could have been expected from the circumstances in which it was elected. It contained, we believe, the most capable men of every party in France;—there were, out of seven hundred names, some four hundred that would have done honour to any Assembly—and comparatively few who bore the marks of having been raised in the *fumier* of universal suffrage. But the Assembly was from the beginning in that peculiarly French phrase and that essentially French category—a *false position*. We say nothing of old agitators *retournés*—like M. Odillon Barrot, M. Dupin, or M. Thiers; but such men as MM. de Broglie, Berryer, Molé, de Falloux, de Noailles, de la Roche Jacquelin, de Luynes, de Kerdrel, de Vatisménil, de St. Priest, de Montalembert, de Montebello, Duvergier de Hauranne, Oudinet, Dambray, Lauriston, and at least two hundred of the real gentry of France of all *nuances*—the gentry not merely of birth, but of intelligence, property, public service, and public character—had *primâ facie* no business there: they were, by their tastes, their convictions, and their interests, all hostile to the Republic in the abstract, and in high and strict morality should not have given it the pledge even of their presence and countenance. On the other hand, however, we must bear in mind the anomalous and critical condition in which these gentlemen had escaped from the February revolution—they were like prisoners in a foundering ship, released at the extreme moment of danger to assist in saving whatever remained of life and property; they lamented, no doubt, the

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the masters that had been washed overboard one after another—they lamented the friends and companions they had lost in the storm—they lamented the altered prospects of the voyage on which they had embarked; but could they in conscience, or in self-interest, or even with personal honour, have refused to endeavour to *save the ship*? When we add to these considerations the general indifference, not to say disgust, as to both persons and principles, with which so many and such violent vicissitudes of governments had infected the great mass of the people, we think there is a reasonable apology for the Imperialists, the Orleanists, and the Legitimists who submitted, or even ambitioned, to take their seats in the Republican Assembly. We do not say that it would not have been more consistent with their own characters, and ultimately better for France, that they had acted on a stricter principle, and left the Republic to the Republicans. We believe we should have seen an earlier and a smoother return to order and Monarchy. One thing is certain, that we never should have heard of *Monseigneur le Prince Président*, nor would France have suffered the shameful and bloody chastisement of the 2nd of December.

But though rigid morality cannot altogether justify, nor sound policy approve, the quasi-duplicity of those who veiled though they did not conceal Anti-republican sentiments under Republican colours, we are anxious, for the sake of historical truth and as a lesson in politics, to defend the Assembly as a *body* from the false, and not only false but contradictory, accusations alleged against it. In truth it was, as we have already said, infinitely more respectable than could have been predicated from its origin. The parties into which it was divided have been estimated at

250 Legitimists and Constitutionals *de la Droite*,

200 Orleanists, Moderate Republicans, and Constitutionalists of the *Gauche*,

200 Mountain Republicans and Socialists—and

100 of no decided colour, followers of chance and waiters on Providence.—

And it was, we believe, as fair a representation of the country as could, under any circumstances, have been produced. Nor do we recollect in any of their legislative proceedings any act that was not respectable in its motives, its object, and its results—except, indeed, its deference to the President in the four great errors—of increasing the President's salary to a degree incompatible with a Republic—of altering the electoral law—of countenancing the revision of the Constitution—and of, at last, miserably abandoning the powers of independence and self-defence with which the law had invested them.

Whereas,

Whereas, on the other hand, it is evident that from the first moment of his election the sole thought of the President, the sole aim of all his manœuvres, was usurpation, and as the first step to it, a breach—*quocunque modo*—of that article of the Constitution which prohibited his re-election. That is the single and simple explanation of the whole Buonapartist enigma. From the first hour of his accession all he did or tried to do—all his shifts, his shufflings, and his struggles with the Assembly, with his Ministries, with the Magistracy, the Army, and different classes of the people, were only so many steps—covert or open—stealthy or striding—towards the usurpation, accomplished, with the luck which so often attends the first burst of audacity, on the 2nd of December.

The only statement as yet given of the motives or details of that event as viewed by the Constitutionals is a very able and important document, drawn up by a member of the Assembly on behalf of himself and his colleagues, which appeared in the *Times* of Thursday the 11th of December, and which but for its great length we should have reproduced here *in extenso*. For that we have not room—and there is indeed the less occasion, because its statement of the respective proceedings and feelings of the Assembly and the President up to the 1st December entirely and most curiously agrees with that given in the foregoing pages—written and in type before this document had reached us—a coincidence and mutual confirmation which is worth recording. After a masterly recapitulation of the great facts which we have already stated, and which so clearly repel the charge of *conspiracy* on the part of the Assembly against *Monseigneur*, the writer narrates in a singularly picturesque manner the actual violences with which the 2nd December opened—the audacious proclamations—the arrests of leading Deputies and the Constitutional Generals, &c. The writer then proceeds to relate—

‘As an actual witness, the things I saw with my eyes and heard with my ears.

‘When the representatives of the people learned, on waking that morning, that several of their colleagues were arrested, they ran to the Assembly. The doors were guarded by the Chasseurs de Vincennes, a corps of troops recently returned from Africa, and long accustomed to the violences of Algerine dominion, who, moreover, were stimulated by a *donation of five francs distributed to every soldier who was in Paris that day*. The representatives nevertheless presented themselves to go in, having at their head one of their Vice-Presidents, M. Daru. This gentleman was violently struck by the soldiers, and the representatives who accompanied him were driven back at the point of the bayonet. Three of them, MM. de Talhouet, Etienne, and Duparc, were slightly wounded. Several others had their clothes pierced.

‘Driven from the doors of the Assembly, the deputies retired to the Mairie of the 10th arrondissement. They were already assembled to the number of about three hundred, when the troops arrived, blocked up the approaches, and prevented

prevented a greater number of representatives from entering the apartment, though no one was at that time prevented from leaving it. Who then were these representatives assembled at the Mairie of the 10th arrondissement, and what did they do there? Every shade of opinion was represented in this extemporaneous Assembly;—but eight-tenths of its members belonged to the different Conservative parties which had constituted the majority. This Assembly was presided over by two of its Vice-Presidents, M. Benoist d'Azy and M. Vitet. M. Daru was arrested in his own house; the fourth Vice-President, the illustrious General Bedeau, had been seized that morning in his bed and handcuffed like a robber. As for the President, M. Dupin, he was absent, which surprised no one, as his cowardice was known. Besides its Vice-Presidents, the Assembly was accompanied by its secretaries, its ushers, and even its shorthand-writer, who will preserve for posterity the records of this last and memorable sitting. The Assembly, thus constituted, began by voting a decree in the following terms:—

“In pursuance of Article 68 of the Constitution—viz.—

The President of the Republic, the Ministers, the agents, and depositaries of public authority, are responsible, each in what concerns themselves respectively, for all the acts of the Government and the Administration—any measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the National Assembly, prorogues it, or places obstacles in the exercise of its powers, is a crime of high treason. By this act merely the President is deprived of all authority, the citizens are bound to withhold their obedience, the Executive power passes in full right to the National Assembly. The Judges of the High Court of Justice will meet immediately under pain of forfeiture; they will convoke the juries in the place which they will select to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices; they will nominate the magistrates charged to fulfil the duties of public Ministers;—

And seeing that the National Assembly is prevented by violence from exercising its powers, it decrees as follows, viz.:—

“Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is deprived of all authority as President of the Republic. The citizens are enjoined to withhold their obedience. The Executive power has passed in full right to the National Assembly. The Judges of the High Court of Justice are enjoined to meet immediately, under pain of forfeiture, to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices; consequently all the officers and functionaries of power and of public authority are bound to obey all requisitions made in the name of the National Assembly, under pain of forfeiture and of high treason. Done and decreed unanimously in public sitting, this 2nd of December, 1851.

Benoist d'Azy, *Pres.* Vitet, *Vice-Pres.* Moulin and Chapot, *Secs.*”

Here follow 230 signatures, beginning alphabetically with *D'Albert, Duke de Luynes*, and ending with *Eugène Sue*, the radical novelist, and comprising the most distinguished men of all classes and parties that the Assembly comprised or that France can show. Those 230 Deputies were *all* involved in the general arrests that ensued. Many other most respectable Members escaped it by having signed early and left the room before the doors were seized by the troops; many others, hastening to share the fate of their colleagues, arrived too late. The narrator goes on:—

‘After having voted this first decree, another was unanimously passed, naming General Oudinot commander of the public forces; and M. Tamisier was joined with him as chief of the staff. The choice of these two officers from
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distinct shades of political opinion showed that the Assembly was animated by one common spirit.

'These decrees had scarcely been signed by all the members present, and deposited in a place of safety, when a band of soldiers, headed by their officers, sword in hand, appeared at the door, without, however, daring to enter the apartment. The Assembly awaited them in perfect silence. The President alone raised his voice, read the decrees which had just been passed to the soldiers, and ordered them to retire. The poor fellows, ashamed of the part they were compelled to play, hesitated. The officers, pale and undecided, declared they should go for further orders. They retired, contenting themselves with blockading the passages leading to the apartment. The Assembly, not being able to go out, ordered the windows to be opened, and caused the decrees to be read to the people and the troops in the street below, especially that decree which, in pursuance of the 68th article of the Constitution, pronounced the deposition and impeachment of Louis Napoleon. Soon, however, the soldiers reappeared at the door, preceded this time by two *Commissaires de Police*. These men, amid the unbroken silence of the Assembly, summoned the representatives to disperse. The President ordered them to retire themselves. One was agitated and faltered; the other broke out in invectives. The President said to him, "Sir, we are here the lawful authority, and sole representatives of law and of right. We will not disperse. Seize us, and convey us to prison." "All, all!" exclaimed the members of the Assembly. After much hesitation, the *Commissaires de Police* caused the two Presidents to be seized by the collar. The whole body then rose, and, arm-in-arm, two-and-two, they followed the Presidents, and all were marched off through the streets without knowing whither they were going. Care had been taken to circulate a report among the crowd and the troops that a meeting of Socialist and Red Republican deputies had been arrested. But when the people beheld among those who were thus dragged through the mud of Paris on foot, like a gang of malefactors, men the most illustrious by their talents and their virtues, surrounded by the bayonets of the line, a shout was raised, "*Vive l'Assemblée Nationale!*" The representatives were attended by these shouts until they reached the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay, where they were shut up. Night was coming on, and it was wet and cold. Yet the Assembly was left two hours in the open air, as if the Government did not deign to remember its existence. The representatives here made their last roll-call in presence of their shorthand-writer, who had followed them. The number now present was 218, to whom were added about 20 more in the course of the evening, consisting of members who had voluntarily caused themselves to be arrested. Almost all the men known to France and to Europe who formed the majority of the Legislative Assembly, were gathered together in this place. Few were wanting, except those who, like M. Molé, had not been suffered to reach their colleagues. There were present, among others, the Duke de Broglie, who had come, though ill; the father of the house the venerable Keratry, whose physical strength was inferior to his moral courage, and whom it was necessary to seat on a straw chair in the barrack-yard; Odillon Barrot, Dufaure, Berryer, Rémusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Gustave de Beaumont, de Tocqueville, de Falloux, Lanjuinais, Admiral Lainé and Admiral Cécille, Generals Oudinot and Lauriston, the Duke de Luyne, the Duke de Montebello; twelve ex-Ministers, nine of whom had served under Louis Napoleon himself; eight members of the Institute; all men who had struggled for three years to defend society and to resist the demagogic faction. When two hours had elapsed this assemblage, was driven into barrack-rooms upstairs, where most of them spent the night, without fire, and almost without food, stretched upon the boards. It only remained

to carry off to prison these honourable men, guilty of no crime but the defence of the laws of their country. For this purpose the most distressing and ignominious means were selected. The cellular vans in which *forçats* are conveyed to the *bagne* were brought up. In these vehicles were shut up the men who had served and honoured their country, and they were conveyed like three bands of criminals, some to the fortress of Mont Valerien, some to the Prison Mazas in Paris, and the remainder to Vincennes. The indignation of the public compelled the Government two days afterwards to release the great number of them; some are still in confinement, unable to obtain either their liberty or their trial. The treatment inflicted on the Generals arrested in the morning of the 2nd December was still more disgraceful. Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Bedeau, Changarnier—the conquerors of Africa—were shut up in these infamous cellular vans, which are always inconvenient, and become almost intolerable on a lengthened journey. In this manner they were conveyed to Ham.

Then follows a summary of the prostrate condition to which the press and the personal liberty of French citizens were instantly reduced. He adds:—

‘One word more, to record a fact which does honour to the magistracy of France. The army refused to submit to the decree of the captive Assembly impeaching the President of the Republic; but the High Court of Justice obeyed it. These five judges, sitting in the midst of Paris enslaved, and in the face of martial law, dared to assemble at the Palace of Justice and to issue process commencing criminal proceedings against Louis Napoleon in the following memorable edict:—

“THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE—

Considering the 68th article of the Constitution; considering that printed placards commencing with the words ‘the President of the Republic,’ and bearing at the end the signatures of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte and De Morny, Minister of the Interior, which placards announce, among other things, the dissolution of the National Assembly, have this day been affixed to the walls of Paris; that this fact of the dissolution of the Assembly by the President of the Republic would fall under the case provided for by the 68th article of the Constitution, and render the convocation of the High Court of Justice imperative—by the terms of that article declares that the High Court is constituted, and names M. Renouard, counsellor of the Court of Cassation, to fill the duties of public accuser, and to fill those of Greffier M. Bernard, Greffier in Chief of the Court of Cassation; and, to proceed further in pursuance of the terms of the said 68th article of the Constitution, adjourns until to-morrow, the 3rd of December, at the hour of noon.”

‘After this textual extract from the Minutes of the High Court of Justice there is the following entry:—

“1. A *procès-verbal* stating the arrival of a Commissaire de Police, who called upon the High Court to separate.

“2. A *procès-verbal* of a second sitting held on the morrow, the 3rd day of December (when the Assembly was in prison), at which M. Renouard accepts the functions of public prosecutor, charged to proceed against Louis Napoleon; after which the High Court, being no longer able to sit, adjourned to a day to be fixed hereafter.”

So ends the first act of this unparalleled drama.* The audacity,

* Since this remarkable narrative appeared, a far different piece—a meanly gossiping account of the personal arrest of some of the most distinguished victims—has been published by one Granier de Cassagnac, a small *littérateur*, now become one of the Usurper’s *Seides-Journalistes*. It affects to describe the air, attitude,

as we predicted months ago, has been in the first instance successful. Louis Napoleon is Dictator; and—still more astonishing—we even believe that the majority of people in France who have anything to lose will be—out of the sheer necessity of the crisis, and to save their purses and skins—not willing, not friendly—but submissive slaves to his domination.

For the moment they cannot do better. There are no rational means of resistance. France—or at least revolutionised France—is essentially and alternately slavish and rebellious; at the outset always submissive to violence and servile to usurpation—by and by ungrateful to confidence and impatient of all constituted authority. The old epigram seems to have been a mere prophecy of her:—

‘Tender-handed stroke a nettle—and it stings you for your pains;

Grasp it like a man of mettle, and it soft as silk remains.

’Tis the same with common natures: use them kindly—they rebel:—

Be as rough as nutmeg-graters—and the rogues obey you well!’

Witness—to go no farther back—the revolutions of 1830 and 1848—each made by a little clique of lawyers and journalists—headed on the former occasion by Thiers and Barrot—and by Marrast and Ledru Rollin on the latter—and submitted to without a struggle, without even a ruffle of the surface, beyond the walls of Paris. But as soon as either of the new governments had acquired something of a more stable character, there arose out of the same population which had established those governments, such a series of seditions, *émeutes*, and massacres as no other city than Paris had ever witnessed. On this head, therefore, experience and general principles induce us to conclude that the new usurpation—even if as generally acquiesced in as the two former (which it certainly has not been)—is destined to run, after the first days of passive terror, the same troublous career—and to come to a similar untimely end. There are, however, peculiarities in this case which tend to make the establishment of the usurpation more easy and complete, and at the same time to render its course more perilous, and *its final success impossible*.

We must in the first place repeat that both the Royalist parties are well aware that this would not be a moment for

tude, expressions, and personal deportment, down even to details of their beds and toilettes, of the several gentlemen thus as indecently as treacherously surprised and seized. These ignoble personalities, though evidently coloured up in a spirit of sneer and ridicule, do not contain one single word or deed derogatory to the personal conduct or character of any one of the parties arrested; but, on the contrary, the base bad taste and ungentlemanlike feeling of such a publication—which could only have been made from the reports of the police, and therefore by the President's immediate authority—have excited in Paris almost as much disgust as the bolder violence of the arrest itself. ‘*Granier's pamphlet*,’ says a Correspondent of the Times, ‘has met with a large sale and a larger share of indignation.’

producing a candidate for the Crown, and they look therefore with a kind of complacency at a *stop-gap*, whom they believe—as we do—to have no *roots*, and not even a substantial party in the country—a kind of *plaster-of-Paris* image of the Emperor, clumsily *bronzed*, which will crumble down to pieces by its own fragility, or be blown over by an early burst of public indignation and shame at such an *attentat* as he has committed. But putting political and dynastic feeling out of the question, it is evident that the Royalist and Moderate parties, comprising the majority of the *property* of the country, must be very much more alarmed for their *material* interests than for political franchises; and there can be no doubt that—for the moment—the sword of a Dictator is the best if not the only safeguard for persons and property; even a patriot might be forgiven for a various reading of Algernon Sidney's adage:—

'*Ense petit placidam, non libertate, quietem.*'

This personal feeling, which is naturally uppermost in each individual mind, was the chief cause of the general acquiescence in the two former cases of 1830 and 1848; but it has now become much more important and powerful from the extension which the February Revolution had given to those principles of plunder and anarchy popularly called Socialism: and accordingly we see that the President and his organs have already shifted their ground from complaints of the *factions* of the Assembly to the more alarming denunciations of the horrors of Socialism—an additional test of *Monseigneur's* consistency and good faith—for his last and heaviest blow—his *coup de Jarnac*—at the Assembly, was the pretence of restoring universal suffrage, which is in itself the ground and essence of this dreaded Socialism! And yet here again accident has helped him. The former Revolutions, as we have said, having been made by the movement party, were hailed by all the agitators, and quietly submitted to by the Conservatives; but in this case the brutal and unmeaning violence perpetrated by those who could not even be called a party in the State, excited an opposition so formidable that *nearly half France* has been placed in a *state of siege*—*Anglicè, martial law*—and the President and his organs, who have the whole press of the country not saddled and bridled but gagged and manacled, are forward to spread the news of this insurrection and to exaggerate it into what *Monseigneur* is pleased to call a *Jacquerie*. But who caused it? No one doubts that when the populace or even the people are once roused into sedition there will be terrible scenes of plunder and blood; we must say, however, that none of the insurrections celebrated in ancient or modern history as a legitimate and patriotic resistance to tyranny have had a better nor we believe

believe so good a justification as the insurrection against this last unparalleled act of despotism ; and it has not merely this general apology of being a resistance to a tyrant, but it has the direct authority of the Constitution itself, which, besides the sweeping Article which declared the *high treason of the President and the forfeiture of his powers*, embodied this special appeal to individual patriotism :—

‘The National Assembly confides the safeguard of the present Constitution, and of the sacred rights which it confers, to the *watch (à la garde)* and to the *patriotism of every Frenchman.*’—Constitution, Art. 110.

A nest-egg, we admit, of rebellion ;—but there it is, and Louis Napoleon, as the first organ of the nation, had *sworn* to it. We are sincerely sorry for the poor people who may suffer by this attachment to a Constitution which they were thus justified by patriotism and called upon by law to defend ; and, if possible, still more sorry for the peaceful inhabitants of France in general, who seem to have, in the deplorable circumstances in which the weakness of the Assembly and the treason of the President have placed them, no alternative between resistance, which would be individual ruin, and acquiescence, which is a public shame. Let no pity for present suffering blind us or them to the great penitentiary lesson that they are paying for their own misdeeds—for their rebellions against Louis XVI., Charles X., and Louis Philippe, and their servility to Robespierre, Barras, and Buonaparte. But—whatever be the real character of these insurrections—whether of indignant patriotism, or plundering Socialism, or savage ferocity, or, as is probable, a mixture of all—they have at least the effect of affording the country in general a less dishonourable excuse than it could otherwise have found for its submission to the new tyranny. *Thirty-three departments in a state of siege* would really be the best excuse of a Dictator—the misfortune here is that it was the Dictator who made the mischief.

But there is another circumstance, of a very different and still more curious character, which has also come in aid of the President. The *Parti prêtre*—for we cannot bring ourselves to acknowledge these slippery worshippers of the mock rising sun by the honourable title of the *French Clergy*, such as they all were in the first revolution, and as we believe a large majority still are—the *Parti prêtre*, we say—to the surprise of some sober and of all superficial observers—has joined Louis Napoleon. And yet it is only surprising at first sight. The *Parti prêtre*, and especially the Jesuitical portion of it, is a kind of corporation that acts by a peculiar instinct and for a peculiar interest—natural enemies of civil as well as religious freedom ; Louis Napoleon had been for

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some time past very sedulous to propitiate it; he has restored the Pope, and is at this moment the mainstay of the Poppedom; he also has *affiché* a peculiar zeal (laudable if it were sincere) on some points of religious discipline and clerical authority very interesting to the priesthood; he has also assumed the mission of exterminating Socialism—which all the clergy naturally and justly abhor—and representative government, to which the Pope's lieges can be no friends. But the most powerful as well as most respectable reason of all, and that which influences in the same direction many eminent and able persons of the *Royalist* party, is that a Dictatorship is likely to *faire planche* to the Monarchy, and that an *aventurier* like this seems to be a more promising harbinger of the rightful Sovereign than a legal President of the Republic or a new King of the Barricades. There is something not merely of Jesuistry and *finesse* in this latter view, but also of substantial reasoning. It must seem no unfair conjecture that a country which from mere lassitude of revolutions will submit to such a usurpation as we see before us, may be the more easily brought to seek for quiet under the old constitutional monarchy. Such we still believe will be the ultimate result—but not, we fear, so immediately nor after such a fashion as the Royalist adherents of Buonaparte calculate—for we are convinced that he has only increased the difficulties of the political state of France by a new element of almost inextricable confusion. Honesty is always in the long run the best policy, and we should hope for the earlier success of the Royalists if they would leave fairly the Republic to the Republicans and Buonaparte to the Buonapartists. We advise them not to put their finger *entre le marteau et l'enclume*.

We asked in September last, and we do so again, whether any one can believe that in the present state of the world a government can be *maintained* by the naked sword—whether a band of prætorians—bought by sausages at reviews and 5 francs a day in revolutions—can ever be allowed to constitute themselves the sole representatives and arbiters of the National will? M. Romieu thought it not only possible, but inevitable; and undoubtedly the first act of his *Ere des Césars* has been—as we supposed it would be—successfully played; but there we broke with M. Romieu:—he had left out of his calculations what we considered a vital ingredient in the case—the *freedom of the Press*—and we asked whether, in the state of civilization to which the human mind had attained in the daily pasture of intellectual food which it has so long enjoyed, there was any possibility that prætorians could enslave it, or that the military despotism could resist it? That is the great question now at issue—not between us and M. Romieu—not between Louis Napoleon and France—but between

tween the dark spirit of despotism and the lights and liberties of mankind.

Need we say that we adhere to our opinions? But there was a corollary to M. Romieu's proposition, which, though it was obviously implied, was but obscurely and inferentially announced—the *abrogation of the principle of government by representation*. We are really at a loss to guess whether M. Romieu was an honest visionary or an accomplice—whether he feared or wished for the reign of the Prætorians. But however that may be, *Monseigneur* has taken it *au grand sérieux*; and for the first time that any such doctrine has been advanced in the political literature of the civilized world, his pamphlet proclaims boldly—after a dozen introductory pages of similar *Napoleonisms*—that ‘the reason and experience of the last sixty years in France teach us that what is called *Parliamentary Government*—whether in Monarchy or Republic—whether under a President or a King—can produce nothing but the same confusion which it has hitherto done—which it always must produce in France, where it *never has been nationalized or naturalised*, and where it has been in fact nothing but a wild vision (*Utopie*) imported from a foreign country, and capable of producing nothing amongst us but disgust, struggles, convulsions, revolutions, and ruin.’—p. 45.

We need not observe to our readers how completely this candid avowal of the President's judgment of representative assemblies supports, explains, and ratifies every syllable that we have said in the foregoing pages of his systematic treatment of the late Assembly. Here, in a manifesto penned prior, and published contemporaneously with the *coup d'état*, we have no whisper about *faction*—no pretence of *conspiracy*. The *Iliad* is reduced to a nutshell. It was not the poor existing Assembly that was to blame, but ALL and ANY *representative government*—which is and never can be otherwise than a wild and mischievous vision—a monster of *British* breed, and to be henceforth exterminated by a permanent *chasse au loup* in regenerated France.

And then the author alleges that these Representative Chambers have successively overthrown all the Governments of France. We will not enter into those discussions further than to say that nothing is less true. We remember but too well that at some of those epochs the declamations of a really factious opposition had weakened the Government, and in some degree perverted the public mind; but it was only the convenient memory of the Dictator or his penholding slave which could forget that all the actual revolutions, from 1789 to 1848, were made not in the *Chambers*, but in the *street*—not by the Deputies, but by the mob; and that in almost every case the Chambers and the Governments *fell together*. Neither

Neither can we at this moment take the trouble of examining the *theory*—in furtherance of which he thus misstates the most notorious facts :—‘ That a representative body is *irremediably incompatible* with good government in France.’ This is at present no affair of ours. It is a problem that France herself must solve. We content ourselves with recording—first, the bold principle thus avowed—secondly, our confident belief that neither his *coup d’état* nor his *state of siege*, nor even the terror of Socialism, will permanently persuade the people of France to submit to have for its sole representative an Autocrat elected by himself—in the midnight mystery of his own anonymous cabal—inaugurated by a wanton massacre in the streets of Paris—and confirmed only by the farce of a ballot guided by the force of the bayonet.

But supposing that, for the moment, the joint influence of the bayonet and the ballot should produce *seven millions* of—not *votes*, but—*bulletins* (very different things) in favour of autocratical government, would that solve the greater question of the Press? Do the pamphleteer and M. Romieu not see that the Press is itself a representative body, more powerful, more difficult to manage, than even an elected Assembly?—Is Louis Napoleon rash enough to hope, or mad enough to try, the total extinction of the Press? It is true that he has done so for three weeks ;—but even already he has been forced to an acknowledgment of the utter futility of the effort, by endeavouring to satisfy the *incompressible* curiosity of the public by three or four journals—venal, servile, and shamelessly lying, and only permitted to appear on the condition of uttering nothing but the falsehoods that should be dictated by the Autocrat. Does any one believe that this can last? If the Emperor succeeded for ten years, by the united influence of his *terror* and his *glory*, in reducing the press to a state of subjection which, we admit, was almost miraculous, does his *Mime* imagine that he is of a strength to maintain the same terror—or that Napoleon himself could have maintained, even for a year, the *terror* without the *glory*? We need not pursue this great theme ; we can have hardly any reader who is not *ex facie*—and we may say instinctively—convinced that such a country as France—after threescore years of revolutions in all directions, and in which the Press has generally played so large a part—*cannot* be brought, even by the bayonet, to submit to such a state of darkness and despotism as the Dictator announces as the principle and base of his permanent Government! Such rash, wild, and blind self-delusion is only accumulating for itself a certain and awful *expiatory* catastrophe.

We are told, forsooth! that one benefit France has already derived from this *attentat*—‘ *the crisis of 1852 is averted!*’ Not

so—only hastened forward, anticipated, and realised; for what worse than what has happened could have been feared, even by the most timorous, from 1852? All the institutions of the country overthrown—all constitutional authority dissolved—all legality abrogated—the streets of Paris a human slaughterhouse—innocent strollers and spectators on public walks and from drawing-room windows *wantonly* massacred—hundreds of the most honourable and eminent men of the nation imprisoned like felons, some of them handcuffed—thirty-three departments in a state of siege—and, as the Buonapartist advocates are forward to admit, half the surface of the country reeking with blood and fire!—What worse, we ask again, could have been feared from '52? But why was *any* convulsion to be apprehended in '52? If the parties who so foolishly, so blameably, concurred in electing Louis Napoleon, had elected any one else—or if Louis Napoleon had been content to abide by the conditions of his election—a new President—Cavaignac, Lamartine, Changarnier—would have been elected in '52, with, in all human probability, no disorder, because there would be neither pretext nor motive for disorder. All the mischief, whatever it may be, is chargeable to no other cause but Louis Napoleon's perjury to the Constitution and his treason to the State. He has inflicted on the country, in December, '51, the *certainly* of calamities which he pretends *might* happen in May, '52, and the very *chance* of which was created by his own treachery and ambition. His pretext is no better than the proverbial absurdity of *Gribouille, qui se jetta dans l'eau de peur de la pluie*—he has plunged the country into the abyss of December for fear of a shower in May. We have seen the number of killed in those two days in Paris reckoned at 2400. The executions by the *Revolutionary Tribunal* in the *two years* prior to the fall of Robespierre were only 2700; and the massacres of December '51, if not so ferocious, were more wanton and more indiscriminate than those of September '92. We say nothing of thousands of prisoners and thousands of transported! Could '52 have done worse?

Another grand topic of congratulation on the part of the President is the peace and tranquillity that Paris, and as much of the country as is not in a state of insurrection, enjoy under the swords of his Centurions. We have already admitted the sedative influence of '*the surly men with the hilt on,*' and we know that the explosive power of a few packages of *gunpowder* is a mighty tranquillizer of public agitations.

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent!

But

But we wish we had space to present to our readers some specimens which we have on our table of the secondary precautions by which this happy tranquillity is maintained. Some of the decrees of the President 'in favour of order and public security' exhibit the most extraordinary, the most monstrous stretch of illegal power that has been exhibited, even in France, since the celebrated Jacobin *Loi des Suspects*. What will our readers think of a decree which assumes the power of sending to a 'penitentiary settlement in Cayenne or Algiers,' for *not less than five* nor more than ten years, certain classes of political offenders—persons whom the Government, upon any arbitrary pretences, may have placed under what it calls the *surveillance de la haute police*—concluding with this sweeping clause?—

'Art. 7th. All individuals transported in virtue of this decree shall be subject to labour in the penitentiary establishment of Cayenne or Algiers—they are deprived of all their rights, civil and political—they shall be amenable to military jurisdiction, and subject to martial law,' &c. &c.

And, in pursuance of this wonderful decree, it is announced in the French papers (as a salutary warning, we suppose) that tonnage has been already provided for the immediate transportation to Cayenne of 2000 of those victims of despotism.

We can only add to such a document and to such facts our confident belief that, long before the minimum of 'five years,' the authors of this decree may think themselves lucky if they are only transported to a penitentiary settlement.

We are told that the President's crusade against representative government and the freedom of the press is looked upon with satisfaction by the other governments of Europe, and even by their people, who are wearied out, as the French are said to be, with revolutionary agitation. If any Continental statesmen are blind enough and rash enough to build any hopes or schemes of absolute or anti-constitutional government upon this French example, we sincerely pity them, for that experiment is doomed in our opinion to a complete and early and fearful failure—and its failure can only involve its authors and its imitators in a common ruin. Our apprehension is that so insulting an attempt at coercing, or rather indeed annihilating, the natural rights and liberties of civilised man will be rolled back upon its authors by a reaction—a revulsion so terrible as to endanger all society and all governments.

Those who in France, or in the other great States of the Continent, or in England, are alarmed at the progress of Socialism may be not less alarmed at the method that Louis Napoleon has adopted

adopted to repress it. A hollow quiet may for the moment be produced; but if it is attempted to prolong it by such flagrant illegality and outrage, who can tell to what extent the democratic and Socialist retaliation may be pushed?

We are unwilling on this occasion to mix up our own internal prospects with those of France—though we are very well aware that we are destined in the end to feel the electric shock of every explosion or convulsion that she undergoes; but we cannot conclude without one warning word. The security and efficiency of representative government is, we believe, much less endangered by the despotic denunciations and schemes of Louis Napoleon than it is by the more gradual and less startling democratic encroachments made and menaced in this country by her Britannic Majesty's Ministers. Extremes meet. Louis Napoleon annihilates the French representative constitution by *compression*—Lord John Russell seems bent on evaporating ours by *expansion*.

To give to the democracy *no* power in the state, or to give it *all*, may seem opposite, but they are equally certain, means of insuring frequent revolutions, periodical anarchies, and ultimate despotism. The true principle and essence of every mixed and constitutional government—monarchical or even republican—is—in one word—that there should be *an independent aristocracy to guide, and a limited democracy to control*, the governing power. The fusion or amalgamation of these two antagonist principles, which represent the two great elements of *all* existence—*stability* and *progress*—is the great problem of political science. The old English constitution, as it existed from William III. to William IV., was the nearest approach that had yet been made by the combined ingenuity and experience of mankind to this perfection of government. It was that which Montesquieu hailed as the practical realisation of what Tacitus had shadowed out as an almost hopeless theory. This beautiful and strong, but still delicate, machine had, even before the Reform Bill, received some disturbance, which that '*Revolution*' seriously and organically aggravated, by increasing the *moving* and weakening the *guiding* power. Those that are now driving the Queen's Ministers—*nolentes volentes*—to new reforms, avow that their object is that there shall be no control on the movement; and they fancy, or pretend to fancy, that, in these days of progress and political as well as mechanical science, a cheap Constitutional Clock may be invented of such beautiful simplicity as to be all momentum, without the cost and complexity of either wheels or pendulum!

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Sir Roger de Coverley, by the Spectator.* With Notes and Illustrations by W. Henry Wills. pp. 144. 1851.*

IT was a good idea to collect and illustrate the famous papers on Sir Roger de Coverley, which are widely scattered through the volumes of 'The Spectator.' They are read with two-fold pleasure in their consecutive form; and the annotation, rendered desirable by the changes of time, has on the whole been creditably supplied by Mr. Wills. Horace Walpole considered that since Falstaff there was nothing in literature to rival Sir Roger. The likeness is in the artistic merit alone; for no two personages can be more dissimilar than the city rake and the provincial worthy. Each supplies, though in different measure, food for mirth; but the one is witty, and the other eccentric. Both are first-rate specimens of their authors, and, as a necessary consequence, Sir John surpasses Sir Roger in about the same degree that Shakespeare was superior to Addison. But if there were more dazzling sallies at The Boar in East Cheap, there is no lack of matter for thought nor yet for merriment at Coverley Hall and The Club. Sir Roger is a portrait painted by a master rarely equalled for the fidelity of his drawing and the delicacy of his touch:—a portrait just sufficiently softened (it would be too much to say flattered) to perpetuate the impression which would have prevailed of the good knight when his foibles were buried with him, and his virtues looked as green as the grass upon his grave.

Except in his capacity of critic or politician, Addison is always a censor of morals and manners. He scarce puts pen to paper without the deliberate design to laugh the world out of their follies, or reason them out of their crimes. He has kept to his purpose in Sir Roger de Coverley. He felt that the owner of an estate inherited with it the obligation to consult the welfare of every dependant of the soil. To the ordinary virtues of a man

* There are two impressions—one in 8vo, with engravings; the other smaller and undecorated, forming No. 4 of Messrs. Longmans' 'Travellers' Library.'

were to be added the duties which spring from the privileges of the squire, and he wished Sir Roger to be

‘ Knight of the shire, and represent them all.’

But instead of delineating a smooth specimen of insipid perfection, his model is a thorough-bred country gentleman, whose head would have led him astray unless his heart had kept him right,—a man imbued with the prejudices, the simplicity, and harmless vanities of a class who would even have applauded his ludicrous traits, which were serious opinions among themselves. Whether the sketch had any effect in improving the landlords of the day, is impossible to be known, but a sure and lasting result is, to have enriched our literature with a racy character, perfectly original, and yet true to life in its minutest lineaments. Addison and his generation have been gathered to their fathers, but Sir Roger de Coverley lives.

The first draught of the character appears in the second number of the *Spectator*, which contains the description of *The Club*—a select body of companions designed to be the mouth-pieces of the several orders of society. No scheme can be more inviting to the fancy;—hitherto, however, it has always proved unmanageable in execution—and was merely glanced at occasionally in the subsequent conduct of the *Spectator*. This Essay, which is included among the contributions of Steele, was certainly concocted in conjunction with Addison. Addison, who wrote the opening number, in which the Club is announced—Addison, who was a Club in himself—the pillar that was to support the edifice, while his coadjutors were little more than the flutings on the column—Addison must, at the very least, have had a vote in electing the members. In addition to the probabilities of the case, No. II. bears many unmistakeable marks of the corrections of his chaste and classic pen, and in none of the later papers, in which Sir Richard has meddled with Sir Roger, are the traits so natural.

At the suggestion of Swift they took advantage of a popular name, and derived the Knight’s descent from the inventor of the celebrated country-dance, who tripped in armour with a lighter, though probably less fantastic toe, than his great-grandson in silk and velvet. The modern Sir Roger is represented as tinged with many singularities, which proceed from a resolution to contradict the world where he thinks the world in the wrong. Steele attempted afterwards to improve on the idea, and ascribed these oddities to his unsuccessful courtship of an incurable coquette; but far from heightening the colouring, he blotted the canvass. None of Sir Roger’s oddities have the faintest resemblance

blance to the those of a mind disordered by disappointment. They are similar in kind, and many of them identical with what we remember ourselves in the rural patriarchs of a past generation, who being each the king of his neighbourhood, and rarely mixing in general society, their peculiarities were permitted an unchecked growth, till they proudly imagined themselves the truest specimens of the British oak, and would have scorned to bend before the breath of fashion. Addison, in one of the Spectators, describes a gentleman who, regardless of customs, resolved to regulate every action by reason, and who became so rational in all he did, that he was declared a lunatic, and deprived of the management of his affairs. Sir Roger and his brethren had never dreamt of a philosophical system. They were what circumstances made them, and believed in their hearts that nothing better could be made.

The Knight, on his next appearance, is under the conduct of Addison, who has gone to stay a month with him at Coverley Hall. The Spectator is a lion in the country, and the surrounding squires would fain hear him roar; but, in deference to his retiring and meditative disposition, Sir Roger only ventures to show him at a distance. Mr. Spectator observes them stealing a sight of him over the hedge, and hears the cautions of the Knight to be careful that they are not seen. It is easy to divine the pride with which Sir Roger pointed to the oracle of literature, and thought of himself as his intimate companion and exclusive possessor. Though the squires were only suffered to see Addison in the distance, it is evident that Addison had seen the squires very near.

After Sir Roger, the principal personage at the Hall is its venerable chaplain. The Knight, afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, had stipulated for a clergyman with little learning, but, if possible, with some slight knowledge of backgammon. The determination of Sir Roger to incur no risk of being knocked down with a weapon he was unable to wield, is admirably characteristic. Nothing can exceed his mildness and his condescension, but he would be the last to tolerate a brother near the throne. When he attends the Assizes he whispers his congratulations in the ear of the judge on the fine weather that has accompanied his lordship in his circuit, that by an appearance of familiarity he may keep up his credit with the county; and with the same patriotic design he, in the middle of a trial, interjects a speech, which is nothing to the purpose. His purpose, however, is gained, and the common people gaze with respectful wonder at the magistrate who is not afraid to speak to a judge. The rule of Sir Roger is paternal, but then

he is ambitious, in return, to maintain among his dependents the submission of children.

The chaplain is a scholar notwithstanding, but he is also a gentleman, and has not the ill-bred vanity to parade his erudition before the ignorant. It is to pay rather too dear for the character of a pedant to forfeit a character for sense, and to be voted vulgar, conceited, and a bore. The chaplain, we may suppose, had learnt to flavour his conversation with the juice of the grape without thrusting upon the company the stalks and husks. Addison's notions of a pastor come out in the description. The parson is the arbiter of all the disputes of his parishioners, and lawsuits have been unknown for the thirty years he has lived among them; but it is upon the sermons that the Spectator lays the principal stress. The advice of Paley to his pupils to make one and steal three, is improved on by the chaplain, who composes none at all, but, with the concurrence of his patron, has digested those of our burning and shining lights into a connected system of practical divinity. Accordingly, when Sir Roger inquires who preaches to-morrow, he is answered, 'The Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon.' Addison heartily wishes that more of the clergy would follow his example, and study to pronounce effectively the masterpieces of the pulpit, instead of wasting their spirits in abortive efforts of their own. The duty of cultivating the art of reading is much dwelt upon by Addison, and it is to be feared that the accomplishment is still very rare. As the best music, badly played, makes indifferent melody, so false elocution degrades the finest composition to a level with the worst. The coldness with which Dryden spoke his plays at a rehearsal, destroyed any spirit his genius had infused; but Nat Lee delivered inferior dramas with a force which induced a performer to throw aside his part, in despair of acting up to the recital of the author. While the best discourses of our Church of England divines were heard with apathy, because the clergy read so much worse than they wrote, Benjamin Franklin, no methodist or enthusiast, found a charm in listening to Whitefield's sermons, however uninteresting the matter, for the sake of the exquisite modulations of voice which gave to every word its appropriate accent.

The recommendation to Smith and Thompson to preach South and Tillotson is of more doubtful expediency. Every cultivated mind must prefer the finished compositions of genius to the vapid commonplaces of ordinary men; but the practice has never been countenanced by the public, and the clergyman who avowed the system of the Coverley chaplain would lose the consideration of the bulk of his hearers, or, if he keeps his own
secret,

secret, it is discovered at last, and he is brought in guilty of the double crime of incapacity and deceit. Franklin, who agreed with Addison, was unable to save a friend from utter desertion after it had once oozed out that his long-applauded eloquence was a happy memory for the writings of others. Several instances of the inconvenience which attends the proceeding have occurred within the limits of our personal knowledge. A large-acred man, irritated to find that his Sunday volume was in regular course of delivery from the pulpit, invited the curate to dine, and laid the book open on the drawing-room table. A surviving friend having published a selection of sermons by an admired preacher—who, if there was truth in ghosts, would have risen up to scare the printer from his task—an enemy forthwith blazoned the sad fact that they were so many reduced copies of famous originals. Another popular favourite was plagued to print a particular specimen, and, weakly consenting, the true author reclaimed his thunder. A still more painful predicament was that of a certain respectable rector who—in an evil and indolent hour—got a friend to assist him, and heard one afternoon his own morning discourse, paragraph after paragraph, declaimed above his head with torturing emphasis. The orator, in all the bliss of ignorance, spared neither voice nor gesture, while his unhappy precursor, to whom every syllable was like a sentence of death, sat a suffering spectacle to pews and gallery. A short time since a printed sermon was sent to the entire body of the clergy, with an intimation that, upon order, a regular supply would be kept up at a shilling a piece. Like the answer of Shakespeare's clown, which fitted all questions, the piece was suited to every text; and the author enclosed a list, with a letter of the alphabet attached to each, and recommended the preacher to be guided in his choice by the initial of his parish. The device was, to prevent a coincidence of texts between neighbouring pastors, which might have led to detection. Anxious to accommodate the meshes of his net to all kinds of fish, he was careful not to offend any party in the Church; so that, what with the universality of his subject, and the universality of his creed, he was in a continual strait. But the clergyman is in a worse, who, in the midst of the riches of our English divinity, buys a paltry shilling's worth of an obscure scribe. Since to copy is prohibited, the wisest course is to imitate, and, by sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, to grow qualified to stand in Gamaliel's place. Our best discourses could not anyhow be delivered to country congregations in their present form. They were expressly penned for an enlightened audience, and, without numerous alterations to adapt them to rustics, would fly above their heads instead of reaching their hearts.

Luther

Luther knew a priest who preached to an almshouse of ancient widows on the duties of marriage, and admonished them not to be negligent in the performance thereof. The inapplicable and the incomprehensible are all one in the result.

Addison, in a couple of sentences, conveys a vivid idea of the domestic establishment: 'His servants are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet-de-chambre for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor.' The staid respectability of Sir Roger is reflected in his train, and the easy nature of his government in their long service and placid contentment. Steele enlarged upon the hint, and employed the following paper in turning Addison's wine into negus. Beyond the benevolence of the design, which was to enjoin kindness upon masters, there is little merit in the Essay. He hit, however, upon a characteristic trait in the earliest sketch, where Sir Roger is represented as calling the servants of his acquaintances by name, and holding a conversation with them, when he paid a visit, all the way to the reception-room. The account of the Coverley portraits, which is also by Steele, is extremely flat, with the exception of one bit of lively satire which will never want originals. They have been looking at a picture of Sir Humphrey de Coverley, and Sir Roger relates to his glory that he was near being killed in the civil wars: 'For,' said he, 'he was sent out of the field, upon a private message, only the day before the battle of Worcester.' Thousands of people are hourly boasting of such hair-breadth escapes—ambitious to unite the comfort of life with the credit of death.

Coverley Hall, in common with all the ancient rural mansions in the land, had the reputation of being haunted. Every room was locked up in which a death had occurred, and Sir Roger, finding that the ghosts had got possession of his house to the exclusion of himself, resolves on an action of ejectment, and sets his reverend friend to sleep in the long-eschewed apartments. The notion that the clergy had power over spirits was propagated by the church in Roman Catholic times; and since none but the priests were acquainted with Latin, they started the wise corollary that ghosts must be addressed in a learned tongue. Credulity has an enormous swallow, or the pretence that people who understood no word of any language but English when they were living would be deaf to everything but Latin when they were dead, must have stuck in her throat. The monopoly of exorcism had grown in Addison's day to be more unpleasant than profitable. A chamber from which air had been excluded for years only differed in

size

size from the proper tenement of the churchyard guest, and, though safe from ghosts, the divine was in imminent danger from damp. He became, for the occasion, a sort of warming-pan to the family, seasoned the atmosphere for the laity, and had the first-fruits of the vault-like feel and musty smell.

When the snoring of the chaplain had frightened away the spectres from Coverley Hall, they took refuge in the ruins of an adjoining abbey, which is finely described by Addison. The butler warns him, with a serious countenance, not to walk there after sunset, and backs his advice with the alarming fact that the milkmaid, a month before, had heard such a rustling in the bushes that she dropped her pail from her head. The hazardous process of putting a clergyman to sleep in the possessed chambers, reclaimed lost accommodation indoors without arresting the evil. Addison aimed at a more sweeping reform. He hoped to lay all the ghosts in the country. In its ordinary form, no superstition could be more unreflecting. The spirit, foul or gracious, scratched behind the wainscot, banged a door, or uttered an unusual sound. If he thought proper to show himself, he glided noiselessly in a sheet, without offering to molest either man or beast. A supernatural visitant from a mysterious world, his highest deeds were to play the freaks of a mouse or a mischievous schoolboy. These impotent shadows diffused a general dread, from the soldier who had looked undaunted upon the armies of Louis XIV., down to the sleek butlers and timid milkmaids who hurried about in the dusk with their hearts in their shoes. Addison was fond of the subject; he has admirably painted a scene—which all must have witnessed—of a family circle telling ghost-stories. One goblin raises another, till the company, wrought into a frenzy of alarm, go quaking to bed, and listen fearfully at the noise of their own tread, or to their breathing, made audible by their terror-stricken stillness. Each infects his neighbour; as Partridge, who bore up boastfully upon the entrance of the ghost in Hamlet, catches the contagion from well-feigning Garrick, and parallels the heroic awe of the stage by the perfection of vulgar fright in the pit. For many nights after, he spent two or three hours in a cold perspiration before closing an eyelid, and often started from his sleep to cry ‘Lord have mercy upon me—there it is!’

Addison's own most elaborate satire upon the popular delusion was connected with the stage, for a ghost is the groundwork of his agreeable comedy ‘The Drummer.’ Pantagruel was astonished to hear the roar of battle on a deserted field—but Panurge informed him that the action was fought in winter, when the frost locked up the sounds, which were then getting liberated by the rays
of

of the sun. This has been the history of numerous dramas, and of *The Drummer* among the rest. Addison allowed it to be acted at the solicitation of Steele, but, anxious for his reputation, denied it the advantage of his name. The reception was chilling, and the play remained ice-bound during the life of the author; but it was revived after his death, and, being declared to be his, met with loud applause. Sir George Truman, taken prisoner in one of Marlborough's campaigns, is supposed to be killed. His Widow is besieged with suitors for her jointure, and appears to favour Tinsel, a free-thinker and a fop. Abigail, the lady's-maid, is induced by the promise of a thousand pounds to support the claims of Fantome, who personates the ghost of Sir George, beating a drum, that he may scare away Tinsel. At this crisis Sir George returns home, and by the aid of Vellum, his steward, gets admission into his mansion in the capacity of a conjuror who undertakes to lay the ghost. No sooner has the counterfeit Sir George terrified Tinsel out of his wits and the house, than the true Sir George appears to Fantome, who, believing him a spirit, is taken in a trap exactly similar to the one he had been setting, and follows in the footsteps of his runaway rival. The plot is slight, but novel, and on the whole skilful; the characters are common, but the dialogue lively and the situations amusing. Vellum indeed is an original—and one more tedious than diverting, for his methodical reasons on every trivial occasion are nearly as trying to the audience as to his friends. The ease and nature of the author are a pleasing contrast to the artificial comedy which prevailed at the period, when every speech revealed too plainly that it had been written with effort and learnt by heart. Raillery without a moral was held by Addison to be useless, and *The Drummer* had nearly as many morals as acts. He claimed for *The Spectator* the credit of having turned ridicule, from religion, upon faults; and he brought Tinsel upon the stage to direct the laugh against atheistical coxcombs, who were wont to have it all on their own side. Tinsel asks Abigail why she is his enemy? and she smartly replies, 'Because I'm a friend to my lady.' Addison was the enemy of the Tinsels because he was a friend to mankind. He gives the character to the life; endowing him with a little frothy vivacity and a great deal of shallow presumption. His infidelity and courage alike desert him the instant he sets eyes on the ghost; and in a paroxysm of terror he asks pardon on his knees for having talked against his conscience to show his parts.

Another end, avowed in the epilogue, is to break through the practice of jeering at marriage, and show Sir George and his lady devoted to each other; but this part of the plot is clumsily conducted.

ducted. Lady Truman, to reconcile her attachment to her husband with her encouragement to her lovers, makes the gracious avowal that the diversion is indispensable for the relief of her sorrow. The widow who finds consolation in playing at making love, is not very far from completing the job by a second marriage. Addison is in his element in the portions which relate to the ghost. Mirth and truth go hand in hand in the conversation of the servants—a literal transcript from nature. The coachman has heard a noise in the tiles, the gardener in the bed-post, and the butler contributes his quota to the evidence by announcing that while he was counting his spoons in the pantry the dog looked as if he saw something.

We must never be astonished at the shortcomings and human trepidations of the wisest. With all his banter of the weakly timid, Addison asserts that it is more rational to believe in ghosts than to pronounce them utterly fabulous. He yielded to the argument which kept the mind of Johnson in suspense—that the notion had been universal for five thousand years. To our thinking this very circumstance tells the other way: for if ghosts had existed by the side of man since the creation of the world, we should not now be able to aver that, apart from the miracles recorded in Scripture, there has never been one undoubted instance of a supernatural appearance. The collective evidence looks imposing enough, but unbind the faggot, and try the strength of each separate stick, and it snaps at the touch. Addison, indeed, thinks fit to add, that, were he to reject the general testimony, he must yield to the relations of individual friends whom he could not distrust in other matters of fact. But though no subject has been more fruitful of imposture, the inquiry is less often whether the witnesses were deceivers than whether they were themselves deceived. The whole of the reputed proofs are what we might expect—if the belief were *false*. Ghosts appear at night, when the mind is disposed to conjure up terrors, and when imperfect eyesight aids the play of imagination. They appear in places which are of a nature to suggest the vision, in churches and burying-grounds, in ruined tenements and lonely woods, on the field of battle or the scene of a murder. They appear to solitary persons only—and such as are the likeliest to be the dupes of fancy—the cowardly and credulous—the melancholic augurers of misfortune—the overburdened slaves of an evil conscience. They appear with the vagueness of an illusion, and disappear with its rapidity; they show themselves and vanish, and do not submit to be interrogated while they stay. They appear capriciously, and for objects unworthy of the agency—or rather they appear for no object whatever. And when we add that the insane mistake the

the morbid creations of their minds for substantial things; that lighter grades of disease produce proportionate effects; that in what are called 'the vapours' phantastical objects pass before our closed eyes with the vividness of fact; that from the same cause it is nearly as common to hear fictitious sounds as to see fictitious sights; that many of the most striking ghost-stories have been proved to be lies, or the cunningly devised machinery of a clever cheat; that hundreds of the remaining anecdotes are hearsay reports, or depend on authorities of uncertain credit;—when these circumstances are put together, the sprites that survive the ordeal might readily, in accordance with the doctrine of the butler in *The Drummer*, dance a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle, or whisk through a keyhole without disturbing the wards.

It is Sunday, and we are to accompany Sir Roger to church. The Essay is a gem, and so exactly true, that if Addison had been living twenty years ago we could have sworn that we knew the estimable squire from whom he copied every trait. Most of the particulars were probably derived from his native village, of which his father was the rector. Sir Roger was heard to declare, on the eve of his death, that the church should have a steeple before a couple of years were past, and the church at Milston is still without that appendage. There was once, Mr. Wills informs us, a painted window over the altar, which was bartered away by a greedy incumbent, and the same worshipper of genius and the arts tore out the leaf which contained the registry of Addison's birth, and gave, or possibly sold it, to a collector. His name ought to be printed in every account of our author, that Addison's fame may perpetuate his infamy.

The tool may rust from inaction or be defiled by use, and Sunday, says Mr. Spectator, wipes away the spots and stains of the week. He enumerates among its advantages that, the parish politics being discussed by the groups in the churchyard, a peasant may distinguish himself in this humble arena as much as a citizen does upon 'change. Addison was before his own time, and is behind ours. We have grown more reverential, and the ambitious ploughman who selected Sunday and the churchyard to debate secular affairs would obtain a distinction of an unenviable kind. Practices lingered within the recollection of living men which would now-a-days cause a parochial rebellion. While, for example, the transition from licence to order was in progress, a certain rector had sown an unoccupied strip of the burial-ground with turnips. The Archdeacon at his visitation admonished this gentleman not to let him see turnips when he came there next year. The rebuked incumbent could so little comprehend these decorous scruples that he supposed

supposed Mr. Archdeacon to be inspired by a zeal for agriculture and the due rotation of crops. 'Certainly not, Sir,' said he, 'it will be *barley* next year.'

Sir Roger is a good churchman, and his method of showing it would be no bad receipt for bringing the people to church. He beautifies the edifice, which gives them a pride in it; he presents them each with a prayer-book and hassock, which adds the charm of a property in the structure; and he has them taught to sing, which raises them from listeners to performers, and makes them feel that they are essential to the service as well as the service to them. When the sheep have been attracted within the fold, it is mostly the fault of the shepherd if the majority again stray away from his voice. Sir Roger has a check upon truants. He stands up in his pew, when all else are upon their knees, to mark who is missing, and on going out of church inquires for the absentee of a relative or neighbour, which is understood to be a reprimand. By virtue of his absolute power he assumes the office of beadle or sexton, and keeps the congregation in order. When surprised into a nap his first thought on waking is to look for fellow-offenders, which answers the double end of dissipating his drowsiness and averting suspicion from himself. He astonishes his great guest by calling to John Matthews to mind what he is about—but the parishioners see nothing ridiculous in the behaviour, and profit by his vigilance. The patriarchal autocrat of our acquaintance was much addicted to these extra-rubrical expostulations, which interrupted the service as little as the schoolmaster's cry of 'Silence' does the studies of his boys, and was heard, at any rate, with equal awe. The custom, it will of course be pronounced, is more honoured in the breach than the observance, and the squire better employed in keeping to his own devotions than in superintending those of his neighbours. But however unpromising the theory may sound, the plan, we can testify, worked well in practice.

Addison comments on the happy effects which result from the good understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and compares Coverley with the adjoining village, where a tithe-war had broken the bonds between the parson and his parishioners, and between both and their Maker. The clergyman uses his pulpit to fulminate against the squire, and the squire, in retaliation, declines to go to church to hear anathemas against himself—nay more, he declines to pray in private, and persuades his tenants to be of no religion at all, in order that they may not be of the religion of the enemy. Such feuds, says Addison, are not less frequent than fatal. If either the landowner or incumbent was grasping, the sole resource was to take the tithe in kind, which was so inconvenient to both that each hated the other as the

the cause of the annoyance. The comfort and privacy of property were gone. The squire was unable to cut a lock of hay, milk his cow, or eat a cherry from his garden, without summoning the clergyman to receive his tenth. The clergyman found himself suddenly converted into a miscellaneous dealer in all sorts of produce ;—now it was a little pig, now a few potatoes, and now a pint of gooseberries. There was an ‘*embarras des richesses*,’ and, for want of a ready market, a prospect of poverty into the bargain. The object being to irritate, it was common to send him a tenth of the bads as well as of the goods, and on opening his hall-door he trod on a blind puppy or a string of dead rats. Not unfrequently a dissenter was invited into the parish, and the pastor by law established was left to preach to his clerk and the pews. It was on some such occasion that the rival minister attended a funeral to the churchyard. The rector had been struggling during the service to restrain his wrath, and when he closed the book he could contain himself no longer. ‘*Sir !*’—he exclaimed impetuously—‘*Sir, you are a thief.*’ ‘*What have I stolen ?*’ fiercely roared the dissenter. ‘*My congregation,*’ retorted the incumbent, and stalked indignantly away. An arrangement which gave birth to the bitterest passions was inevitably fertile in all sorts of scandal ; and since those who provoked a contest were the least likely to preserve their temper when they were in it, it is not to be wondered that disputes about tithes should have been the rupture of every social and religious tie. Addison’s leaning to the clergy is apparent throughout, from which we must infer that on the whole they had justice on their side ; though, perhaps, some may suggest that his clerical descent had made and kept him partial to their order.

The early amorous misadventure is related by the secondary Essayist in a vein which is not in keeping with the Knight of his superior. Addison had worked with the nicest chisel of a sculptor, and his good temper or his modesty must have been surpassingly great to allow Steele to follow him upon the same block with the tools of a mason. The lady of Sir Roger’s love was a beautiful widow, whose pride lay in bringing admirers to her feet and spurning them when they got there. At the period of his rejection he was a fine gentleman about town. The discomfiture of the swain was the making of the squire. He retired mortified to his estate, gave up gaiety and dandyism, and ever after wore his clothes of the cut that was then in vogue, which he used to say had been in and out a dozen times in the interval. The female fashions are also satirised by Addison in connection with Coverley Hall. The equestrian costume of the fair was a coat and a hat, and a tenant of Sir Roger, who is looking at the upper half
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of the dress, calls a sight-seeing visitant 'Sir,' till on an inquiry whether the knight is a married man, a shrewd suspicion carries his eye to the petticoat, and he answers 'No, Madam.' The revolution of the circle has brought us already back to the jacket, and aspiring America threatens to abolish the remaining distinction. Look high or low, and Sir Roger's tenant would be puzzled to decide whether he had got before him an effeminate beau or a masculine belle. Addison, deeming even the coat immodest, says that he deems it of the last importance to maintain inviolate the distinction between the sexes, and that he will resist to the utmost the least attempt to cross the boundary. He adds, that the universal key to these unwomanly freaks is an expectation that the novelty will prove winning to men; and he begs them to consider whether we are likely to admire in a lady our duplicate or our opposite. They may answer the question by reflecting whether men would seem more bewitching in a bonnet and gown. The Yankeyesses who urge the convenience of a manly garb must be meditating an accompaniment of suitable movements, and have got rid of their skirts that they may dispense henceforth with the foibles of grace and gentleness.

Though the widow repulses Sir Roger, she is won to acknowledge 'that he is the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country.' The observation occurs in the paper of Steele, but it is worthy of Addison. The knight ascribes his defeat to a female confidante—and in a second essay of Sir Richard, otherwise poor, there is the good remark that weak and humble associates pretend to the merit of the better company they keep. The familiar of a duke is haughty, of a genius oracular, of a banker ostentatious. The great man himself may be free from assumption, but the little men have the airs which they conceive to be proper to their patron's gifts. They might have observed that it requires a shining surface to reflect borrowed light.

Sir Roger proposes in his twenty-third year, and we are introduced to him in his fifty-sixth. But it is his peculiarity to talk of the widow as if she had remained at the point where he left her—as if the bloom still lived on her cheek and the fire in her eye, and she were as busy as ever in winning and wounding hearts. When her May of life has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, when time must have ploughed furrows on her brow, and her locks, if any were left, must have been gray, Sir Roger, hearing that his political rival, Sir David Dundrum, had paid her a visit, exclaims with alarm, 'I can never think she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.' The knight dilates upon his disappointment and the perversity of widows—but the wound has healed, the scar is become

become a trophy, and his complaints are only the soft besoothments of a tender recollection. A view of the case which strikes the looker on at a glance has never broke upon the mind of the amiable hero who plays the game. He has overlooked that the imperious widow would have been an imperious wife—and that, having condemned him to cold water before marriage, she would have kept him afterwards in hot. She would have adopted Tinsel's scheme for disposing of Lady Truman's family plate—turned the old-fashioned gold candle-cup, with the saint on its lid, into a diamond buckle, the silver cooler into a coach, and the salvers into coach-horses. Where would have been the venerable chaplain, where the staid domestics whose proudest livery was their hoary hair—the sober plenty of Coverley Hall—the substantial tenantry and contented villagers? Coverley would have seen another sight with the widow for its mistress than with the knight for its master—the broad acres would have been mortgaged, the farmers needy, the peasantry paupers—and the owner—(with perhaps small right to that title)—instead of a cheerful conscience and a radiant countenance, would have walked dejected about a place where nothing shone except gilded beggary. The widow judged better for Sir Roger than Sir Roger for himself.

A country-gentleman of the reign of Queen Anne is, of course, a fox-hunter. Many were nothing else—Squire Westerns, whose grossness would get an ill name for a Leicestershire stable-boy of the present day. Often their estates were eaten up by their horses and dogs, and a different hunt commenced, in which the bailiffs were the hounds and the blank-faced creditors cried Stole away! Mr. Spectator declared that the curse which Goliath intended for David, 'I will give thee to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field,' had lighted upon the heads of these infatuated Nimrods. But the silent sage is as far from that divine's opinion of the chace, who said it was 'the world, the flesh, and the devil on horseback.' He commends it where it is made a healthy recreation, and not a debasing employment. When Sir Roger's love-fever was at its height, his hunting-fever rose with it. As often as he was foiled in running down the widow, he tried to ride away care, and ran down a fox. The noses, according to usage, are nailed to his stable-door, and serve rather to remind him how victorious was the sportsman than how unfortunate the suitor. Similar trophies decorate the panels of his hall, and in a prominent situation is a large stuffed otter, placed there by his mother 'because—it seems—he was but nine years old when his *dog* killed it.' It is not thus, we may be sure, that the feat was related in the Coverley circle. There it was said that the otter was killed by *Sir Roger*, and the introduction of
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the dog is the artful satire of Addison. A particular nose has the honour to be fastened with a brass nail, for that gallant Reynard had cost Sir Roger two fine geldings, half a pack of hounds, and a ride of fifteen hours. Now, such is the pace of horses and dogs from improvements in the breed, that a run of an hour's duration and of twelve miles length is an unusual occurrence, and double the space would be death to the stoutest animal in the field! The Coverley huntsman even is not mounted. The circuitous route of the horses, from their inability to rival modern leaps, and the deliberate amble at which the hounds went, threw the advantage to the side of the followers on foot. The date of the paper, July 13th, and the summer's day that a chase of fifteen hours requires, point to another diversity. The hunting season then was coeval with the year. The squire fostered the foxes to the destruction of the farmer's poultry, and killed them to the destruction of his wheat. Sir Andrew Freeport, in his discussion with Sir Roger on the comparative merit of the landed and mercantile interests, accuses the country gentlemen of passing like a blast over the fields of corn. According to Mr. Wills's note (p. 125) the complaint is reiterated for the last time in the novel of Sandford and Merton. An early act of George III. put a stop to the evil, and gave harvest time to end before hunting begins.

The Coverley papers remind us, at every page, of the passion for improvement. Though animal organization is beyond the constructive skill of man, he takes the elements existing in nature and by new combinations gets new power. He keeps adding to the qualities of his noblest coursers, his fleetest dogs, and his goodliest bees. He year by year develops the resources of the soil—reclaims the marsh from wild fowl, the heath from rabbits, and the flinty hillside from briars and thistles. He goes on multiplying the blades of grass and grains of corn, and compels an equal area to yield a twofold increase. He discovers in his raw materials unsuspected properties, until soda and sand are converted into a Crystal Palace, and water, coal, and stony ore into a train which rushes with the might of an earthquake and the velocity of the wind. He devises fresh applications of machinery, and in the creations of his ingenuity finds a servant and a master. The broad result to England is quickly told. Fifty years have doubled the population, and employment and subsistence have been doubled likewise. An engine is contrived which economizes labour, and threatens starvation to the labourer; but the issue proves that the work it makes is more than it saves. Annihilate all the cranks and wheels constructed in the interval, and return our counties, with
their

their present population, to the condition in which they were when the century began, and there would be nothing but famine in the land. A government wiser than man's has provided, in the constant exertion of talent, for the increase of our race, and maintains a proportion between our wants and our progress. Every round we rise in the ladder leads to a higher, but our step is limited, or we should outstrip our needs by too prodigious a stride, and encroach on the rights of a future age.

A sportsman of a race in many features extinct is introduced by Addison among the figures of Coverley Hall. Will Wimble is a younger son, who hunts his brother the baronet's hounds, and superintends his game. He is an adept in his art and in the handicrafts connected with it—and manufactures whips, nets, flies, and fishing-rods; but his predominant trait is an overflowing liberality with regard to the toys which occupy his existence. He presents his knick-knackereries far and wide, is at everybody's service, and is the agent to carry a tulip-root or a puppy between friends who live at the opposite sides of the county. His cheerfulness, his kindness, and his descent, win him general favour, and Mr. Wimble is the most popular of the triflers who do the work of a mechanic with the air of a gentleman. All the while they are eating a pike at Sir Roger's table, Will is detailing the manner of its capture, and the introduction of a dish of wild ducks merely diverts him from the history of the fish to that of the fowl. He springs a pheasant, and entertains Mr. Spectator with the adventure, whose game being character, he is not less pleased to have sprung Mr. Wimble. The silent man looks upon him with a benevolence which is the counterpart of his own, but regrets that his humanity should be of so little benefit to others and his industry of so little service to himself. Yet he was an important item in many a little circle; his generosity conveyed pleasure, and his courtesies promoted the minor charities of life. His goodnature elevates him above his occupation. One swallow will not make a summer out of doors; but one face invariably cheerful, one temper never ruffled, one heart always affectionate, makes summer in a house. Addison wrote his delightful paper with the excellent motive of persuading the gentry that trade and affluence are preferable to pride and beggary. He presumes Mr. Wimble to have tried the learned professions without success, but conceives that he was precisely adapted for commerce. In another paper he admonishes the elder brothers who fancy that an estate is a substitute for education—and shows, or tries to show them that money does *not* make the man.

It is on the road to the assizes that they overtake Tom Touchy,
who

who never fails to have work for the court. Men's passions cause more litigation than their interests, and Tom is of a temperament to sacrifice the latter altogether to the former, for he has sold a field to pay for a suit about the fence. Will Wimble's fiddle has but a single string, and he begins to tell of his fishing in a particular hole. Tom breaks in upon the tune with his own harsher though equally monotonous notes, and maintains that Will was liable to an action for trespass. They refer the difference to Sir Roger, who deliberates upon the case, and replies with magisterial authority that much might be said on both sides. The decision answers the purpose of them all—of the disputants because it puts neither in the wrong, and of the arbiter because he incurs no risk to his legal reputation. Lawyers, more learned than Sir Roger, employ their ingenuity every day to couch in specious language the same ambiguous reply. Falstaff ridicules the artifice, when he speaks in the name of the wise woman of Brentford:—

Simple.—The things were about Mistress Anne Page, to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Falstaff.—'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simple.—What, Sir?

Falstaff.—To have her or no: go, say the woman told me so.

Simple.—I thank your worship; I shall make my master glad with these tidings.'

Simple did wisely to be glad with the tidings, for it is usually all the comfort that can be got. An apothecary, who saw as far into a case as he did into a millstone, always addressed the friends of the patient to this effect:—'He may recover, and he mayn't, and that's the truth.' Set off by an important air and emphasis, the speech to the class among whom he practised had an oracular sound, and all the recoveries were ascribed to the doctor—all the deaths to the disease. The inexorable creditor knocked at last at our doctor's own door. A brother Æsculapius, to evade troublesome inquiries, repeated in jocular tones the wonted saying of his dying friend. But what was meat for the man was not meat for the master. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'let's have no folly now; *this* is a very serious thing.' Alas for his patients!—he had never discovered it before. Mr. Spectator too turned Sir Roger's speech upon himself. An innkeeper on the estate hung up his head for a sign. The Knight, fully alive to the disgrace of the compliment, had the portrait converted into a Saracen's head, which, frowning grimly, retained a comical look of the placid original. He is anxious to learn from his literary guest whether the likeness is visible, and is answered that much may be said on both sides. Modern politicians have

felt so deeply the force of the maxim that it seems to have become their rule to take both sides by turns;—nor is there any lack of sympathising and applauding critics and *historians*.

In one of his walks with Sir Roger, Addison meets Moll White, witch for the time being to the parish of Coverley. An account follows of the superstition, as it then existed in England, and the argumentative humour of the description must have gone far to dissipate a delusion which had sunk into its last and lowest form. To hear the villagers talk, it might have been supposed that without Moll White there would have been no such thing as evil. If a donkey strayed, or a pony tumbled, the mischief was laid upon the crooked back of the old woman. Why supernatural dominion was attributed to persons whom infirmity of body and imbecility of mind had deprived of even human power, was evidently for the reason indicated by Shakespeare—

‘They look not like th’ inhabitants o’ th’ earth,
And yet are on’t.’

It was an inevitable consequence that their agency should be considered of a malignant nature. A hag toothless and palsied, muttering unintelligible gibberish to herself, had not the appearance of an angelic minister. The adjuncts which completed the character of an English witch had no other appropriateness than that they were usually met together in an antiquated pauper. It required small observation to discover that there was no necessity for a compact with Satan to produce a beard upon the chin of an octogenarian female. They might have reflected that the broom-stick upon which their crippled beldames rode through the air, would have been a mere incumbrance, since the woman must have carried the stick, instead of the stick the woman. The cat had the discredit of being an accomplice, for no better reason than that a decrepit wretch, forsaken by her fellows of the race of Adam, finds solace in the companionship of a domestic animal. Nothing so innocent but it became of evil omen when viewed in connexion with anile dotage. The post was never vacant. When one unfortunate being yielded up her little remaining breath, the parishioners immediately elected a successor to her uneasy throne. The office went by seniority.

‘Sir,’ says the coachman in *The Drummer* to Sir George Truman, in his capacity of conjurer, ‘I would know whether poor Dobbin is bewitched by goody Crouch or goody Flye?’

Sir George.—By neither.

Coachman.—Then it must be by goody Gurton, for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.’

Sir Roger is half credulous, half sceptical. He rejects many
of

of the tales which are told to Mother White's disadvantage, but he advises her, when they enter her hovel, to abjure communication with the devil, and not to injure her neighbours' cattle. He protects her from the rough injustice of the village mob, but would have committed her for regular trial—except for the interposition of his chaplain. He acquits her of any concern in the wind which blew down his barn a month after her death, but betrays by his manner a lurking suspicion that she brewed the blast. Addison himself is not very logical. He gives conclusive reasons why the home superstition is unworthy of credit, but still believes that there is such a thing as witchcraft, because foreign nations had been no wiser than our own ancestors. On the same principle, that which was seen to be a pollarded tree by those who stood at the foot, looked a ghost in the distance. He was not the only person who despised the allegations he could investigate and appealed to the vague traditions he could not. Richard Baxter, writing in 1651, based his conviction on the fact that scores of persons had in sober England been put to death for the crime:—it never occurred to him that a foregone conclusion might determine a verdict. The error has died out before advancing knowledge; for, like the moon, it was only lustrous by night. Addison lived when the morning was breaking—when, with light pouring forth in streams from the east, the shadows of rebuked darkness flickered for a brief space longer over the scene. Just before Mr. Spectator commenced his publication two women were tried and executed for witchcraft at Northampton; and in 1716—five years after the appearance of the number for July 14th, 1711—a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter met the same fate at Huntingdon for 'selling their souls to the devil, making their neighbours vomit pins, and raising a storm by which a certain ship was *almost* lost.' (Note, p. 126.) The famous Act of the British Solomon, under which so many atrocities had been solemnly perpetrated, was at length repealed by the 10th Geo. II., 1736;—but still the superstition lingered on among the common people, and so late as 1751 an old woman expired under the established test of being immersed in a pond. The bellman cried the coming event in several market-towns of Hertfordshire, and the ringleader—ultimately hanged for the murder—collected money from the crowd for what they conceived to be a praiseworthy deed.

From witchcraft to fortune-telling is a natural transition. They overtake a troop of gipsies, and Sir Roger, who jeers at the butler for his annual consultation of some swarthy Sibyl, though he is sure every time to miss a fork or a spoon from his pantry, is himself tempted into a parley with the queen of the crew.

The art of telling fortunes consists in divining the applicant's wishes, and Sir Roger's weakness was not hid under a bushel. The oracle therefore detects in the lines of his hand that 'he had a widow in his line of life.' 'Go, go,' says the enraptured Knight, 'you are an idle baggage'—and the idle baggage proceeds to intimate that the widow returned his love and would yet some day or other be Lady de Coverley. 'As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary.' Here a beggar accosts the Knight, and he, putting his hand into his pocket, discovers that it had just been picked—which rather damps his hilarity. The information he thought supernatural was parallel to the case of the coachman consulting his disguised master in the Drummer:—

'Coachman.—Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

Sir George.—Ask it.

Coachman.—I have a poor horse in the stable that 's bewitched.

Sir George.—A bay gelding.

Coachman.—How could he know that?

Sir George.—Bought at Banbury.

Coachman.—Whew!—so it was, o' my conscience.

Sir George.—Six years old last Lammas.

Coachman.—To a day!!'

But it was well for the worthy knight to nurse the fond deceit, and purchase fresh fuel for his delicious dream.

Addison touches upon many of the points which distinguished country from city manners. Party spirit was more virulent in Arcadia—for it is invariably the case that the sting in the tail of faction is worse than the tooth in its head. While the fine folks of Westminster were dining, dancing, wooing, and wedding, with little attention to Whiggery and Toryism—their cousins who differed in politics could agree in nothing, could not dine at the same table, bait at the same inn, or smoke their pipes in contemplation of the same bowling-green. The water flowed tolerably clear among the top circles of society, but there was always mud at the bottom. Country ladies and gentlemen figured in the cast-off fashions of the metropolis. Communication was then so slow and limited that by the time a pattern reached Worcester it would have been laughed at in London.* Politeness in the provinces missed its end by destroying ease and inde-

* Addison introduces Sir Roger as 'a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent.' He probably paid no attention to such provincial controversies—but the honour of having produced the dancing Sir Roger is, it seems, disputed to this day by the respectable families of Calveley of Calveley in Cheshire and Calverley of Calverley in Yorkshire.

pendence. There was so much bowing and condescension that good breeding was almost a bar to good fellowship. In passing from the drawing to the dining room the civil contention to be last might have led to the suspicion that it was an enemy they were to attack instead of roast-beef and plum-pudding. As they were the days of drinking, somebody suggested that it would save trouble if the company were carried in as well as carried out. When with infinite difficulty they were seated at the table, they acted upon the opinion of Lady Macbeth that the sauce to meat is ceremony. The meat got cold while the sauce was bandied about, and it was not till the bottle began to circulate that, bounding from one extreme to the other, they dropped awkward stiffness for boisterous familiarity. It was no unusual thing for men who exchanged congées at the beginning of a feast, like a couple of dancing-masters, to end in knocking each other down. In a contemporary list of convivial rules is the recommendation to keep grasping your neighbour's fist in your fingers that you may keep it out of your eye. Mr. Spectator, who is devoid of taste for contentions hallooing and personal violence, begins to meditate a retreat. He had been gazed at on his arrival with respectful deference, but he is now the subject of impertinent speculation. His solitary walks and his silence in company are interpreted differently, but always to his disparagement. Some pronounce him haughty, some shy. Will Wimble conjectures that he has killed a man; the villagers that he is a conjuror, brought down to dissolve the spells of Moll White. It is the opinion of an opposition justice that he is a jesuit in disguise—of Sir Roger's kinsfolk that he is a designing fellow. Sir Roger tells them the simple truth, which is much too simple to gain credit, and they continue confident that the Londoner does not hold his tongue for nothing. An unsociable being is forgotten in a crowd; in the country he stands out a conspicuous mystery, and his neighbours are never weary of guessing at the riddle. The silent Spectator escapes not the common imputation. Tedious, Tattle, and Trifler, are usually agreed that the man must be wrong in his head who prefers books and nature to their exhilarating conversation, and unless he wears his disposition on his sleeve, and allows the rural public to inspect it, he must make up his mind to be thought a madman or a monster.

Addison, somewhat weary of all this misapprehensive coldness, quits the rural scene, and is after a few months followed to London by his host. Prince Eugene is here, and the good man has come up to get a sight of the great lion. There are other political allusions in the paper, and nothing can surpass the artful skill with which Addison speaks through the artless Sir Roger. They meet in Gray's Inn

Inn Walks, where the Knight is employing his tongue in rating a beggar and his hand (as usual) in relieving him. He brings up a budget of news. He has been keeping Christmas with old English hospitality, and makes the beautiful observation that it is fortunate that it should fall in the middle of winter, and excite the rich to cheer the poor with bounty and frolic. Mr. Wimble was the leader in the pastimes and tricks, but his mirth this season had received a check. He cut some sticks from Tom Touchy's hedge, and Tom is prosecuting him according to law. The Knight has been studying Baker's Chronicles of the Kings of England, and for the present sees everything by Baker's lantern—quotes him at the Club, and visits Westminster Abbey that he may examine the monuments with historic acumen. Before they set out he drinks a glass of Widow Trueby's bitters, and persuades Addison to drink another, who finds it medicinally nauseous. Sir Roger tells him he was aware he would dislike it, but that it is an excellent preservative against the stone or the gravel. Addison, who is apprehensive of neither, wishes that his friend had specified the nature of its virtues before he recommended the draught. Not that the Knight is threatened himself with a single symptom of the disorders, but it was his whim to stop those two holes in the sieve. A coach is called, and he asks the coachman if his axle-tree is good, as if he expected him to confess that it was bad. He inquires if he smokes, and takes his recommendation of a tobacconist. He displays a still more notable piece of simplicity at the Abbey. He has judged of the acquirements of the guide by the knowledge displayed in his parrot-repetition, and fancied himself all along in the presence of a prodigy of learning. He shakes hands with him at parting, and invites the astounded man to visit him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over Baker and the monuments at leisure. He is next carried to the theatre, where he keeps up a running comment on the characters, on the supposition that they are real. The happier he to have the snow on his head and the heart of a child in his breast. No man that night enjoyed the play like Sir Roger.

His inability to discriminate between London and Coverley customs draws on him notice and ridicule wherever he goes; and it must, we think, be allowed that here Mr. Spectator hardly keeps in mind his own initiatory statement that the Knight had *once* been a gay young fellow about town. But let that pass—we may well take the worthy as he is presented to us. His kindness to strangers tells well enough when he calls upon the silent man at his lodgings, and wins the heart of the landlady by stroking her son on his head and bidding him mind his

book,

book, for gentleness is so proper to the domestic circle that it is always sure to meet a response. But when he gets into public his civility does not pass current at the Coverley computation. He salutes every one, as at home, with 'good morrow,' or 'good night,' and some youths on the Thames reply to his courtesy by inquiring of Addison what queer old Put he has got in the boat? The Knight is first shocked, then indignant, and wishes he was a Middlesex magistrate, that he might teach such vagrants that her Majesty's subjects are no more to be abused by water than by land. They are on their way to Vauxhall, whither they are pulled by a sailor who had left a leg at La Hogue, for Sir Roger will never be rowed by a waterman who has not lost a limb in the wars. He carries the principle so far that, if the world had partaken it, not a soul could have earned a sixpence unless his leg had been carved from the same plank with his oar. He bids a waiter at the Gardens carry the leavings of their repast to the veteran in the boat; but the bountiful provincial would have got abuse, and the waterman no beef, unless Addison had cut short a saucy remonstrance and enforced the command. The single-eyed old Squire has not the faintest conception that he is out of his element. Where he detects, which is seldom the case, an opposition of manners, he supposes that the eccentricity is on the side of Babylon, and shakes his head at a world that is smiling at him.

But the time was come when his benevolence was to gladden no longer, nor his oddities to divert. Addison had grown to regard the character with a fondness which could not brook interference, and when Tickle produced a paper, which contains more natural strokes than any that is not the work of King Joseph himself, he extorted a promise that his friends would let Sir Roger alone for the future. He foresaw, however, that strangers would not be so abstinent, and, to prevent a Grub-street continuation, determined that the Knight should die with the 'Spectator.' 'With a certain warmth of expression' which Mr. Alexander Chalmers translates into 'a fit of anger,' he exclaimed 'I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.' The story, which rests on the express authority of Budgell, is opposed by Chalmers on the critical score that it was expedient for 'The Spectator' to close the Club. He has not informed us why the closing of a Club imposes the obligation to kill off a member, or why Sir Roger should of necessity be selected for the victim, and Will Honeycomb, an older man and a worse constitution, be left upon the stage. It was equally natural to allow the Knight to live or to die, and Budgell's anecdote merely supplies the authentic motive which made Addison prefer to consign him with his own hands to the tomb.

Sir

Sir Roger leaves the world with the same spirit in which he had lived in it. He loses his roast-beef stomach, and nothing afterwards does him good, except a message from the widow. The old flame blazes out afresh with that gentle stirring, and what between pride at her notice, and hope of her relenting, he displays a vivacity which gives some promise of recovery. But the glimpse of hope is evanescent—the cloud darkens again. He then prepares for death with calm self-possession, and is active in benevolence up to the very brink of the grave. He bequeaths an independence to the chaplain, mourning to the parishioners, pensions to the servants, jewels to the widow, rings to the Club, kind wishes to everybody—and finally expires amid the tears of the entire neighbourhood, who never expect to look upon his like again. The letter of the butler to Addison, which contains the particulars of Sir Roger's decease, is accompanied by a book which he had destined before his sickness for Sir Andrew Freeport. It proved to be a collection of Acts of Parliament—with some passages marked, to convince the Citizen that he was wrong in an argument they had held at the club. Sir Andrew opens the parcel, casts his eye on the old Knight's writing, puts the volume in his pocket, and bursts into tears. That single incident would have stamped Addison a master of nature and pathos.

Nearly a third of the little book now before us is occupied by the editor's notes, and several of the essays he has reprinted have nothing to do with the Knight. Addison's speculations on instinct concern China as much as Coverley—except that they profess to be dated from Sir Roger's seat. An excellent paper by Steele on spendthrifts and misers, and another on a journey to London, are equally foreign to the subject. When we further subtract the diffuse descriptions of inferior pens, which do not help on the history, the whole is reduced to a narrow compass. In that short space we have learnt as much of Sir Roger as those who lived in his parish and sat at his board. Nay, we are better acquainted with him than were most of his neighbours, for we see him with Addison's piercing eye. We know him with his narrow mind and large heart, with his sense and simplicity, with his feudal consequence and kindly condescension. He appears to us as plainly as he did to his clerk, a magistrate impressed with the fullest sense of his official dignity, yet better versed in natural justice than in statutory law; always exerting his power on the side of humanity, and a terror to none but evil-doers. He stands before us a 'fine old English gentleman'—an earnest partisan of *Church and Queen*, of sports and good cheer, not deeply read in men, and scarce at all in books, which, when he chances

to study them, he receives for oracles. But not all the cultivation in the world could have made him a better landlord and master, more hospitable to his neighbours, more considerate of the poor. He is a genial, hearty squire, the centre of the parochial circle, and discharging his duties none the worse because his vision is bounded by that limited horizon. But it is not Sir Roger alone that finds a place in the Coverley papers. Addison has grouped around him much of the country life and characters of the time. Coverley church would not be more familiar to us if we had attended many a service there; nor the modest and intelligent chaplain if we had walked with him fifty times under his favourite avenue of elms; nor the light-hearted gentleman-gamekeeper if we had partaken of his jack, and heard him narrate all the incidents of the sport, from the throwing in the line to the landing of the prize. This combination of distinctness and brevity is due to the skill with which Addison selects the particular circumstance that tells the tale. No delineator has surpassed him here. He picks out a trifling incident, a casual observation—but they are chosen with such adroitness that the imagination instantly completes the portrait. His truth is wonderful. He walks on the same level with Nature herself, and is never tempted to exaggerate her proportions. He does not even meddle with man in his intellectual strength, or in the excitement of passion. He takes him in his homeliest moods and commonest occupations, and would be tame if he were not so delightfully arch and so tersely graphic. Addison, recorded by Swift as quite unrivalled in a *tête-à-tête*, was reserved in companies that were not composed of his intimate friends—and it is amusing to picture his silent scrutiny, unnoticed itself and noticing everything. Caution slept in his presence, and little dreamed that his quiet eyes were gathering up foibles for a 'Tatler' or 'Spectator.'

His humour is the most tranquil of any in literature. He has no sparkling repartees, no grotesque situations, no broad flashes of wit which set the table in a roar. His art is to introduce with grave composure the point which constitutes the absurdity of the original. He neither heightens it into caricature nor polishes it into epigram. He does nothing to call attention to it, but appears an unassuming reporter, hardly conscious that he is writing in a diverting style. The smile he excites is barely sufficient to curl the lip, but it raises an inward complacent mirth more cheering than laughter. His satire is perhaps unique in its meekness. He speaks of himself as a great lover of mankind, whose tears flowed with joy at public solemnities to witness the pleasure of a holiday multitude. A tender heart
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and a caustic pen have often gone together. With him the man was never lost in the author. There is no gall in his ink, and if it kills it is after the manner of those perfumed poisons which were not less grateful than deadly. In its intellectual qualities the wit of Addison and the wit of Swift were not totally unlike. Both were masters of sarcastic allegory, and both excelled in humorous gravity and homely fidelity. In the temper of their satire they were the two extremes—Addison gentle, Swift stern; Addison compassionate, Swift morose. The Dean would have torn to pieces a lamb like a wolf, but his friend would have endeavoured to coax a wolf into a lamb. Swift cared less to correct than to condemn. His chief delight in a bone was the pleasure of snarling over it. His morbid body made a misanthropic mind, and the black bile of his mournful disease coloured all his writings. Addison's happy disposition looked at dark grounds through a sunny medium. He is never cynical, never malevolent; his harshest language is mild admonition and sportive raillery. Swift's wit is sometimes a bludgeon, sometimes a razor; but Addison is content to tickle with a feather.

There was probably policy as well as virtue in the moderation of Addison. He was nervously timid about public opinion, and though, to judge from his works, it appears untrue that he was willing to wound, we suspect there was foundation for the second half of Pope's antithesis, that he was afraid to strike. His disposition was unfit for personal conflict, and we should think his genius likewise. At any rate his soft and placid humour is no proof that he was possessed of the sharp tooth which leaves a mark in the flesh of a formidable adversary. Powers which are closely allied are frequently not to be found in conjunction. The keen glance which Addison cast upon life would have led us to infer that he could have exhibited man under the transports of emotion, but when he attempted tragedy the frigid dialogue plainly proved that all nature was not his province. So, with his satire, though he shot his reeds with infinite skill, we doubt if he could have forged the iron arrows that Pope directed against himself.

Addison's general sentiments are what might be expected from the rest of his character. His maxims rarely strike us as very novel or profound. Yet in all of them there is something peculiar to himself—a justness, a good sense, and a benignant cheerfulness which produce pleasure and win assent. His allegories are apt, ingenious, and original, and the best are of the highest order of poetical beauty of which the composition seems capable. No one that has written with equal purity and grace has attained to the invariable ease of his style. It is equally removed from
affectation

affectation and meanness, from artifice and negligence. His felicities read as if they had come unsought, and are combined with sentences of so unpretending a turn that no one would suspect him of seeking a flower that did not lie in his path. We confess we agree with those who consider him deficient in condensation and force—but merits always tread closely upon defects, and his step might have lost in elasticity what it gained in firmness. No English classic is more deserving of study in the present day, for his beauties are the antidote to the reigning vices of style—the perpetual attempts to gild copper, and to dazzle with an unnatural and fatiguing brilliancy. His mild and mellow light would tone down our flaring and flimsy colours, which are not the colours that will stand. Generations to come will linger over his lucid and elegant page, when our flashy verbiage, forced conceits, German mysticism, and Dutch vivacity have all faded into a fortunate oblivion.

ART. II.—*The Garland*. By the Hon. Horace Walpole. 1761, MS.

OUR readers may recollect that at the close of our Number for October, 1844 (*Q. R.*, vol. lxxiv. p. 416), we extracted from Horace Walpole's Autobiography, printed with the last batch of his Letters to Mann, the following passage:—

'1761, July 16th.—Wrote the *GARLAND*, a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name, nor did ever own it.'—(vol. iv. p. 349.)

Upon this we observed—

'We know nothing of this piece, and should be glad if it were recovered. If, as may be presumed, it was a panegyric, it would afford a curious contrast with Walpole's subsequent rancour against George III. and Lord Bute. We really have a curiosity to compare the Memoirs of George III. in 1766* with the *Garland* of 1761.'

This piece—which, since the publication of the Memoirs, has become of historical importance—we are now enabled to lay before our readers.

It turns out that, to avoid transmitting it in his own hand, he intrusted it to Mr. Bedford, his confidential deputy in the Exchequer, to be copied. The copy, no doubt, was sent to Lady Bute, the wife of '*the Favourite*,' while the original remained among Mr. Bedford's papers, where it has been recently found, and obligingly communicated to us by Mrs. Bedford, of Upper Seymour Street, the widow of the grandson of Walpole's deputy.

* Walpole tells us that he began to write them in 1766, but the narrative begins with the reign, and is thus contemporaneous with the '*Garland*.'

H. Walpole

H. Walpole to Mr. Bedford.

‘Strawb., Sunday.’

‘DEAR SIR,—I will beg you to copy the following lines for me, and bring or send them, whichever is most convenient to you, to my house in Arlington Street, on Tuesday morning. Pray don’t mention them to any body. Yours, &c.

H. W.’

THE GARLAND.

IN private life, where *virtues* safely bloom,
What flowers diffuse their favourite perfume?

Devotion first the *Garland's* front commands,
Like some fair lily borne by angel hands.
Next, *Filial Love* submissive warmth displays,
Like heliotropes, that court their parent rays.
Friendship, that yields its fragrance but to those
That near approach it, like the tender rose.
As royal amaranths, unchanging *Truth*;
And violet-like, the bashful blush of *Youth*.
Chaste *Purity*, by no loose heat misled,
Like virgin snowdrops in a winter bed.
Prudence, the sensitive, whose leaves remove
When hands too curious would their texture prove.
Bounty, full-flush'd at once with fruit and flower,
As citrons give and promise ev'ry hour.
Soft *Pity* last, whose dews promiscuous fall,
Like lavish eglantines, refreshing all.

How blest a cottage where such virtues dwell!
To Heaven ascends the salutary smell.
But should such virtues round imperial State
Their cordial gales in balmy clouds dilate,
Nations a long-lost Paradise would own,
And Happiness reclaim her proper throne.
Hate, Discord, War, and each foul ill would cease,
And laurell'd Conquest only lead to Peace.

“Ah, vain idea!” cries the servile bard,
Who lies for hire, and flatters for reward:—
“Such I have sung of—such have never seen—
My Kings were visions, and a dream my Queen.
Point out the charming phantom.”—ONE there is;
Unnam'd, the world will own the GARLAND *His*:
Truth so exactly wove the wreath for One,
It must become His honest brow—or none.

This would be a very fulsome compliment even if addressed to a Queen; but such a *wreath of flowers* for the brow of a *King* whom Walpole was, about the same time, libelling in secret, seems to us even more discreditable to the writer's morals than the bad taste

taste and awkward verses are to his literary character. We know not how any

servile bard,
Who lies for hire and flatters for reward

could do worse—especially as we have no doubt that this was another of Walpole's devices to facilitate his *comfortable arrangement* of his *Sinecures*—on the failure of which he dropped the *Garland* and took to libelling. It is to be noted that there is not one of the virtues so fragrantly displayed which did not become in the contemporaneous 'Memoirs' a *special* subject of Walpole's ridicule or rancour—witness the *filial duty* to the Princess Dowager—the *friendship* for Lord Bute—the *truth*—the *purity*—the *prudence*—the *bounty*—the *pity*—all either sneered at or denied at about the very date when the *Garland* was composed.

This is sufficiently curious ; but still more so, we think, it is that a man of Walpole's taste and reading should have fallen into the same identical strain of adulation that Swift in his *Rhapsody on Poetry* anticipates as what might be expected from a rhyming sycophant:—

A Prince the moment he is crowned
Inherits *all the virtues* round
Then, Poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muse on *Kings alive* ;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, formed into a GARLAND sweet,
Lay *humbly at your monarch's feet* ;
Who, as the *odours* reach his throne,
Will smile and think them *all his own*.

Scott's *Swift*, vol. xiv. p. 315.

Our literature, we believe, cannot afford another equally remarkable instance of an author's gravely fulfilling the derisory advice of a satirist. No wonder that Walpole 'never did own it ;' but it is fortunate for the interest of historical truth, which he has so often and so seriously discoloured, that this *crowning* specimen of his insincerity should be at last discovered. It affords the best possible corroboration of all that argumentative criticism had already suggested against the trustworthiness of the *Memoirs* wherever his own private interests or personal partialities happened to come into play.

ART. III.—1. *Tagebuch des Generals Patrick Gordon, während seiner Kriegsdienste—u. s. w.—Diary of General Patrick Gordon, during his Military Services with the Swedes and Poles from 1655 to 1661, and his Residence in Russia from 1661 to 1699.* For the first time published in full by the Prince M. A. Obolenski and M. C. Posselt, Doctor in Philosophy. Vols. 1 and 2. University Press, Moscow: 1849-1851.

SCOTLAND for some years past has been the nursing-mother of associations devoted to the publication of records and monuments, hitherto unedited, of the lives, the laws, the manners, and the literature of our ancestors. Men who have neither leisure nor taste for the minuter study of the past may be disposed to draw odious comparisons between the weight and volume of the printed results and their literary value. We have heard jokes on this theme as dull as the least readable of the quartos in question. It is possible, however, even without a relish for charlataries, or skill in monkish Latin, to entertain a high appreciation of the exertions of the Bannatyne and other Clubs, English and Irish as well as Scotch, of kindred aim and pursuit. Animated by the spirit of Sir Walter, they have spared neither toil nor expense in rescuing many real treasures from obscurity, and putting them beyond the reach of accidents. Highly, however, as we estimate the zeal of our countrymen, we doubt whether any single result of their efforts exceeds in worth the work now made accessible—to German scholars at least—by the united labours of two Russian gentlemen. Happy should we be if this notice could induce one of the Scotch clubs, or two or three of them in friendly alliance, to undertake an edition of selections from the original text. In some few instances the Bannatyne and Maitland have so co-operated. Why should they not do so in many—and why, in the present case, should not the Spalding join them? We can hardly doubt that any well-attested literary applicant could obtain without difficulty the necessary permission from the Sovereign whose countenance was so handsomely extended to British science in the person of Sir Roderick Murchison.

Having waited long for the second of these volumes, and fearing that the third may not very soon follow, we think it well to give now some brief account of the work; and in doing so we shall make a free use of the excellent *Preface* contributed by the Moscow editors.

General Patrick Gordon's career was no unimportant feature in one of those great eras of transition and development which leave their traces on the moral condition of mankind as conspicuous as any that the changes distinguished by geologists have

have imprinted on the earth's material surface. For forty years his abilities were devoted, without distraction or reserve, to the service of three Czars, during whose reigns a new order of things was prepared and partly established. Under Alexei Michailovitch and his immediate successor the talents displayed by Gordon, as well in the organization of the regular armies of the empire as in their command throughout many arduous campaigns, had raised him not only to a high degree of reputation in military circles, but to that favour at court without which he might have achieved everything for Russia, but nothing for himself. His chief eminence was however reserved, in the words of our Preface, for 'the epoch when Peter Alexeivitch commenced that marvellous course for which he was alike destined and endowed by Providence.' No slight interest must ever attach to the character and habits of the men who were his principal instruments. Among these Gordon, as the personal confidant and adviser of the young sovereign, unquestionably occupies a place of the highest rank—not inferior even to his friend Lefort. Of the many services which purchased this confidence it is sufficient here to name the suppression of the Janissaries of Russia—the Strelitz regiments—acknowledged to have been exclusively accomplished by the influence, vigour, and decision of Gordon. From that transaction to his death his personal intercourse with Peter was incessant. When, worn out with long service in council and in field, the veteran expired, his last moments of consciousness were watched by his master;—his eyes were closed by the Imperial hand;—his obsequies were conducted on the most magnificent scale of pomp, under the minute regulation, and graced by the personal attendance, of the great man.

After thus briefly establishing the claims of this Russian General to something more than the attention of mere Scottish antiquarians we open the diary which he kept from his youth to the verge of the grave—and which he himself thus introduces:—

'I am not unaware that it is considered a difficult task to write the history of one's own life, or a narrative of occurrences in which oneself has participated, just as it is difficult for an artist to paint his own portrait. Inasmuch, however, as I have prescribed to myself to confine my work strictly within the limits of a diary, without passing judgment on the actions related, or speaking of them either in praise or censure, following in this the maxim of the wise Cato—*Nec te laudâris nec te culpaveris ipse*—the task, in my opinion, loses much of its difficulty. Mere reports I have stated as such, and truth for truth. Some political transactions, but chiefly such as were connected with military affairs,

affairs, I have given in a continuous order; others are but incompletely narrated, from the want of public and official documents, but are still, for the most part, such as I personally witnessed and assisted in. In brief, I can assign no better reason for my labour than that it pleased me to undergo it; nor am I much concerned for the applause of others, being well aware that to please all hath ever by the wise been held impossible.'

These are very much the principles on which, as we conceive, Herodotus would have kept a diary; and they are adhered to with fidelity and perseverance in the text before us. The result is a narrative in which the great events of a stirring period are intermingled with many curious sketches of remote lands, and of the habits and actions of extraordinary individuals, concerning whom little is known from other sources. It is carried on through the most stormy vicissitudes of a life of military service, which in many particulars might have suggested to Schiller the *Dragoon* of the Prologue to *Wallenstein*, or to Scott that equally felicitous and more finished creation of genius—the inimitable Dalgetty. Wounds and captivity scarcely occasion any interruption to its progress; it is sure in the evening after the hottest conflict to record the receipt of a letter on private affairs and the precise hour of the answer. The Russian editors remark that it contains perhaps the only information now extant on a subject which cannot be deficient in interest to sundry Scottish families of the present day, in the shape of notices of many of that numerous body—the Scotch gentlemen who in Gordon's time, like him, found employment and gained honour in the service of Russia. The names Bruce, Crawford, Drummond, Dalzel, Gordons innumerable, and many others, are of frequent occurrence. It is added, that in Russia no family papers or other documentary records of these men are now known to exist. In every instance their race in that empire has died away; and even the jejune information which in other countries the tombstone or the church-register often affords is wanting there. It appears that in Moscow the sites somewhat reluctantly accorded as places of worship to Dissenting residents, Roman Catholic and Protestant, were frequently changed. In one of these changes the principal cemetery, which seems to have been common to both persuasions, suffered sweeping desecration. The famous traveller Tavernier is mentioned as one whose monument was here destroyed. Even that of the illustrious Lefort, erected by special order of his patron Peter, has perished.

General Gordon's diary is supposed in its original state to have consisted of eight or perhaps nine bulky quartos. About
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the middle of the last century four of these had come, whether in virtue of any family connexion is not known, into the possession of a certain Gordon, an Inspector in the Admiralty at St. Petersburg. Upon his death, Count Alexander Stroganow, a distinguished promoter of science and literature, purchased them of the widow, who was unable to afford any information as to the missing volumes. The Count turned his purchase to good account, for he placed the MSS. in the hands of the learned historian of Russia, G. F. Müller. The survey of them not only impressed Müller with a sense of their value as materials for history, but brought it to his recollection that some of the missing portion had been used by a Professor Baier in the composition of a tract which Müller had himself inserted in a collection published by him in 1737. Baier had, in fact, drawn almost exclusively from this source his accounts of the two Russian campaigns of 1688 and 1689 against the Crim Tartars, and of the siege and reduction of Asow in 1696. After much fruitless search and inquiry, Müller, repairing to Moscow soon after the accession of Catherine II., had the satisfaction to discover the portion used by Baier—two large volumes—in the archives of the Foreign Affairs. Six volumes were, therefore, now in his hands, embracing the following years:—

Vol. I., from 1635 to 1659.

II., from 1659 to 1667.

III., from 1677 to 1678.

IV., from 1684 to 1690.

V., from 1690 to 1695.

VI., from 1695 to 1699.

As this is all which has been yet recovered, it will be seen that the continuity of the narrative has suffered two considerable interruptions. The first extends over ten years, from 1667 to 1677, being the time which intervened between Gordon's mission to the court of our own Charles II. and the commencement of an operation against the Turks in the Ukraine, known as the campaign of Tschigorin. The second is of some six years, 1678 to 1684, and comprises the time from the termination of the hostilities above mentioned to Gordon's return to Moscow and Kiew. A few other blanks occur, but without serious damage to the record. In what manner the two volumes used by Baier came into the archives where Müller found them, is not known. The four others, with the rest of Müller's literary collections, were purchased for the same repository on the death of that eminent man. It appears that so early as 1721 a Count Ostermann had had access to the work, and commenced a translation of it into Russian. Müller was anxious for one in German. He, however, shrunk from the labour in his own person, and de-

volved it upon an academician, T. Stritter, who had been appointed his assistant in the office of Imperial Historiographer. Stritter, in prosecuting the delegated task, went upon a principle of selection—giving a literal translation of passages of obvious curiosity, but abridging or slurring incidents sufficiently known from other sources, and many personal details which to his academical eyes appeared trivial, but of which Gordon's countrymen of the Bannatyne must with ourselves regret the absence. This version, or abstract, was never either finished or printed. It was carried on only to the year 1691; leaving untouched the greater part of the fifth and the whole of the sixth volume.

After Stritter's death his MS. fell, in separate portions, into the hands of two individuals, who have liberally furnished them for the assistance of the present editors. The greater part of the text of their first volume may, in fact, be considered as that of Stritter amplified and corrected, but retaining the substitution adopted by him of the third person for the first as it stood in Gordon's original. These accidents of alteration, mutilation, &c., however possibly unimportant in a purely historical point of view, increase our desire for a faithful impression of the Diary, or such parts of it as a judicious editor would retain, in the General's own English or Scotch. It is scarcely necessary here to follow the Preface through its specification of several works which have issued from the Russian press, and mostly in the Russian language, since the discovery of the journal, and which are founded on its contents. Five or six are named—a number which shows the interest with which it has been regarded by the literary men of Russia. One English book said to be similarly founded on the journal is mentioned as having been purchased for a Russian collector in London in 1835, but the editors have not been able to procure a sight of it.*

The diarist was born in 1635—the second son of John Gordon of *Auchlichries*—a bleak possession near the coast of Aberdeenshire. The Laird—a cadet of that branch of the house of Gordon of which the Earl of Aberdeen is now the representative—was a high cavalier; and both he and his wife, an Ogilvie, were steady adherents to the Romish faith. This last circumstance prevented Patrick from partaking those educational advantages which the Marischal College afforded to the Protestant Dalgetties of the district. Means were, however, found in country schools of the neighbourhood to save him from a boyhood of mere field-sports, and to furnish at least the rudiments of the classical training which Scotchmen of gentle birth have seldom

* If any of our readers possess such a book, we should be obliged by a transcript of its title-page.

been willing entirely to dispense with. At the age of sixteen he was taken home; but the position of a younger brother without prospects concurred with a hopeless attachment to make home irksome, and his parents would seem to have given every encouragement to a scheme of travel in search of adventure and advancement—no unusual or ineffectual resource for the class he belonged to. He left Aberdeen in a ship of 18 guns for Dantzic, in 1651. We have sometimes amused ourselves with speculating on the emotions with which such young northern hidalgos, in many instances suddenly conveyed in the train of a Gunn or a Mackay from still remoter and wilder districts, must have contemplated the busy and opulent cities of Germany. The stately cathedral, the quay, the market-place, and the town-hall, must have presented contrasts strange and strong to the grey tower of the Highland chief, or even the more spacious gabled and turreted mansion of the Lowland laird.

Wherever they went they carried with them the sagacity, the perseverance, and courage of their race—'patient of labour and prodigal of blood'—and such men as Gustavus Adolphus, Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, and Peter the Great knew well to appreciate these qualities. In none were they more conspicuously united than in Patrick Gordon.

He did not loiter in the great city, but betook himself to the completion of his classical education at the Jesuits' college of Braunsberg. After three years' devotion to study, particularly of Latin, becoming weary and homesick, he absconded without leave-taking, with the intention of returning to Scotland. Disappointed in his endeavours to obtain a passage from Dantzic, and then in an attempt to enter the Polish army, which cost him a fruitless journey to Warsaw, he came, after various adventures, to Ham-burgh. The town was full of Swedish officers raising recruits for a war which their youthful king, Charles X., was preparing against Poland. By one of these, a Scotchman of his own name, he was persuaded to take service in the cavalry, and he joined, in July, 1655, at Stettin, the force there collected to the amount of 17,000 men under Fieldmarshal Wittenberg. Gordon details with particularity the pretences alleged by the Swedish King for hostilities. They were probably for the most part false—certainly all frivolous; and the diarist favours us with his private opinion as to the real motive of the war, namely, the desire of a young sovereign, fond of soldiering, to signalize his succession to the throne of Gustavus Adolphus and Christina by a little military glory. Poland presented peculiar attractions as an antagonist. She was the only country which in the actual state of Europe afforded any pretences, bad as they were, for a quarrel. She was

already assailed on the one side by Cossacks and Tartars, on that of Lithuania by the growing power of Russia; and all these circumstances were represented to the Swedish prince by an interested class of advisers—exiles, and fugitive nobles. Encouragement and assistance came, moreover, from a strange quarter. Two or three of the best regiments were raised with money furnished by Cromwell, whose object was to keep busy at a distance some of those ardent spirits whose activity might have been troublesome in Britain. The consequence was one of those long games 'which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at.'

The kind of discipline enforced in the armies of this day has been well illustrated in Callot's etchings:—'On the 2nd of August,' says Gordon, 'the Fieldmarshal encamped near Posen, and showed extraordinary severity. For example, a boy of fourteen was hanged for throwing a stone at a Pole who was seeking in the camp, under escort, for a horse of which he had been robbed.' He mentions, as a fact of which he had no reason to doubt, that between Stettin and Konin, where the King joined the army, 470 persons had been executed for slight offences. Gordon calls this 'not justice, but tyranny,' and says the King himself expressed the same opinion—from which few will dissent. We cannot follow our diarist closely through the details of this wanton war. It was like many other campaigns of an age when war and peace depended rather on the caprices of kings, their ministers, or mistresses, than on the interests, the opinions, or even the passions of nations. The two armies avoided each other, and levied contributions on the districts they infested, in which the Jews paid double. A fort was now and then stormed, in which case the garrison, with many compliments on their courage, were put to the sword. The principal events were the reduction of Cracow, and an action near Warsaw, soon after which Gordon was taken prisoner. Having endured more than four months' close arrest, he was at length released on the condition of taking service with his captors the Poles. He thus became a dragoon in the company of Constantine Lubomirski, the most illustrious of three brothers who all held high offices in the state.

His changes of banner were not to be few. He was shortly again taken prisoner by some Brandenburg cavalry, and carried before a Scotch General, Douglas, from whom he accepted an offer of service in a corps d'élite of his countrymen, which the General was then employed in organizing. This Douglas company, in January, 1657, received orders to move out of its quarters in order to assist an operation against Dantzic, then held by the Poles. Gordon, before he could show face in the expedition, had

to

to provide himself with two horses; and this he effected, in his own words, 'by means of his servant without money'—for which mode of field-equipment he makes the excuse that if he had declined to employ it he must have remained to be eat with vermin, to freeze, or to starve. Surprised on a solitary ride by a party of peasants, he was ere long carried prisoner into Dantzic. He complains bitterly of the loss on this occasion of his Thomas à Kempis. His captors, however, being mere boors, of no practice in the honourable profession of arms, had neglected to pull off his boots—in which he had concealed his money. He met here with many Scotch and Swedish fellows in captivity, as also with a distinguished namesake in the Polish army—to wit, *Gordon of the steel hand*—by whom he was recognised as a clansman, and strongly urged to take service again with Poland. Resisting, for reasons not mentioned, this offer, which many others accepted, he was shortly included in a general exchange of prisoners, and rejoined his former company. Twice again, while serving with Sweden in the course of this year, he was captured, first by some Austrians, from whom he executed a hazardous escape, and then once more by the Poles. The latter adventure brought him into contact with the greatest man of his day, John Sobieski, but it can hardly be said that this circumstance adds any interest to the diary. As Sobieski, who is characterized merely as 'a hard bargainer, though courteous,' refused to exchange him, he adopted the ready resource of accepting service with his captors. In this his second engagement with the Poles, who had business first with Sweden, then with Muscovy, he found plentiful opportunities for the display of his talents, and speedily rose to the rank of Captain-Lieutenant. The Poles, assisted by 40,000 Tartar auxiliaries, were successful against the Russians and Cossacks, who under command of a certain Wassilie Wassilievitch Scherematew—we love, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to give the whole name—endured a terrible defeat, in which they lost 115 standards, 67 guns, and some 36,000 men killed and prisoners. This battle of Sibiodischtsche led in November, 1660, to the conclusion of a peace on terms, as might be expected, humiliating enough for the party so completely overthrown. The Poles are said to have suffered some loss in endeavouring to defend their prisoners from the Tartars, who were discontented with various items of the pacification. The Russians—it is certain—were plundered, and many of them dragged into slavery by these infidel allies of a Christian power. Scherematew himself was shamefully surrendered to them by the Polish commander.

Gordon, returning from the scene of this wild work to Warsaw,

saw, received intelligence of the restoration of his native monarch, Charles II. This event, suggesting to a good soldier of cavalier blood the prospect of some advancement at home, induced him to request his retirement from the Polish service. Lubomirski, however, was unwilling to part with such a follower, and before his reluctance was overcome Gordon had received letters from his family which discouraged him in his project of return. We have indeed discovered no indications of any desire on the part of his kinsfolk for his re-appearance at the honoured château of Auchlichries. He persevered, nevertheless, in requesting his discharge, and received it in July, 1661, accompanied by a flattering certificate in florid Latin from Lubomirski. His persistence in urging this dismissal could have had no better reason than the mere love of change. He seems to have quite dropped the thoughts of home, and to have been steadily intent on carrying his now proved and conspicuous talents to one of the great military markets of Europe. None perhaps at this moment could afford fairer chances to a soldier of fortune and a Roman Catholic than the one he was quitting, for this was the brightest epoch of the fortunes of that kingdom. Gordon, however, had decided to quit the Polack, and only hesitated between Austria and Russia. After much pondering, his intimacy with several officers of the latter power, and among them some countrymen of his own, who, taken prisoners at the battle of Sibiodischtsche, had been placed under his custody, decided his choice. With two of these, a Colonel Crawford and a Captain Menzies, he journeyed to Moscow, arriving there in September. He was well received by Czar Alexis, a sovereign of more than average virtue and ability, who confirmed an appointment promised him by Crawford as major in that friend's own regiment. We find him almost immediately repenting his choice, and busy with various attempts and schemes for disengaging himself. These all proving hopeless, he applied himself with such diligence to the duties of his position, that he soon rose into favour. He continued, however, so little satisfied with Muscovy, and the Muscovites, that nothing but the press of his daily occupations saved him from sickness. Many inevitable incidents of the life of a stranger, without connexions, in a semi-civilized country, would sufficiently account for depression of spirits. In addition to the difficulties to be encountered from rude superiors, he had troublesome subjects to deal with in those under his own command. One of many instances which he records is equally characteristic of his energy as an officer and of his fidelity as a journalist. A Russian captain in his regiment had encroached in various particulars upon Major Gordon's authority.

Colonel

Colonel Crawford declining to listen to complaint on this subject, Gordon took it, in every sense of the word, into his own hands. Inveigling the Captain into his quarters without witnesses, he knocked him down and caned him till he could hardly rise. Called to account before Crawford, Gordon met the charge with a cool and imperturbable denial of the entire transaction—and this full equivalent to an Old Bailey alibi he repeated, on appeal to their General, with such cool skill, that the Captain, refused all redress, was fain to leave a regiment which boasted a Scottish Major.

In 1662 the Major obtained a colonelcy. The routine of professional duty, though probably now pretty amply varied by gentle exercise of the above description, was still insufficient to dispel the melancholy which weighed upon his mind. He betook himself to the most dangerous resource which Moscow afforded, in the cultivation for the first time in his life, if we except the boyish romance, of female society. In the houses of the resident foreigners, which he principally frequented, he found himself beset at all hands by the snares of contending beauty. Foreigners at this period were not allowed to marry native Russians, even on condition of conversion to the Greek Church. The younger strangers in the Czar's service were therefore considered by the daughters of the older as a game preserve of their own, and hunted down without mercy. It required all the caution of Gordon's country and county to preserve him from these harpies; and to escape a disadvantageous alliance it became almost necessary to contract an eligible one. Not run away with by his feelings, but partly in self-defence, and partly on a calculation in which the advantages overbalanced scruples well weighed and doubts long entertained, he determined to marry. In sickness, in absence upon duty or travel, a wife presented herself to his speculative eye as a useful nurse or steward. In the matter of expense he found reason to suspect that an unmarried man keeping house might be apt to suffer more waste than would suffice for the keep of a wife. While lying in bed on a Saturday morning all these considerations passed through the Aberdonian mind, and, 'after earnest prayer for guidance,' the last seems to have decided the struggle. The next task was that of passing in review the candidates for the honour which on some one he was at last resolved to confer. It fell on the daughter of a Brandenburg Colonel, Albert Bockhoven, well educated, of the Roman Catholic faith, and of good blood by the father's side. The latter was a prisoner in the hands of the Poles—a circumstance which did not prevent the engagement, but which delayed the marriage till 1664, when the Brandenburger's release by exchange

exchange was effected, principally through the intercession of his destined son-in-law.

In the course of this year, 1664, Colonel Gordon, hearing of the death of his elder brother, requested leave for a journey to Scotland, which was peremptorily refused him. The next year, however, circumstances led to his visiting Britain in a semi-official character. The unsuccessful mission of Lord Carlisle to Moscow had led to differences between the courts, which had only been aggravated by that of an envoy equally touchy and punctilious, Daschkow, to Whitehall. That delicate hyperborean had returned with impressions and reports of the barbarism of England in matters of etiquette, and of the high prices of her commodities, which made his countrymen at the court of Moscow reluctant to undertake a similar office. The Czar determined to make Gordon, without an ostensible mission, the bearer of a letter to Charles II. Our Colonel, with a caution which the event justified, endeavoured to decline a service the difficulties of which were more certain than either its success or its remuneration. Alexis, however, was now as peremptory in enforcing a furlough as before in refusing it. War between England and Holland increased the troubles of the long and arduous route, which occupied the Colonel from June 29 to the 1st of October. He remained in London till February of the following year, enjoying, without the rank of ambassador, all privileges of access to the gay king and his ministers. For reasons not clearly stated he was ungraciously received on his return to Muscovy, and the royal displeasure was shown in the withholding the repayment of his outlay, an account which was not settled until the next reign.

Ere long, however, he was restored to the command of his former regiment. In 1670 we see him in high command in the Ukraine—employed in reducing to submission the rebellious Zaporagian Cossacks. In this distant warfare he was detained, probably because his talents were found indispensable, till 1677, when he was summoned to Moscow to answer charges preferred against him by one of his superiors. These he managed triumphantly, though at the expense of much bribery and intrigue, to confute; and returning to the Ukraine he conducted the defence of the capital, Tschigrin, against a combined attack of the Turks and Tartars, in a manner which entitled him to the highest rank among the Russian reputations of that day.

The Colonel now renewed his endeavours to obtain his manumission from the service, but these, though supported by the intercession of the English envoy, had no better success than before. The Czar Fedor, who succeeded his father Alexis in
1676,

1676, had the acuteness to appreciate Gordon, and the year 1678 found him again employed in repelling a renewed assault upon Tschigrin. For a month his unwearied activity and engineering skill kept Turk and Tartar at bay, and no thought of surrender had suggested itself, when a sudden and imperative order from Moscow compelled him to abandon the place. He was the last man to retire, and he fired with his own hand the train of the principal magazine, by the subsequent explosion of which 4000 Turks were sent to the paradise of the faithful. Escaping with great risk, and hotly pursued, he was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Major-General.

The first volume here closes. At this point also of the Diary occurs the second interruption of five years—which however is practically remedied by the service-lists preserved in the appendix. From these we find that in 1683 Gordon was made a Lieutenant-General. This, it must be remembered, was a critical period for the Empire. The Czar Fedor had died in 1682, without issue and without designating his successor. Of his two brothers, Ivan and Peter, the first was imbecile and the second but ten years old. The regency devolved on their sister Sophia. Gordon was now very anxious to effect a change from the provincial quarters of Kiew to the seat of government; and with this view he made in 1684 a journey to Moscow. By the Regent and her able and all powerful favourite, Golitzin, he was graciously received, but studiously repulsed in all his endeavours both towards the object above-mentioned, and the more important point of his discharge, which he was still pressing. He was complimented, confidentially advised with on some knotty questions, and peremptorily ordered back to Kiew. It was there that, while devoting his leisure to the improvement of the defences of the town, he formed the acquaintance and gained the enduring friendship of a kindred spirit and adventurer, the engineer Lefort, destined like himself to exercise a powerful and salutary influence over the illustrious man who in due time vindicated his right to the throne and eclipsed the fame of all its former occupants.

In 1685 intelligence of the accession of James II. induced our staunch Romanist to renew his entreaties for leave of absence. It was at last granted, but only on a stipulation of speedy return, for which security was taken in the detention of his wife and children as hostages at Kiew. He effected his journey, and on this occasion visited Scotland. Returning in August, 1686, he brought with him a letter from the English King in support of his application for discharge. The proceeding was highly ill advised. A semi-barbarous government was sensitively

tively jealous of such foreign interference, and it drew down upon Gordon a storm of resentment from the wayward and selfish Regent and her minister. He was threatened with degradation to the ranks, and obliged to petition for pardon in the style of a grave offender and contrite penitent. While this petition was awaiting its answer, behold there arrived another epistle from James II. announcing Gordon's appointment as English ambassador extraordinary at Moscow. Hereupon a council was held—and it speedily arrived at the following decision—'The General Patrick Gordon cannot become English ambassador, because his presence is required with the great army in the approaching campaign against the Turks and Tartars.' Nothing could be more logical; and we find the Diarist, in 1687, on the Dnieper, serving as second to the General-in-chief Golitzin. That commander, after leading his men into the steppe, could devise no better plan of strategy than to lead them out again and abandon the campaign. The troops were therefore dismissed to their quarters, but not without signal marks of the favour and the liberality of the government. Gordon himself was promoted to the rank of General.

The year 1688 was passed in Moscow. The regiments called the Buterkisch were at this time under his special command, and appear to have been regarded as a sort of model for the rest of the army. The corps formed at least a seminary for drummers and fifiers, who when duly accomplished were drafted off to Kolowenski, the residence at this period of young Peter. This circumstance appears to have led to communications between Gordon and the Czar, and to have laid the foundation of their future familiarity. Gordon was at this time consulted by the Regency on many matters of moment. A plan of his for the establishment of a new city in the Samara was approved and carried out; another for military lines of defence on the Dnieper was equally approved, but the execution of it was postponed. He was also called upon to take the command of a fresh operation against the Crimea, but when the army had advanced as far as Perekop the attempt was considered too arduous, and abandoned. Gordon returned to Moscow, where events of greater importance to his own fortunes and those of Russia awaited him.

The young Czar at first showed no great favour to the troops, and manifested opposition to the system of liberal reward by which now as on former occasions the Regency endeavoured to win the attachment of a force which was evidently assuming the character of a Prætorian guard. This policy, whatever its motive or its explanation, did not produce the consequences which might have been expected from it, for, at the crisis which shortly

shortly ensued of the struggle for power between the Czar and the Regency, Gordon and his regiments threw themselves into the party of the former, and by marching, contrary to the orders of the latter, to Troitza, decided the issue and placed Peter on the throne. Gordon was immediately admitted within the precincts of the fortified convent, while the other commanders with their soldiers were encamped without its walls. He was henceforth busily occupied in exercising the troops under the immediate inspection of majesty, and younger men might have found their strength insufficient for such occupation, varied as it was by the boisterous orgies in which Peter's favourites were called to take part. Of all the particulars of this remarkable intimacy, which continued through the few remaining years of Gordon's life, we are promised ample details in the sequel of the diary. In 1694 he accompanied Peter on his second journey to Archangel. In the following year he mainly contributed to the establishment of an offensive alliance against the Turks with Austria, the policy of which he had at previous periods strongly advocated; and he conducted, in the war which resulted, under the eye of Peter, the great operation of the siege of Asow. The Russian preparations, however, were insufficient for the reduction of that strong place in one campaign; and it was not till the year following that it fell before Gordon's able assault. On the occasion of the triumphal entry of the victorious army into Moscow he received from the Czar a medal worth 6 ducats, a gold cup, a costly suit of furs, and some ninety peasants. Many instances are mentioned in the Diary of these Homeric donations of live stock. One is connected with an amusing incident. When the Turks in 1677 retired from before Tschigrin, the welcome news was forwarded to Moscow by two captains. A colonel who was also despatched somewhat later to that city, finding the party with their horses sleeping in a meadow, contrived unperceived to cut the girths and stirrup leathers, and then, pursuing his own journey, was the first to bring the intelligence to the Czar. He was rewarded with fifty peasants; the others, who arrived the same evening, got little but thanks.

In the year 1697 took place the memorable journey of the Czar to Holland—on which occasion Gordon was left as second to the General-in-chief Schein in the administration of the military affairs of the empire. In this high capacity he visited Asow, to superintend the restoration and extension of its defences, which he had lately done his best to ruin; and for similar purposes he proceeded to Taganrok, since made famous by the melancholy end of one of the most fortunate, in the world's estimation, but not in his own, of Peter's successors. His presence dissipated

dissipated a commenced invasion of the Tartars, and he returned to Moscow to perform the yet more signal service already alluded to in the quelling of the revolt of the Strelitz regiments. The short remainder of his life was passed in the full enjoyment of the favour which this, the greatest of his exploits, had raised to the highest pitch. The Czar had scarcely recovered the shock of the decease of his other foreign favourite, Lefort, when he was called upon to attend the death-bed of Gordon, who expired in his arms on the 29th of November, 1699.

We have already expressed our hope that the principal parts of the narrative of a career so eventful as Gordon's may yet be furnished to English readers in the original form. A close comparison of the German text now before us with that original is not necessary for the detection of some excusable errors in the translator. We are unwilling to swell our present notice either by any reference to these, or by extracts which could not convey the precise expression of the gallant old diarist. But for this we might be tempted by such passages as one which describes his escape from the ruins of Tschigrin, when, deserted by the last adherents of his undisciplined and demoralized garrison, he crosses alone, with his sword in one hand and pistol in the other, the bridge swarming with Turks—all carrying in their left hands, instead of the pistol, the heads of slaughtered Christians. The narrative of the defence of this place against some 100,000 Turks, a defence which lasted a month, and but for him would not have lasted an hour, is worthy of Drinkwater. But for the deficiency in interest which attaches to the wars of comparative savages, the defence of Tschigrin would rank as an exhibition of courage, resource, and endurance, with that of Vienna. To count the wounds with which the person of the iron veteran was scored in his various campaigns, is a task which has baffled our patience. On one perilous day we find him emerging from an ambuscade with the loss of his sword, hat, and a quantity of hair left in Polish hands, and with the gain of three arrows sticking in his hide or his jerkin. Occasional attacks of the plague he baffles by doses of *Venice treacle*, and other remedies stranger and more nauseous even than that famous compound of adder's fat with other poisons. Under a different species of difficulty his resources never fail him. We have already admired the imperturbable denial with which he met the complaint of the Muscovite captain to whom he had administered the bastinado. He had engaged himself to the Baron d'Isola, for service under the Holy Roman Emperor, when circumstances induced him to prefer that of Russia. Quitting Warsaw, he leaves behind him with a friend two letters, the one dated as if from Thorn, for the day previous
to

to that stipulated for his return, in which he announces that he is seized with a burning fever. The other, dated fourteen days later, admits some improvement, but describes the attack as having degenerated into a quotidian—which deprives him of all hope of presenting his respects to the Imperial Majesty of Vienna. The interesting invalid was meanwhile with two Scottish companions riding fast to Moscow. He does not omit an opportunity which many years afterwards presents itself in England, of claiming acquaintance with the Austrian Baron.

The diary affords but scanty indications that his residence at Braunsberg had left with Gordon a taste for literary occupation. We noticed, however, his discomposure at the loss of his Thomas à Kempis—which may remind the readers of Waverley of the Titus Livius of the Baron of Bradwardine:—and we find him on his first journey to England acquiring of a Mr. Clayhills, in exchange for a sable fur and twelve dollars, a sorrel horse fully accoutred—with a copy of Camden's Britannia thrown into the bargain. The death of an infant son in 1684 elicits from the paternal pen a Latin epitaph in six hexameters and pentameters, which, alas for the credit of the Jesuit fathers of Braunsberg, contain four false quantities. Some time after he entered the Russian service he disclaims any skill in engineering; nor does he tell us much of the means by which he acquired that high proficiency in it which he exhibited on repeated occasions, but most especially in the defence of Tschigrin and the reduction of Asow. The diary makes mention now and then of his sending orders for works of repute *de arte fortificatoriâ*; but the enemy seems to have been his best teacher. The Turk was in those days the most formidable assailant of fortified places. He brought to this department of warfare not only the fanatical courage of his predestinarian faith, and a lavish expenditure of labour, but great scientific skill, and singular expertness with the spade and shovel. Christian officers drew lessons from the maze of curved parallels, overlapping each other like the scales of a fish, with which the Mahometan made his cautious yet rapid approach towards his destined prey, and the mine with all its devices was a favourite engine of his further operations. The resources of the defender were taxed on such occasions to the utmost.

The diary of his residence in Moscow contains an incident which shows that the system of espionage is no novelty in Russia—and on which, we rather think, a little French *vaudeville* was afterwards founded. A Lithuanian prisoner of distinction falling ill obtained permission to consult an Italian physician. Their intercourse was watched, and the quick ear of the attendant caught,

caught, or seemed to catch, the suspicious words *Crim Tartary* frequently repeated. Both the Italian and his patient narrowly escaped being tortured and hanged for a conspiracy to levy war against the Czar in that region. It turned out that the doctor had been recommending an admixture of cream of tartar in the diet of the dyspeptic captive.

We are forced to confess that the second volume is less interesting than the first—its details are often most wearisome, and we really admire the perseverance of the translators. There occur nevertheless some incidents of capital importance as respects the fate of the great Czar, and many amusing enough anecdotes of Gordon's own adventurous history.

Turning to his Second English Expedition in 1686—upon his arrival in London, where he took up his lodging at the Mitre tavern in Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, he gives some particulars of his expenditure on personal equipment for his court campaign, which show that at the then value of money and scale of fortunes the externals of a gentleman were not all cheap in this quarter. His wig costs him 7*l.*, his hat 2*l.* 10*s.* His dinner 5*s.* 6*d.* His barber charges him a shilling for shaving, which we think scandalous; shoes at 4*s.* the pair seem decidedly cheap; silk stockings 12*s.*, not unreasonable; three swords cost 14*s.*—which seems very moderate indeed. He was as kindly received at the Court of James as he had been at that of Charles. The King relished his conversation, and questioned him with intelligence as to the habits and manners of the country of his adoption. Gordon, on taking leave at Windsor after a long audience of the King, bestowed an harangue, first in Dutch and then in English, on Prince George of Denmark, to which that uncolloquial personage returned no answer. The General's journey to Scotland and visit to the house of his fathers afford little more than a record of civilities interchanged with the principal nobility at Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and of some thorny discussions with a brother and an uncle as to the administration, accounts, and proceeds of the paternal property. These at length settled, a trading vessel once more conveys from Aberdeen our Cæsar and the fortunes which valour and sagacity had so far exalted since he left the same port, an obscure adventurer, five and thirty years ago.

The diary for September 1689 supplies rich details of a crisis already alluded to in our references to the prefatory sketch. It was now that the mutual jealousies between the young Czar Peter and his able and intriguing sister, the Regent Sophia, came to a point. Peter fled from Moscow to the fortified convent of Troitza, and a struggle ensued on his part to gain over the military, on hers to retain

retain their fidelity. Her eloquence, but especially her gracious assiduity in pouring out glasses of brandy to officers and men, for some time held the scales in suspense. Gordon's part was a difficult one, and any false calculation of the strength or immediate preponderance of either party might have sent him to the block—or at least to Siberia. A certain Colonel Retschaew, who had been bold enough to become the bearer of an unpalatable letter to the Regent from Troitza, only saved his head by the fortuitous and highly irregular absence of the Court executioner. Reflection, however, appeased the wrath or awoke the prudence of the Princess. He was pardoned, and received his glass of brandy from the royal hand. Gordon, in his important office as Commander of the foreign troops, the Swiss regiments of that period, played his game with no rash hand. It was not till the Strelitz corps had shown clear symptoms of disaffection to the Regent, and after a very distinct order had reached Moscow, that, summoning all the foreign officers to Troitza, he ventured on his part to issue the cautious intimation that all who chose to be of the party might join him at a certain place and hour. The march commenced after dark, apparently under considerable apprehension of interruption, but was completed without difficulty. The Princess, deserted by the Strelitz soldiery, was compelled to abandon the contest without conditions and to surrender her favourites and advisers to the vengeance of her brother. The principal of these, her minister Golitzin, was spared at the powerful intercession of his cousin, Peter's prime favourite, Boris Golitzin. The second in rank and influence, Schaklowitoi, was tortured, and, after an ample confession, obtained from Peter's humanity, to the great disgust of the courtiers, the favour of being executed without a repetition of the knout and rack. Many others followed him to the scaffold. Gordon asserts that the Czar himself was at this time averse to bloodshed, a weakness to which in his maturer age he was quite superior—witness especially the Strelitz revolt. It was found necessary to employ the intervention of the Patriarch to overcome his present reluctance. The holy man succeeded in the discharge of this Christian office. Reward and punishment were dealt out with equal liberality, and blood and brandy flowed with Russian profusion at Troitza.

The journal of the voyage in Peter's suite to Archangel is little more than a string of dates and names of villages and confluents of the Dwina, down which the Imperial fleet floated from Wologda to the port discovered by Chancellor, and to shores frequented by the Lapp and the Samoyede. Archangel and its roadstead became the scene of more than midnight carousals, in which Gordon and Lefort had to play their part on unequal terms

terms with the physical as well as intellectual giant whom they served. Gordon, however, did not accompany the Czar on his principal excursions into the White Sea. During one of these our author was feasted on board an English trader, Captain Blaize, assisted by a brother navigator, Captain Shroud. Blaize and Shroud did all honour to their guest. Six successive healths were each saluted with twenty guns. The Czar himself afterwards visited these English vessels, to the further great consumption of powder and strong drink.

The siege of Asow in 1695 restores animation to the soldier's pages. Even in our own time, and under the energetic rule of Nicholas, the sieges of Turkish fortresses have not added to the reputation of the Russian arms. In Peter's day the Russians had everything to learn, and the lesson of this year was a severe one, though subsequently turned to good account. The Russian troops, especially the Strelitzes, though serving under the eye of their sovereign assisted by such men as Lefort and Gordon, showed little patience or zeal in the trenches and little courage in assault. The Turk behind his wall and the Tartar in the plain were more than a match as yet for such adversaries. Heavy loss in unsuccessful attacks and a somewhat disastrous retreat were the consequences. We gather from the Diary that torture was occasionally applied both to soldiers for cowardice in action and to prisoners at war as a means of extracting information. With this untoward business the second volume terminates. If it were only for the full details we expect of the grand Strelitz catastrophe, we should be anxious for the arrival of the third.

In quitting our hero for the present we may observe that, like John Sobieski, and most other great men, he appears to have bequeathed no legacy of his higher qualities. Of his three sons none rose from obscurity, and two gave him much trouble by their dissolute and rebellious misbehaviour. Of their two sisters, one married a relation of her own, Alexander Gordon, who also became a General in the Russian service:—a man of much military distinction, and who, among other experiences, had been made prisoner by Charles XII. at Narva. This eminent officer returned with his wife to Scotland in 1711—indited, at leisure, a Biography of Peter the Great, in two volumes—well thumbed by ourselves in early days—and died at his family seat of Achintoul in 1752. His race is extinct. The other daughter of old Patrick *Ivanovitch*—(as he was called among the Muscovites)—though twice married, died childless; and it is believed that no lineal posterity now remains of the suppressor of the Strelitzes and conqueror of Asow.

ART. IV.—1. *Alfred: an Heroic Poem, in Twenty-four Books.* By Joseph Cottle, Author of *Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey*. Fourth edition. 1850.

2. *King Alfred: a Poem.* By John Fitchett. Edited by Robert Roscoe. 2 vols. 8vo. 1841.

3. *Napoleon: an Epic Poem, in Twelve Cantos.* By William Richard Harris. 4to. 1845.

4. *Sacred Incidents, doctrinally considered and poetically described; or, the Harmony subsisting between the Book of Revelation and the Volume of Nature: setting forth the operations of the antagonistic powers of Good and Evil, as portrayed in Creation, in the History of Mankind, in Redemption, and the Resurrection.* By Psychologist. Vol. 1 embracing a period from the creation of the Universe to the banishment of Cain. Vol. 2 including a period from the death of Abel to the crossing of the Red Sea. 8vo. 1850.

5. *Luther, or the Spirit of the Reformation.* By the Rev. Robert Montgomery, M.A., Author of *The Omnipresence of the Deity, Satan, &c.* Third edition. 12mo. 1843.

6. *Jesus: a Poem in Six Books.* By Henry Stebbing, D.D., F.R.S. 1851.

7. *The Wars of Jehovah, in Heaven, Earth, and Hell: in Nine Books.* By Thomas Hawkins, Esq.—with eleven highly finished engravings by John Martin, Esq., K.L. 4to. 1844.

‘I SHOULD not,’ says Coleridge, ‘think of devoting less than twenty years to an epic poem. Ten years to collect materials, and warm my mind with universal science. I would be a tolerable mathematician. I would thoroughly understand mechanics, hydrostatics, optics, and astronomy; botany, metallurgy, fossilism, chemistry, geology, anatomy, medicine; then the Mind of Man; then the Minds of Men in all Travels, Voyages, and Histories. So I would spend ten years; the next five in the composition of the poem, and the five last in the correction of it. So would I write—haply not unhearing of that divine and nightly-whispering voice which speaks to mighty minds of predestinated garlands, starry and unwithering.’

To frame schemes was Paradise for the ‘noticeable man with large grey eyes’—to execute them Purgatory. His visions resemble the gorgeous palaces of architectural students, who give scope to their fancies because they are never to be realized. A serious attempt to master twelve physical sciences in ten years, with the slight supplement of the *Mind of Man* and of *all travels, voyages, and histories*, would certainly have sufficed to dissipate the dream. Yet few would have performed better the preliminary process. He would have read, he would have thought, he would have de-claimed. He would have uttered a dozen epics in prose over his

wine or his tea. The greedy listeners of Highgate would have asked if such was the flavour of the immature fruit what must be the nectar from the mellow vintage? Fame would have kept in front of him instead of following in the rear—would have been a forward and not a backward shadow. But when the head had apparently done everything, the hand would have refused its part. With the mould prepared and the metal bubbling in the furnace, he would never have run off the one into the other.

The majority of the Homeridæ seem to begin where this splendid projector designed to end—with the composition of the immortal work. Dr. South maintained that an epigram was as difficult a performance as an epic. The latter, to judge from the number and nature of its cultivators, should be reckoned among the easiest departments of literature. The course of these stars of the first magnitude (we class them by size) is seldom observed, or the world would be astonished at the host which keep rising in mist to set in darkness. Mediocrity is only more common than success; utter absurdity is the ordinary characteristic—for few would attempt the task except a great genius or a great fool. Pope said of his Alcander, completed at the age of fifteen, that it was the child of self-love begot upon innocence. This is the parentage of many heroic poems, for the innocence is of a species which often survives the growth of the beard. Pope was an unfledged eaglet essaying to fly too soon; the most are well-feathered birds of a smaller species. Those who mistake ambition for power are seldom disabused of their delusion by neglect. They believe with Trissotin that if the world did them justice they would ride through the streets in gilded coaches, and they console themselves with the reflection that the age is unpoetical. Many among the public have, it is true, the same opinion of poetry which Lord Bacon ascribes to Savil—that it is the best kind of writing *next* to prose; but whenever there is an *Ænus* to make a rope of hay that answers Bottom's conditions—*good hay, sweet hay*—there are abundance of cattle who will eat as fast as the most diligent can twist. In one respect the times have changed. The author of a folio is no longer held entitled, as in the days of Jacob Tonson, to take precedence of the author of a quarto, or the quarto man to look down on the octavo. Even one spirited ballad may be set above whole regiments of epic poems in twenty-four books. We are converts to the Spanish proverb that the crumb of a king is better than the loaf of a peasant.

Though the vital epics of all countries and all ages may be counted upon the fingers of a single hand, there are some who conceive that the vein is wrought out. Coleridge considered that

that the Destruction of Jerusalem was the only subject left. But it is part of the poet's genius to adapt the subject to his purpose—and he alone can divine the capabilities of an untried one. To no other mind would the stories upon which Shakspeare has founded his dramas have suggested his finished conception—nor would the writers for the stage in the present day have felt richer in resources if he had not been before them with Othello and Macbeth. Walsh told Pope that there was but one way open—to be more correct than his predecessors. How many poets have risen up to prove that there were worlds beyond Mr. Walsh's vision!

Cowper was fifty when he began *The Task*. The subject was suggested by Lady Austen, and he probably commenced it without a definite plan. But *The Sofa* was associated with his domestic life, and into that channel the current of his thoughts forthwith began to run. He was a religious recluse, who loved his tea and his fireside, his newspaper and his book, his garden and his walk. These homely materials made the staple of his verse. In describing his own tastes he had given utterance to the sentiments of thousands—their hearts vibrated in unison with the chord he had struck, and every man who loved nature, and home, and goodness, loved to contemplate the picture in *The Task*. If he had racked his brain to contrive a great and original poem, he would have sought a more lofty and swelling theme, but, led by a happy chance to an apparently flat and unpromising one, he became great and original by portraying with a poet's power the every-day experience of his sequestered abode.

Scott has told, in his too brief Autobiography, his youthful passion for Border-raid ballads and chivalrous romances—how he fastened like a tiger upon every collection which chance threw in his way, and how, when he first read Percy's *Reliques*, the summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, he forgot his dinner, and was found entranced beneath a huge platanus-tree in his intellectual banquet. Contemporaneous with his enthusiasm for legendary lore was his feeling for the landscape around him. He soon effected a union between the two, and peopled his haunts with their ancient heroes. His imagination created a present out of the shadowy past, and in this enchanting—because fictitious—world he lived, and moved, and had his being. The education of the schoolboy advanced rather slowly, but that of the poet and novelist with gigantic strides. The age of thirty-two found him collecting the Minstrelsy, and imitating these much-loved strains—uncertain still where his strength lay, and how to display his genius to the world. The Countess of Dalkeith

begged a ballad on the tradition of Gilpin Horner. Sir John Stoddart repeated to him the Christabel of Coleridge, as yet unpublished. The varied harmony of the changing metre struck him as exactly suited to a goblin extravaganza, which was all he meditated. A friend suggested the division of the story into cantos, with poetical mottoes at their head, as shadows to image faintly the coming events. From this slight hint grew the exquisite conception of the aged harper, who was to render the prologues he spoke in his own person as dramatic and picturesque as the tale which ensued. Already by a single wave of the wand the simple ballad was in process of transformation into a species of rich romance 'unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.' He was one of the volunteers in training to resist the French, and the sight of military preparations prompted a further extension of the canvas. He would introduce a border fray—he would blend the martial and superstitious ballad, the ardour of the one and the mysterious awe of the other. The whole was to be a tribute to the beautiful lady who bespoke the piece, and many of the most graceful passages of *The Lay* may be said to have been inspired by this living muse. Thus easily he reconstructed, out of the ruins of a somewhat rude and almost obsolete description of verse, a splendid edifice of more diversified design, of nobler proportions, of richer tracery, of more finished execution. Two ages met together in Scott. In boyhood, when fiction has the reality of fact, he had feasted his fancy upon the half-lawless, half-chivalrous doings of sterner days; in manhood, his appetite having grown by what it fed on, he invested these primitive passions with the refinement and courtesy of modern times—arranged the incidents with artifice, breathed over them a purer vein of tender and generous sentiments, and heightened them with a luxury of language, images, and sound. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was the natural development of the blind impulses of the child—though none but a magician could have made a new and brighter stream burst forth from the dry and mouldering fountain.

Scott was at his meridian when another luminary appeared on the horizon. Byron began with a prelude of no particular promise. His *Hours of Idleness* were mostly imitative, and announced little more than the commonplace aspiration of a clever boy. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, though a vigorous piece, would not have entitled him to rank with Horace, Boileau, and Pope. So far from having framed any grand plan for an eternal work when he began *Childe Harold*, after finishing two cantos he was ignorant of its value, and held it cheap in comparison with the *Hints from Horace*! While he ransacked the works of his predecessors

predecessors for his subjects and style he was often feeble, and never first-rate, but when he took his topics from the paths he was treading he became, at once, the most popular poet of his time. His *Tales* were even a more curious instance that a transcript from the actual world is sufficient to give originality. They were palpably suggested by the performances that had so recently been deemed unsurpassable—and it was with Sir Walter's shears that he cropped Sir Walter's laurels. But though the tune was old, the notes were—as Sir Walter himself with frankness acknowledged—in a new and more impassioned key. The fire which warmed the breast of that good as well as great man scorched the heart of Byron; and his characters commanded the deep sympathy of the world simply because they gave utterance to the vehement emotions which from childhood had kept up a fever in his own soul.

Crabbe was a student in the school of Pope. In the structure of his verse he had the mannerism of his master, without in general attaining to his melody and finish. The earlier pieces of the author of *The Village*, which are much the most polished, have many feeble and prosaic lines interspersed between passages of harmony and force. If he had borrowed the subjects along with the style, he would have been the faint echo of a vigorous voice. But with the true instinct of genius, instead of mimicking what he had read he narrated what he had seen. He was born and grew up in a fishing-village, with coarseness and poverty on every side, the sea in front of him, and slimy marshes and sandy flats at his back. His origin was sufficiently humble to permit him to be the companion of fishermen and rustics, and, unchecked by the restraints which the presence of superiors imposes, the whole of their existence lay naked before him. He fearlessly daguerreotyped both the scenes and the persons, and, in spite of the many unpoetic elements, their distinctness and fidelity arrest and fix the most refined. Though there is a monotony of colouring, his poems exhibit within his own range a great variety of incident and character, and he reveals the springs of conduct with no less felicity than he paints external appearances. The gloom of his pictures has been often overstated—but certainly it is here that he was most at home, and when he forsakes the sterner scenes he is apt to leave his mantle behind him also. It was no misanthropy that guided his pen. He was a benevolent man, full of the milk of human kindness; and his sympathy with sorrow, and his pity for guilt, are apparent throughout. But his youthful experience was of brutal passions, low vices, and squalid misery; and, faithful to his recollections, he reproduced the originals with every wart, scar, and seam. The tone grew less
sombre

sombre when his knowledge of better characters increased—his first manner, however, retaining a predominance to the last; and while the wretchedness occasioned by neglect, want, and sin, is portrayed in all its muscular energy, the softer emotions demanded a gayer fancy, more graceful ornaments, and a lighter touch. Thus it was with Crabbe as with Cowper, Scott, and Byron—and thus it is that nature, by varying the temperaments and situations of mankind, is for ever bringing new phases of feeling and existence to light. Invention might be exhausted if it depended upon the arbitrary creations evolved by thought; but since every man is placed in a world of his own, his experience becomes the minister to his imagination, and to be original he has only to copy with judgment. To discriminate the circumstances which are proper for the purpose, to adapt, modify, and give them expression, is the province of genius—and while the world lasts there is never likely to be a lack of materials, or of minds to shape them.

It is a narrow criticism which would measure poets the most dissimilar upon a single private Procrustean bed. This has been charged on Dr. Johnson by writers who had a far less catholic spirit than his. They abused him for praising faintly some of their favourites, and forgot that he applauded where they condemned. Wordsworth, who was one of his reprovers, wished to eject every bird from the nest who did not sing like himself. A great deal of his poetic criticism was only saying in substance that John Dryden, Alexander Pope, and Thomas Gray, were not William Wordsworths. It is fortunate they were not. Our literature, by losing its variety, would lose much of its beauty and most of its use. Eager youth is prone to fancy that the surest way to get upon a pedestal is to push somebody else down. But there is room for all who are at all worthy of conspicuousness. Out of the cloud of arrows that are shot at the mark two or three go to the central point, a few alight in the outer rings, and the rest miss the target. They are miserable archers that have long an opportunity to complain of the umpires.

The crowd of epical aspirants make no pretence to the excellence of originality. Every sun that appears in the firmament is quickly followed by a moon that takes up the wondrous tale; but because 'the word Miltonic means sublime' the penny poets blow most of their penny trumpets in mimicry of one grand and solemn blast. The nightly-whispering voice, of which Coleridge *dreamt*, speaks to them doubtless of predestinated garlands starry and unwithering; but Bow-bells have told many apprentices besides Whittington that they were to be mayors of London. Swift in his Panegyric on Self-conceit says that, if all men were to have the

the opinion of themselves that others have of them, there would not be, out of shame, above two sermons a Sunday in this large city. However it might have fared with the sermons, self-knowledge would unquestionably be fatal to epics. But it is time that we should open the pie of blackbirds, and allow them to sing.

There flourished at the commencement of this nineteenth century two brothers—Joseph and Amos Cottle—who will be immortal in a couplet of Canning's. Abundant, indeed, was the matter devised out of these Shallows to keep the world in laughter. Byron too delighted to gird at them, and attacked Amos in particular for what he could not help—the crime of his god-fathers and godmothers:—‘Oh! Amos Cottle! Phœbus, what a name!’ And though this was his misfortune and not his fault, it certainly recalls on the title-page of an epic poem the feelings of Mr. Shandy at the ill-starred name of Tristram—‘Melancholy dissyllable of sound, which to his ears was unison to *nincompoop*!’

The two Dromios were not more difficult to distinguish than these brothers in blood and poetry. Lord Byron was too impetuous to make the effort. His business was to manufacture the fool's-cap, and he left the public to place it on the right head. ‘Mr. Cottle,’ he says, ‘Amos, Joseph—I don't know which—but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of epics—*Alfred and the Fall of Cambria*.’ Upon the parentage, birth, and death (life there was none to speak of) of the Fall of Cambria we can give no information; but of the other we are able to affirm that Lord Byron all but assigned to Tweedle-dum what belonged to Tweedle-dee. ‘*Joseph, of Bristol, the brother of Amos,*’ is the real celebrator of King Alfred.

The question may be thought to belong to the department of the antiquarian. Alfred Fitz-Joseph was a rickety child—died in infancy—and had long been forgotten. But at the interval of half a century this defunct, to our astonishment, has risen from the grave, and promises to compensate by the number for the brevity of his lives. Poetry fifty years since was in a languishing condition. Though there could be nothing worse than Mr. Cottle's there was little better. The eagle has since renewed his youth and taken noble flights; we have witnessed the soaring of the Byrons and Scotts, and whatever creeps along the ground must at least be possessed of the charm of novelty to attract attention. The revival in 1850 of the ‘*Alfred*’ of 1800 would have been an inscrutable mystery, except for the candid confession of the parent, that, the mountain refusing to come to Mahomet, Mahomet had resolved to go to the mountain.

Alfred

Alfred the First was in a third edition—bookseller bards can easily multiply *editions*—when he was dethroned for his feebleness, and perished from neglect. He now acknowledges the justice of that fate, but assures us that in every essential particular he may be considered Alfred the Second. In the plain language of his Preface, Mr. Joseph has been reading his epic with ‘rigid impartiality, mature judgment, and a more fastidious taste;’ and having arrived at the conclusion ‘that the basis of the poem was sufficiently firm to admit of a reconstruction,’ he has built a new edifice out of the old materials. Having passed the limits assigned to man by the Psalmist, he is still ‘all song and sentiment,’ and has not a whit less faith in the merits of this child of his age because he had found himself mistaken as to the effort of his youth.

The purchaser of the new-old Alfred will have more for his money than the title-page promises. A lengthy pamphlet, called ‘The Heresiarch Church of Rome,’ is bound up with the poem. What the Church of Rome has to do with that poem, which has never been inserted in the index of prohibited works, is a question he expects to be asked, and in vain attempts to answer. The real motive for the proceeding was, we suspect, the irresistible temptation to avail himself of an opportunity for introducing to the world a production undoubtedly fresh. He would, however, have done better for his interests if he had reversed the order—advertised a treatise on the Church of Rome, and slipped in King Alfred under the gaberdine of the Pope.

Cottle does not strike the lyre with greater frenzy than he strikes a papist; but no energy of arm can impart to chaff the force of a mace. The language is violent and inflated, but mean and uncouth—the tone ludicrously pompous—the matter beyond precedent scanty and commonplace. Never had good cause more confident champion. He found the Church of Rome arrayed in robes as scarlet as the fire—he is persuaded that he leaves her as black as the chimney. He rises in the last page to the dignity of a prophet, and concludes with the assurance that, before a number of specified events have happened, ‘England, the flower of nations, shall’ have relapsed into barbarism, and the sun have ceased to shine!’ Without a sun in the firmament it is difficult to imagine how we could manage to maintain even a barbarous existence, but we are aware that there are more things in Cottle’s philosophy than are dreamt of in ours. One of his sentiments will meet with cordial concurrence; he says that ‘folly is an article infinitely varied, and with which the world abounds.’

Not content with a preface of eighteen pages, a controversial pamphlet of a hundred, and another onset upon the Catholics in a supplement

supplement of twenty, he inflicts a fourth prologue of thirty more in the shape of a preliminary *Book*, which he considerably forewarns us is an excrescence on the poem. The excrescence is retained because it was 'the sport of a youthful fancy';—a bad beginning, when the inducement to try him again is his assurance that he has cast his skin. Though redundancy is inexcusable in so uncompromising an opponent of supererogatory works, the most effectual remedy for the fault is to overlook it, and commence reading where Cottle commenced 'Alfred'—at the second book. There we are introduced to Sigbert, Abbot of Wilton, whose language begets a suspicion that he himself is the author:

Whether these limbs be mangled, this weak head
Put on by clumsy artisan, and made
To dance thus wonderful, I cannot say.—p. 39.

The mangled limbs (a metaphorical expression to denote the fate of literary productions dear to him as a leg or an arm), the weak head, and the wonderful dance it has kept up, are strong facts to prove the guilt of the abbot. But what most contributes to establish the identity of Sigbert with the framer of the lay is an invocation addressed to its hero:—

Dig thou a pit
Immeasurably deep, 'neath yon huge hill,
For thee and for thy subjects.—I will stand
At the dark mouth, and yell a withering tune,
A tune about the Danes and their mad deeds,
That shall put all to flight, save imps of hell.—p. 40.

That the imps read 'Alfred' is more than we can assert of our own knowledge. We merely remark that there have been four editions of the poem, that four copies were never seen in circulation by mortal man, and that the remaining three thousand nine hundred and ninety-six must certainly have gone somewhere. But except the audience selected by the artist, and the poor wretches in the pit who cannot get out, not a soul, we fear, has withstood the withering influence of the tune. The opening of the yell was quite sufficient for ourselves.

The name of Alfred acts like a magnet upon ambitions of the first class. He was sung by Blackmore—who indeed sang everybody; he next fell into the hands of Pye, who did nothing for the king's reputation or his own; and Mr. Cottle, we have seen, has twice volunteered his vigour to raise the degraded sovereign from the mire. To these achievements we have now to add 'King Alfred by John Fitchett.' Mr. Fitchett was an attorney at Warrington, and for forty years he laboured by stealth at the composition of a fourth or fifth 'Alfred,' which consists of fifty thousand lines—about three times the number in the *Iliad*.

This

This patient genius was within a stride of the goal, when death bore him from the course. His editor regrets that he should not have survived to conclude his vast performance, and usher it himself to the public. We are of a different opinion. He was happy in blowing his bubble. We can picture him mingling with his brother attorneys, humble in his deportment, but inwardly elate with a conscious superiority—in the thought that friends and neighbours would one day regard him with reverence, while the European world talked of Homer and Virgil and Milton and Fitchett. The Fates were kind to the Bard of Warrington.

Mr. Robert Roscoe was articled clerk to Mr. Fitchett, who not only initiated him into the mysteries of the profession, but intrusted him with the momentous secret of the 'Alfred.' When the senior was near his end, we have been told, he bequeathed his pupil 2000*l.* and his mantle. Dryden mentions of his three great epic poets that they were of as many different ages and nations—but here were two of the same age, the same nation, the same village, and the same calling. The survivor, having completed his master's work in the original strain, published the whole in a couple of large and closely printed volumes. Roscoe has since followed Fitchett to the tomb, and we trust it is now no distress to either of them that the locality is not in 'Poet's Corner.'

The design was encyclopædical. This *opus magnum* was not to be 'merely a poem—but a biography of the monarch, a history of his age, and an epitome of its antiquities, its topography, mythologies, and civil and military condition.' Besides this formidable array of earthly knowledge there is a vast amount of supernatural machinery, and the battles of the Danes and the English are in reality trials of strength between Satan and Michael. The *Arguments* prefixed to the third and fourth books will convey a faint idea of Mr. Fitchett's sublime:—

'During the night Satan assembles his powers in the air, and divulges to them a project he has formed of departing to Hell, his own world, to fetch from thence more fierce and subtle spirits, as he finds his present forces unequal to cope with the Angels. Satan arrives at his world, which he traverses. Convoking all the infernal spirits, he advises that a new legion shall return with him to Earth, who shall assume the shapes of the Pagan deities, and shall appear to the Danes, as occasion may require, in order to heighten their fury.—Satan and his host pass through a long and dangerous cave or passage, which had been wrought through Chaos by the labour of the Demons, opposite Man's Earth. They stop at its entrance, and, after a while planning their voyage, involve themselves in darkness, and in the semblance of a cloud are driven through the Universe, till they plunge amidst the Sea, within which they remain a short time. Satan immediately proceeds to execute his

his purpose of illusion, and appears to the whole Danish army in the shape of Odin, exciting them by his gestures to battles and devastation. The Danes are rendered ungovernably furious, which the Angels observing discover at length the deceits of Satan and his new forces.'

The solicitor's Satan is not remarkable for the wisdom of the Serpent. He fetches reinforcements to aid in a project that depends wholly on himself, and, though impotent without them, he dispenses with their assistance when they arrive. Michael, however, is alarmed by the superiority of this inactive host; and as a companion picture to Satan's journey to hell, we have the journey of the Archangel to heaven to fetch fresh recruits, who, like the demons, do nothing:

'After leaving directions to his associates for their conduct in his absence, Michael departs with a train of attendants to Heaven. The Angels, arriving in Heaven, pass first through the rural or more sequestered parts of it, then through the populous *and* more inhabited regions, whose delights and glories are *pictured to the fancy*. Michael ascends his throne, and explains the cause of his arrival, but declares that it is necessary to have the permission of the Deity — to intreat which, Michael and his powers approach the throne of the Supreme Deity, of which a faint development is *endeavoured to be conveyed to human imagination*. The permission of the Deity is granted. Michael and a selected legion prepare to return to Earth. They see on their way the several planets within this sphere, according to our ideas of astronomy. At length perceiving the Earth with her attendant Moon, they stop awhile on the hills of the satellite, where being struck with admiration at the extent and grandeur of their journey, and the prospects they have seen, Michael breaks out into a rapture of astonishment at the omnipotence and goodness of the Deity. They then descend to Earth, and joining their other powers enter the camp of the English.'

Monkeys succeed better in their mimicry of men than bardlings in theirs of Milton's magic. Fitchett's daring did not stop here. He aimed to be the Proteus of Helicon, and levied contributions on Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, Scott, and numbers more. But, with all this attempted variety, monotonous magniloquence is his characteristic. Many of his verses are not to be read upon any system of metre with which we are acquainted, and we half suspect that his poetical works must have got mixed with his prose. Battles are his delight, and, though we have been credibly informed that he was a mild-tempered scrivener, the fury of his warriors is quite overwhelming. They are compared by turns to every monster of the forest and the deep. A Dane engages an Englishman until—

Such seem'd the fight
As when in Indian wilds a serpent huge,

Provoked

Provoked by other roaming monster, starts
 Aloft, and instant round the guardless foe
 Enwreathes his spotted folds, whose stifling weight
 Crushes with violent grasp the yielding bones.
 Roaring in anguish then the enormous beast,
 Lion or leopard, in his foamy jaws
 Seizes the incumbent death. The deserts hear
 Yells and loud hisses load the shuddering air.

—vol. i. p. 203.

The Englishman is the Boa-constrictor—the Lion or Leopard is the Dane. But no sooner is he in the ‘foamy jaws’ of the serpent than he becomes a whale.

He terrible and vast
 Seemed to the fixed gaze—as when a whale
 Perceives his bulk assail’d by hostile spears,
 And downward rolls, tossing in agony
 With stormy rage—until, ascending soon,
 From his huge nostrils he *upsends aloft*
 Torrents of blood, wide-reddening the green sea.—*Ib.*

Though his ‘yielding bones have been crushed with violent grasp,’ though ‘he upsends aloft torrents of blood,’ and is ‘roaring with anguish,’ this Dane is carried by his comrades from the conflict merely ‘pale and faint.’ The battle raged on; ‘swords blazed terrible flames;’ ‘barb’d arrows sang frantic for blood.’ But when Fitchett’s hero ‘rush’d to that scene of death’—

The noise of war
 Was at his presence hush’d. Awful he came,
 As the grim monarch of the forest wilds,
 Who, lodged at midnight in his den, if dark
 Hurricanes sweep along the thundering air,
 Awakes; roll’d downward in tumultuous ruin,
 Rocks crash, and suddenly hot lightning-fires
 Invade the secrets of his blood-stain’d cave:
 Then his red eyeballs glaring blaze: he stalks
 Howling to open air, with sulphurous flames
 Luridly bright, and with astounding roars
 Mocks the dread thunder and defies the storm.—*Ib.* p. 209.

This must have been the very lion, admired by Scriblerus—

Who roared so loud and look’d so wondrous grim,
 His very shadow durst not follow him.

Coleridge said that he abominated the whole tribe of lion, tiger, and boar similes, and that he would as soon meet a wolf in the open field as in a friend’s verse. That many-worded man would, to use his own expression, have ‘risen up terrible in reasoning,’
 and

and torn the Warrington menagerie to pieces. Wild beasts make tame poetry.

Our next candidate for the epic laurel is William Richard Harris, author of 'Napoleon Portrayed.' Some people are born with a silver spoon in their mouths; Mr. Harris may be said to have been brought into the world with a golden lyre in his hand. After mentioning that the juvenile tastes of the Corsican were a sure indication of his subsequent career, he adduces these parallel examples:—

Thus Newton blew his bubble worlds around,
Enraptured eyeing their prismatic hues;
Thus Pope in childhood sought the forest shade,
Lisping sweet numbers to the sighing gale;
Thus He who now adventurous tardy pours
Heroic lay, from *earliest infancy*
Courted, enamour'd, Milton's flowing strain:
Mute—till a heavenly theme his fancy fired!—p. 7.

The strains, then, whose 'forced constructions' were often obscure to Pope in his manhood, appeared 'flowing' to this infant prodigy. Other swans sing before they die: ours may have sung before he was born—at least, he calls himself elsewhere 'an embryo bard.' Napoleon, Newton, Pope, Harris!—which was the greatest man among you may admit of a doubt, but, the most illustrious child was unquestionably Harris.

In spite of his cradle preference he owns at present a divided allegiance. Sudden bursts of rhyme, varying in length from a couplet to a hundred lines, attest his ambition to be Milton and Dryden in the same piece. His *Battle of the Nile* will afford specimens in the manner of both masters. Before the engagement begins, the VATES, apostrophising Nelson, exclaims

That severed arm shall yet its thousands slay!—p. 212.

When, where, how did this happen? Southey is silent—neither Nicolas nor Pettigrew mentions it—and unless the French fleet had encountered a more formidable enemy than the ghost of Nelson's arm, it is some French Harris that would have chanted the victory of Aboukir Bay. He then inquires of *Britannia* who it was that, 'by the fleetness of his Neptune steed, had won the post of honour?'—and *Britannia* addresses her reply, not to the musical volunteer who puts the question, but to Captain Edward Foley, R.N.—who of all officers could least have needed the information:—

Like spire of Parian marble under sail,
Whose lofty tops the northern breeze inhale,
Foley! thy tall *Goliath* led the van!—p. 213.

Ruler

Ruler of the waves though she be, and great as has been her experience in maritime affairs, it is not to be believed that Britannia ever saw 'a spire of Parian marble under sail.' She talks, moreover, of the 'lofty tops' of the spire—which is making two spires out of one—and affirms that they, though of *Parian marble*, 'inhale the breeze.'

Captain Hood attempts to race against Captain Foley, but Foley wins:—

The rival friends advance; till at the last,
Topgallant stun-sails setting, Foley passed.
Haste, *Guerrier*!—harness on thy coat of mail!—
Alas! nor shield nor buckler here avail:
Twelve awful minutes sped, his bravest slain,
Poor *Guerrier* crippled lies, never to fight again.—p. 213.

'Poor *Guerrier*!' He was evidently an antiquarian of the old *régime*, and a strange figure he must have looked on a republican quarter-deck, pacing to and fro in his steel harness and heralded surcoat, and attempting to stop cannon-shot with shield *and* buckler. His proud confidence in his bearings must have received an awful shock when the ball which crippled him came crashing through his *coat of mail*!

The action is continued with equal spirit through more than four hundred lines, our ships at every instant .

Teaching the haughty *Peuple Souverain*
How Britons wield the trident of the main.—p. 214.

The 'lamented Westcott fell glorious,' and has a 'hallowed urn' beneath the dome of St. Paul's:—

Go view it, Briton! and with *tearful smile*
Exclaim, Such honour cometh of the Nile!—p. 217.

Unless that 'urn' be very unlike most of the monuments in its neighbourhood, we hope to be pardoned for smiling *sans phrase* when we next inspect it. The principal distinctions, however, are reserved of right for *the* hero of the day. Who it is that addresses him in the passage describing them is somewhat problematical—a natural guess would be Garter King at Arms—but we rather suspect it to be—in *propria personâ*—George III.:—

Horatio, Baron Nelson of the Nile!
Henceforth these proud additions nobly bear
On thy armorial shield:—A chief argent
And undulated ocean waves thereon;
Whence issuant, a disabled ship between,
Dexter, and ruined batt'ry, sinister,
Let stately palm-tree, *proper all*, arise!—
Thy triumph well triumphant plume deserves:
Wherefore the Turkish Chelengh, floating free,

Shall

Shall blaze aloft, due meed of victory.
 Be this on Naval Crown of *or* thy crest :—
 This motto by thy Royal Master penned—
Palmam qui meruit ferat! ever thine.
 Whereas a sailor on its dexter side,
 And on its sinister a lion stand
 Thy shield supporting—henceforth *verdant* wave,
 That sailor's hand, that lion's paws within,
 Egyptian palm-branch, emblematical
 And *proper* both ; while from the lion's jaws
 The *tricolor* in vanquished folds depends. —p. 225.

The similes are a special feature in 'Napoleon Portrayed.' In the description of the blowing up of the Orient there is a long comparison between the burning vessel and a runaway savage—or *nigger*, we suppose—who is said to assault his pursuing massa just as flames plunge into *the vitals* of a three-decker! But in general he delights, like Fitchett, to draw his similitudes from beasts, birds, fishes, and insects. While, however, Fitchett supplies his museum from foreign climes, Harris is disposed to encourage our domestic breeds—patronizing the fowls at the barn-door—nay, the cobweb in the corner. The inhabitants of Mantua are compared to the wattles on the throat of a turkey-cock, and his hero, their foe, he likens to a half-starved spider :—

The sun, Aquarius leaving, from the sign
 To youthful angler dear shines faintly forth,
 Ere like a *famished spider from his cell*,
 From Cairo issuing, *fierce Napoleon* sprung.—p. 232.

The resemblance would have been more complete if the Corsican had suspended himself from the wall instead of issuing through the gate ; but haste and hunger may excuse this slight deviation from the character. What is inexcusable in Harris is the repetition of his similes, when under the article entomology alone he had several thousands of specimens from which to select, and, after immortalising the spider on the ceiling, might just as well have done a good turn to the beetle on the floor. But we must take poets as we find them, and here therefore are 'fierce Napoleon' and the 'famished spider from his cell' again.

As famished spider from his cell beholds
 A hornet tangled in his meshy folds,
 Delighted views his terror and dismay,
 Relentless, seizes, lops his wings away,
 Avoids his sting, devours his crippled prey ;
 Thus fierce Napoleon, inly gloating, spies
 That helpless severed army : "Now—he cries—
 "Wurmser ! thy fate as Beaulieu's quickly sealed."—
 Scornful he smiled, and sought the battle-field.—p. 87.

Had

Had the distribution of the parts fallen to our lot, we should have made the hornet stand for Napoleon, and the spider spinning an endless web about his victim the representative of our poet.

In a printed Letter to the Editor of the Morning Post—which has been pasted into the noble quarto before us—

‘I call,’ says Mr. Harris, ‘upon the honourable and impartial portion of the literary and critical press to notice, and make copious extracts from, *Napoleon*. Having to the best of my ability performed my duty to my beloved country, let them do theirs.’

Copious is a relative term. A small modicum of nectar would be a large dose of medicine; and Mr. Harris, who drains down liquor of his own brewing with an enviable relish, may be calling for more when those accustomed to another vintage are already overdrenched. But we should be sorry that *Calliope's favourite* (for such he styles himself) should go away thirsting; and if any dislike their drink they can set down the glass while, to oblige the gentleman, we pour out a bumper of his most sparkling champagne:—

Berthier, Murât, Masséna, Augereau,
Lannes, Soult, Davoust, Ney, Mortier, Kellermann,
Lefebvre, Bessières, Serrurier,
Brune, Moncey, Perignon, and Bernadotte
Are Marshals of the Empire.—p. 289.

Such is the work of which Mr. Harris himself says in the Letter already cited that ‘there is no medium—either it is a National Epic of which England, *though never its author*, will be proud, or a worthless and abortive attempt.’ Of those individuals who have not (unlike England) received the Epic in silence, but have dared to whisper some disparaging comments on its construction, he assures the world that he has ‘*proved* them to be false as imbecile—degenerate sons of England—who, incapable of augmenting her glory one iota, take a malicious pleasure in decrying those who attempt the arduous task.’ (*Ibid.*) Under awe of such warnings, we shall only add that *Napoleon Portrayed* is highly creditable to the papermaker, the printer, and the engraver, employed by the patriotic bard, or his courageous publisher.

No poems are more deserving the title of profane than many that go by the name of sacred. There are two species of extreme presumption—to deny the truths which the Almighty has revealed, or to ascribe to him words and actions which are the petty conceits of our imperfect understandings. When the conceptions are those of a puerile imagination, when the language is low and the rhythm harsh, the burlesque becomes complete, and an intentional parody could hardly be more painful than the well-

well-meant impiety. Even Milton here has sometimes sunk below himself and his theme. Undeterred by the general acknowledgment of that fact, and by the numberless universally admitted failures of Milton's myrmidons, an author, who calls himself 'Psychologist,' has put forth—A.D. 1850—in two octavo volumes of 750 pages, under the title of 'Sacred Incidents doctrinally considered and poetically described,' a small instalment of an Epic which, when finished, will be the longest in the world—longer even than the masterpiece of Fitchett *cum* Roscoe. Each Book is divided into three Parts, each Part being longer than an ordinary Book, and there being presented regularly between these Parts a 'Musical Interlude,' or sing-song summary of the previous 'Incident.' The second volume concludes with the passage of the Red Sea;—and, if this *livraison* do not share the fate of Pharaoh's host, Psychologist proposes to 'describe poetically' all that was done, and a great deal that was not done, up to the period of the Resurrection. Furthermore, in an introductory exposition (written, for variety's sake, in unrhymed prose) Psychologist rehearses a *creed* of seventy-five pages. Every paragraph opens with 'I believe,' and a single sentence sometimes extends to a page and a half. The style proves Psychologist to be—if not, like his Warrington predecessor, an attorney—at all events, for certain, a well-trained conveyancer. For example:—

'I believe, and I am emboldened to declare, that I do not violate, nor attempt to shake, nor to cast down, one single atom of the truth of God; that none of the promises, nor the threatenings, nor the declarations, nor the histories, nor the admonitions, nor the consequences, as declared under the Old or the New dispensations, are thereby set aside, nor invaded, nor altered, nor endangered, nor weakened.'—p. lxxiii.

There was no necessity, however, to hedge himself with the same jealous surplusage of words happily vouchsafed by engrossers, for, though the evil-disposed might take advantage of an oversight to dispute Psychologist's title to his land, no one, we should think, would wish to meddle with his creed. Finally, in spite of the legal precision of this devout indenture, a suspicion crossed his mind that a cloud of mysticism hung upon his Epic, and this 'great qualm' suggested an answerable ingenuity of practice:—

'This work having been written with the intention of its being produced before the public in the form of readings or recitations, to be accompanied by a complete series of dioramic representations—and upwards of two hundred and fifty of such, to illustrate the first two volumes, being now in progress by the author—he is desirous of giving his own pictorial rendering to the *conceptions contained therein*, in

order that his meaning should be fully embodied. *He therefore makes the subjects herein imagined to be copyright with the poetry, until such restriction is removed.*

Each of these 'dioramic representations' is to occupy 'one thousand square feet' of canvass. Creed, Poem, Illustrations, are alike therefore on a colossal scale—nor indeed could the sovereign of Brobdignag use more autocratic language than what we have just had the honour to transcribe. The 'conceptions contained' in the two first volumes of *Incidents* are taken from the early parts of the Bible, and Psychologist issues a decree that no one is to paint a picture from any chapter of Scripture between the creation and the passage of the Red Sea, until he shall be pleased in the plenitude of his power to dissolve the injunction. His notions of monopoly and copyright are evidently on a par with the rest of his ideas.

At this period of affairs he issued a 'Prospectus of a grand Artistic Exhibition for 1851,' and headed it very correctly '*unprecedented combination of poetry and painting.*' It was to be a *pendant* to the Crystal Palace, and Psychologist 'secured a most eligible piece of ground adjoining the entrance to Hyde Park at Prince Albert's Gate, Knightsbridge.' But here a trifling difficulty occurred. Our poet had designed the two hundred and fifty pictures—and 'the most celebrated artists' were already busy in colouring them—when the work was stopped for want of a paltry five thousand pounds :—

'The author and designer was therefore induced to dispose of a portion of his interest in the said Exhibition, to enable him to bring it before the public in such a manner as should render it worthy its *great original*, and at the same time to offer to a *select few* a field for investment of no ordinary character.'

Of no ordinary character indeed—for every share of 50*l.* was to produce a certain return of 300*l.*, and a possible return of 500*l.*, 'while all loss was positively precluded,' and the Keeper of the Chinese Collection guaranteed 'the correctness of the estimate.' The promise of profits varying from six hundred to a thousand per cent., though vouched by a pig-tailed showman, savoured too much of Brobdignag to find credit with a nation accustomed to 3 per cent., and the 'select few,' which meant all persons worth fifty pounds, declined to accept the proffered boon. If the money had been forthcoming the Paxton miracle would have been a trifle to its neighbour. There was a quarter of a million of square feet of pictures to be looked at, and a creed and poem of proportionable size to be heard. These were 'to be read by an elocutionist of the greatest ability, so as to produce the effect of a dramatical recital ;'—and, allowing for the time lost in starts and grimaces, and for short episodes of creature-comfort between the

the Parts, 'a course of the recital and pictures' would have lasted three days at least. Imagine Psychologist in his rostrum and the pictures in front of him—the crowd with one eye on the painted scene, and the other on the 'author and designer' enthusiastically acting it—fancy his frenzied declamation, and the band accompanying him in the 'musical interludes'—and suppose all this to be continued for three consecutive days before the same spell-bound and enraptured audience, and it is impossible to deny that it would have been, as the Prospectus promised, 'the most novel spectacle ever presented to an English public.' The nearest approach to it—for, we believe, the famous Tragedy in 25 Acts, composed by Nat Lee in Bedlam, never reached the stage—seems to have gratified the days of Goldsmith, who paid five shillings to hear some Psychologist of Lilliput read a printed Ode, of which Johnson said that 'bolder words and more timorous meaning were never brought together.' But let Dean Cockburn decide whether any timorousness of meaning disgraces the bold words of *our* Psychologist where he announces his theory of Creation:—

'Nuclea of gaseous particles formed, which consolidate to spheres and become suns. Carbonic vapours emitted from these consolidate, and become opaque globes revolving round their parent ball of flame. The earth rolls into the foreground. A comet approaches the surface of the earth. Its central minerals, acquiring additional heat, burst up the encircling rinds. Mountains, valleys, and seas are formed, and the earth assumes the features which it *now* possesses.'—vol. i. p. 41.

His theory of the cause why our first parents were without garments is, we think, original:—

They did possess
Arrangements wise for personal cleanliness.
Unclad were they!—vol. i. p. 170.

Does Psychologist suppose that his clothes are, like his skin, a fixture, or, in his rabid horror of water, does he imagine that one of the consequences of the fall is an inability to wash?

Satan slyly advances to tempt our first mother amid the dulcet harmony of a Musical Interlude:—

And the Angels looked down, and they followed God's eye,
Where directed 'twas seen—and their sight did espy,
Stealing softly and dense, a dark Being of dread,
Through the cave where Eve slept, to the side of her bed!

And the form it *stole* on;—and he *slid* on his way,
Lest the sound of a *step* should to Godhead convey
The intelligence vast—should disarm his vile snare—
That God's plains were assailed!—Man's Deceiver was there!

vol. i. p. 206.

Here the mellifluous strain reminds us of Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogene. The destruction of Pharaoh is in more spasmodic style :—

Drive on—for life !

The wild steeds lash !—Great Heaven !—this strife—
This plunge will be my last !

For mercy sake,

One effort more, one vig'rous struggle make !
I yet may gain the shore !—

Too far !—too late !

Here comes the wave !—Oh God !—it is my fate !—
I pray—I cur—se— —vol. ii. p. 375.

The concluding line may require explanation. The rapid transition from praying to cursing is occasioned by a wave which dashes across the Egyptian despot's face. His majesty has barely time to thunder 'I cur—' when another wave suspends his speech. Getting momentary breath, he takes up the word where he left it off, and summons all his royal energy to cry out—'se.' But let it not be forgotten that Pharaoh is Psychologist. From these extracts a judgment may be formed of the treat he had devised for an illiberal and undiscerning public. But if it should happen that there are persons with fifty pounds who think well of his poem, his pictures, and his speculation, they will probably find that it is not yet too late—that Psychologist is still ready to receive the money, and the Mandarin over the way to undertake that it shall pay a thousand per cent.

'Thomas Hawkins, Esq.,' takes his key-note from the most questionable part of *Paradise Lost*, and with pious profanity employs his imagination in feigning 'Wars of Jehovah in Heaven, Earth, and Hell.' His Muse, the better to inspire him, has laid aside her habitual gentleness, and visits him with a treatment in keeping with his theme. On her first appearing to him 'she singed,' he says, 'his auburn locks with lightnings;'—on another occasion he exclaims :—

Thou Muse ! thyself my *tympanum* hast broke !—p. 162 ;—

and on a third, she works him up to such a pitch of propitious fury that—

from his fingers flayed
The *pestled* plectrum falls.—p. 259.

He is delighted with the discipline, and to become a Milton is proud to be reduced to the ninth part of a man. And no wonder—for the Muse, while inflicting the injuries, assured him of 'long life and honour—if he placed the name of Queen Victoria above the sacrilegious

sacrilegious reach of Time.' An advertisement prefixed to the 4to. states that there is 'preparing for the press the History of my Life to my present thirty-third year;'—which is somewhat young to be bald, deaf, and maimed—and if 'the Muse' could restore the flesh she has stripped from Mr. Hawkins's hands, renovate the hair she has burnt from his head, and re-unite the drum of his ear, the honour and long life would be more worth having. Whatever happens to himself, he has immortalised Victoria. He cries out 'Tis done!'—reminds her that 'her predecessor had Spenser and Shakspeare,' and 'trusts that *The Wars of Jehovah* will serve as a mark for her Majesty's reign unto the latest posterity.' Queen Victoria, ejected from history, which will be principally occupied with Hawkins, will survive, however, in an episode to Hawkins's poem.—Yet this Potentate of Parnassus, who has the Sovereign of England for a subject, is on some points less magisterial than *Psychologist*. He blandly requests the courteous reader to take notice--

'First, that time is treated of throughout the whole of these Wars as Holy Scripture declareth it to exist in the apprehension of Jehovah, viz., a thousand of our years to the day. Second, that the word *Earth* hath *no relation whatever* to the globe upon which we live, but goeth for the aggregated matter of our solar system when in a state of utmost expansion, and occupying more space than all the suns astronomy tells.'

In the judgment of Mr. Hawkins the novel definition of these terms 'elevates the action and the actors far above the most exalted standard extant'—and, in fact, his notions of poetic grandeur are exclusively arithmetical. The whole of his sublime is borrowed from the multiplication table, and he manufactures a supernatural being by endowing him with a hundred legs and arms—*plus* a whole armoury of swords. Thus some of his Demons

had *octave* rows
Of teeth—like that dread dragon Cadmus slew—
And bit for rage great pieces out their backs
And bellies—kindling fire or vomiting,
Each time they vomited, an *earth quite full*
Of solid smoke!—p. 254.

Mr. Thomas Hawkins does as the Demons. But soon they are wounded to death—not without another convulsive clearance:—

Their dying voice was like—
Was like a dying thunder;—and their blood
Like grumous lava, spinning, spirting forth
Their mountain-bodies, as the geysers spout,
Or spirt, and spue in Iceland. One when in
His latter agonies *stroke* out behind

Full

Full six score *jamb*s. A cameleopard so,
Escap'd but wounded from a lion, fallen,
Sometimes will strike. Woe to the wild wood-cats
Behind him!—p. 255.

Podisthinos hurls at Adramelec 'a magazine entire of weltd bolts :—

All, all then went to wreck—their owner left
A heap of shapeless cinders. Such they find
After a fire, in some small entry where
None was suspect ; they stare, and stir, and stare
Again, and take it for a perished cat
Or missing mastiff. Nor Adramelec
Alone ;—that torrent entered to the heart
So sure, it blew all up. So wasps are blown,
Or hornets—nests and all—into the air
Too long infested ; all their stings as well—
Their legs, wings, sing'd, burnt, broken!—p. 251.

Harrinthytor or Grothor, we are unable to make out which,
gets a blow from an axe, and—

down fell what stood
For ten great wings.—p. 273.

This is a slight foretaste of what immediately follows :—

Through the air a summons sped
At once into his brain : into his mouth,
Through the crushed palatals, the pulp divine,
Discharging then, he spitted.—
Yet still he breath'd, liv'd, fought, retired—or fled—
Reviving as he fled—the cranial sphere
Reintegrating—all the injur'd bones
Solder'd again together by the mere
Motion of will.—p. 274.

Bones are happily 'reintegrated ;' but it makes no difference to the combatants whether they recover their brains or no. Even their bowels, though more copious, are of scarcely greater consequence. Pathriknites had just before 'withdrawn disembowelled ;' yet, though a blow from a club killed not only him but Agafri-minos, and Agiphine, and several more, he was getting on without his entrails quite as well as when he had them. The malignant spirits are at last dashed to pieces—

with a crash
That deafen'd all the Universe, and all
The Fallen deafen'd, so thereafter they
Heard never any more. Even the trump
Of Resurrection fail'd ; and now were God's

Own Throne (which is impossible) to fall,
And with it all Creation, they would hear
Nothing—their ears so *dunch*! What wonder then
That mine? &c. &c.—p. 451.

Dunch is a colloquial adjective, unknown either to Dr. Johnson or to Dr. Richardson. Both lexicographers, however, have a probably cognate substantive; and among the examples of that noun given by our learned contemporary, Mr. Hawkins will find this from *Hudibras*:—

A second Thomas, or at once
To name them all, another *Dunce*!

‘Henry Stebbing, D.D., F.R.S., &c. &c.,’ produces ‘Jesus: a Poem—in six books:’—which read as if they had been originally six sermons. They are made up of a feeble and flowery paraphrase, which degrades the simplicity of the sacred narrative, and of some grotesque additions from the doctor’s imagination, which are only not matter for merriment because they are something worse. He announces in his preface that if he had been a painter he would in preference have executed a picture: so, to compensate us as she best may for missing a gorgeous canvass, his Muse has volunteered to embellish the Gospel history with ambient skies, rosy tints, sunny slopes, verdant meads, tuneful choristers, nightingales, lilies, violets, rivulets, and all the sleepy, sickly vocabulary of a rhyming school-girl. The doctor occasionally takes a step out of this beaten circle; but the result attests his wisdom in getting back to it directly. The impotence of Satan’s temptations is done in his most vigorous style:—

The healthful soul
Flung from itself the hated pestilence—
As vase of purest crystal, though it be
Thin as the lightest gossamer, can bear
Uninjured the fierce strokes and deadly aim
Of the enraged adder’s forkéd tongue.—p. 38.

The purity of the crystal has nothing to do with its power of resistance. It is a question of firm or brittle; and a brown pipkin would equally defy the adder’s tongue. Let the doctor, after washing his hand in ‘all great Neptune’s ocean,’ walk to the reptile-house in the Zoological Gardens, and present a finger to a rattlesnake who has not lately swallowed a blanket.

His description of sunrise is somewhat hackneyed in its commencement, but original in its conclusion, to which we shall confine ourselves. The dawn ‘sweeps along the plains,’ and

leaves
The astounded world in the embrace of day.
Fountains gush up and fill the vacant heart

With

With a strange fulness of delight and joy.
Men greet each other as if each had found
Some precious pearl or gold-mine in his field.—p. 11.

Dr. Stebbing knows best whether he is 'astounded' every morning—and it is highly probable that he calls himself the 'world'—but the world of our acquaintance are accustomed to bear it with more equanimity. Nor should we fear to prophesy that, if a gold-mine turns up in the reverend gentleman's glebe any morning, his family will detect by his manner over his muffin that the excitement has not all been produced by the re-appearance of daylight enough for him to shave by.

Elsewhere this divine poet talks of

Rich Autumn at the door
Waiting, like some poor huckster with his wares
Asking a home.—p. 57.

What has *rich* Autumn in common with a *poor* huckster—and since when have pedlars asked their customers to adopt them, and make them one of the family? But the commodity that the man carries may be copies of 'Jesus,' and then we admit that he might be at a pinch to pay for a night's lodging.

Another of the doctor's cloth—the Rev. Robert Montgomery—is a poet of older standing, and one with whom it demands no ordinary courage to meddle.

The preface to the third edition of his *Luther* is chiefly devoted to the critics; and great is Mr. Montgomery's indignation because

Withouten fear or favour they do him scoff and mock,
And make him among them their common laughing-stock.

It is not to be denied that some of the brethren of our craft do in these days treat their betters with most reprehensible indecorum—but still we read with astonishment such a sweeping diatribe as this:—

'That pert and superficial prate, that vicious tone of vulgar depreciation, that hasty and headlong censure, which are the banè and blight of literature—what South calls *the imposture of language*—words without meaning, meaning without truth, and truth without application—are the essence of these execrable displays. Would it not be useful if these gentlemen, who are in their own estimation the very Popes of mental infallibility, were sometimes to remember that of all vulgar attainments in this world, the utterance of harsh language, bitter irony, and snarling depreciation, is the most so? Epithets, to be appropriate, ought to be concentrated arguments; but a blind irruption of sarcastic terms, without truth or taste, is only a proof that the man who permits this has more petulant words in his memory than discerning sense in his mind, and is in principle as unsound as he is in temper atrabilious. . . . As a mere specimen of what is meant we may refer to the obesity which a certain Weekly Review (not more distinguished

distinguished by the flippancy of its style than for the feebleness of its criticism) displayed in its attempt to be irresistibly witty over some passages of this poem. . . . There is yet another mode in which certain outcasts of literature seek to avenge their disappointment on writers whose success is perverted by jaundiced minds into a kind of satire on their own failure. In some cases, indeed, the heartless outrages which anonymous assailants are allowed to commit, surpass even the bounds of common morals and social decency; and language suited to the most ferocious development of envy, malice, and *all unrighteousness* finds its way into works where we might well have expected better things. . . . The danger is, that a Christian man, by being brought into contact with such elements of degeneracy, may be tempted into an imitation of the very acrimony he condemns. . . . A great portion of the metropolitan critiques are the peevish emanations of disappointed authors and small poets run to seed; or else of sordid minds who delight to decry what they have not the power to equal. . . . To such an extent is their absence of honourable principle carried that you may always predict with tolerable accuracy how certain authors will be handled in certain periodicals BEFORE THEIR LAST PUBLICATION APPEARS. The enmity and rivalry and depreciation are prepared beforehand, and all alive for their work; and, after the title-page is read, a few leaves opened, and a superficial hunt for some imperfect lines or incorrect expressions is made, the "WE" is quite equipped for his achievement—can be as oracularly malevolent as his splenetic heart desires. . . . This is not the language of aggrieved temper, but the expression of simple truth.'—*Preface to Luther*, pp. xiv.-xvii.

Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ? Can all this frenzy of rubbish come from a delicate bard whose principal dread is lest the evil communication of critics should corrupt his own good manners? Can this be the same man who demands that criticism should be submitted to 'a thorough Christian regeneration,' and the critic be possessed of 'that secret of the Lord which is with them that fear Him, and none else?' Is this he who tells 'unprincipled empirics and heartless lampooners' that they are 'adding another item to that dread account which they must one day render before the judgment-seat of the Eternal';—this the divine who has been commissioned by 'every spiritual man in the empire to announce their hope that the time may come when the assassin who stabs from behind an abusive print will repent before the Judge of Hearts, and turn towards the mercy-seat with the Publican's prayer.' When the Publican came into Mr. Montgomery's mind he might have remembered that there was a Pharisee also. But the logic of this Christian Thersites contests the palm with his charity. When the object is to heighten the crime of the critic he is an assassin of authors, but when the object is to decry the critic's abilities 'he cannot, with all his infamous injustice, falsehood, and acerbity, prevent intellectual merit from forcing

forcing its way.' Invectives against assassins who assassinate no one were hardly to be expected in a Preface which insists that even epithets should be 'concentrated arguments.' But angry epithets, to confess the truth, are the only arguments with which Mr. Montgomery appears to be acquainted. Not content with denouncing these vultures, which are harmless as doves, he propounds a scheme for cutting their claws. He considers a critic to be a species of Jack the Giant Killer, who owes his daring to his invisible coat. Trusting to its protection, he thrusts his sword into Mr. Montgomery and other giants of song, who are even less maddened by the anguish of the wound than by the discovery that their efforts to revenge it are spent upon the air. Take, then, from Reviewers the receipt of fern-seed, and cowardice will immediately be productive of courtesy. How effectual would be the plan may be judged from the fact that the Rev. R. Montgomery has put his name to his Preface.

The opponent of anonymous articles, with his usual consistency, makes it a charge against Mr. Macaulay that he has avowed the essays he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*:—and—

'Among these oracular treasures he has the exceeding bad taste to reprint an insolent piece of mendacity which he published some ten years since against the writer of *this*, and which was suggested to him by certain rival booksellers who publish his namesake's poems, and are among the proprietors of the *Scotch Journal*.'—*Ibid.*, p. xvi., note.

Monstrous! Certain booksellers, who are, though rivals, both publishers of the poems of Mr. Macaulay's namesake—we never heard of him before—unite, for some mysterious reason, in soliciting Mr. Macaulay to commit an assault upon the Reverend Robert Montgomery! The author of *Luther* has good ground for complaint that rival booksellers, who agree in nothing else, should yet conspire to set a price upon his head, and that the Right Honourable hack should become the agent to perpetrate the wrong. But it is among Mr. R. Montgomery's minor misfortunes that he cannot say even what he means. The poems of *James Montgomery* are published by the proprietors of the '*Scotch Journal*,' and the previous knowledge of the fact enables us to guess what the prouder bard of the clan would have expressed—if his grammar had not been neglected in his youth.

'The whole fry of our periodical literature,' we are told, 'has nibbled again and again' at Mr. R. Montgomery. There must be a general cause for a general effect—and he has discovered that the origin of all the attacks upon his fame is that same envy which keeps Harris in the shade. They two are birds of one flight, and the mousing owls can find no nobler quarry. Mr. *James Montgomery*, or his publisher on his behalf, is jealous of Mr. *Robert*; the

the author of the *Lays of Rome* gnashes his teeth that he is not the author of *Satan*; and just as *Satan* was ceasing to nurse malice, *Luther* appeared to blow up the flame. This is a bad case enough; but offenders on a larger and more systematic scale are still to be noticed. Mr. R. Montgomery has been told, and entirely believes, that it is the practice of Editors to inscribe on the works they forward to their contributors, 'To be abused,' or 'To be praised.'

It is admitted that there are 'noble exceptions' to the general degradation. Mr. Alison is a noble exception—that historian having—as appears from the puff-page of *Luther*—vouched that *Satan* is a 'noble poem;' and there has been 'a series of noble criticisms' on *Luther* in America. Nor are noble readers so scarce as noble critics. '*The Omnipresence of the Deity*,' we are told by the author, 'bids fair to arrive at a twenty-second edition, has been re-published in America and various parts of the Continent, and is partially translated into the Swedish tongue.' 'Tis a pity we are not assured that Jenny Lind has sung extracts at Boston!

The character of *Luther* is too heroic, in the opinion of Mr. Montgomery, to be estimated rightly by our feeble age, but, not partaking of the feebleness of his generation, Mr. Montgomery immediately enters upon the impracticable task. No extracts, whether said or sung, could convey an adequate idea of the dreary impression which is left by three hundred pages of vapid, cloudy, or unmeaning verbiage. Ludicrous conceits, inflated language, coarse invective, irreverent dogmatism, unceasing affectation, and the severe duty put upon two or three commonplace sentiments, long since utterly worn out in the author's service, have made the reading of *Luther* one of the hardest jobs we ever undertook. The most sanguine student must have lost all hope when he reached the 9th page:—

But in this poetry and plan of worlds
(Where all is music to the moral ear),
Our own as *Epic* must by Faith be hailed,
Whereon alighted, twice nine hundred years ago,
The filial WORD, in human flesh array'd.—
Yet, if our Earth redeem'd God's *epic form*,
Say, how can mortals, by corruption blind,
That mighty Poem into words translate!

Of that poem which is untranslatable into words we cannot venture to frame any conception—but we defy mortals, or immortals either, to translate the words of *this* poem into sense. To be unintelligible, however, is in fact only to resemble all created things:—

For

For is not earth an *hieroglyphic* vast?—
 How much of paradox to make us pause!
 Nature herself seems *Athanasian* oft;
 In creed as difficult, in terms as dark
 As aught theology can preach or frame.—p. 161.

But we are told elsewhere that—

while to man all paradox and gloom
 Creation's sad *biography* may look,
Darkness itself is Deity at work.—p. 88.

Already the reader will have come to the conclusion that it is a matter of no importance whether the writer has a meaning or not. But hear him again :—

Profit and loss our sole inspirers are ;
 (We should have guessed as much.)
 The pining arts *prosaically* mourn ;
 Sculpture is dead, and Poetry in tears,
 And Science mostly for the palate reigns.

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And that Creation which, to faith sublime,
 Or hearts by poetry made wise, appears
 The *great encyclopædia* of our God,
 (Whose *alphabet*, the *mountain-letters* make,
 Whose golden *syllables* are *suns and stars*,)
 Is all denuded of its glory bright.—p. 111.

In the same happy strain of metaphor it is said that man
spells God out in earth and heaven,
 Or in the stars—those *capitals* of light—
 Jehovah's IMPRIMATUR in the skies!—p. 162.

Still haunted by the spelling-book, he says of the Bible—
 That God in *syllables* is there enshrined.—p. 61.

He celebrates

The *gamut* of successive times
 Whose *chords* are eras.—p. 254.

He complains that

empiric vanity presumes
 By *plasters*, which philosophy invents,
 To heal our NATURE and her *wounds* repress.—p. 250.

He laments that

Many compass huge creation round
 Who will not *round themselves* presume to sail.—p. 252.

He calls Purgatory

The priestly *Bridewell* where the *soul* is *whipp'd*.—p. 251.

The doctrine of transubstantiation is

The *Incarnation* *parodied in paste*.—p. 94 ;—

and

and he thinks it horrible that

THE GREAT ACHIEVEMENT of Th' Eternal Three
Should fall at once to *manducated flour*,
And crumble in the crash of human teeth—
An eaten Saviour—a digested God!—p. 95.

There are worse things behind—which a sense of what is due to solemn subjects will not permit us to transcribe. It is a trifle to add that a large part of the language is as far from English as the whole is from poetry:—

'Tis only as thy *helming* word decrees.—p. 78.

But nature with her *typing* glass reflects.—p. 193.

Thus the champion for his cause

Was *meetened*—p. 75.

—such are the barbarisms which startle us in every page. His favourite resource is alliteration—

The mitred autocrat of *creed* and *cross*.—p. 244.

Here *dust* and *deity* in clash appear—p. 10;—

which is elsewhere varied to 'dust and devil'—and so on *ad infinitum*. The entire volume is in the strain of the passages we have quoted, with the addition that he has heaped upon the Romish Church every contumelious term that the dictionary would supply, and many that it would not. Happy to have discovered a point in which we can agree with him, we join in his hope

that conceited Dust

Within itself may learn to look, and mourn!—p. 252.

It would have been easy to treble the list of poets who in the last few years have sung 'long and loud.' But we pause because such is the monotony of nonsense that one crow can scarcely caw more like another. The claimants of the epic wreath remind us of the citizens in Don Quixote, who had a match at braying, and did it to that perfection that each took his neighbour for the original donkey. The vanity which could inspire such performances would in many cases publish them;—but the cruel complaisance of friends, who stimulate frogs to blow themselves out in emulation of the ox, often occasions manuscripts to be committed to the press which otherwise the decent care of executors would by and bye have committed to the flames. Robert Hall wrote to Joseph of Bristol that he had 'read *Alfred* with an interest which, instead of languishing, grew more lively every step he advanced.' Dr. Drake assured Joseph's competitor, Fitchett, that he had produced 'a splendid and everlasting work, which, had it been found in the centre of the loftiest pyramid of Egypt, might have been considered a specimen well worthy of the massive character of that land of wonders, and of
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the shrine in which it was enclosed.' Private panegyric is to be interpreted like the formal conclusion of the letter which conveys it. The world, however, eschews the sham of respect where none is felt, and they tell the mock Milton, with Doll Tear-Sheet's plainness, that they 'cannot endure such a fustian rascal.' Without the malice, the flatterer has too much of the policy of Iago to the Moor—

I'll make him thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass :—

—but the man of smooth words does not entirely escape. The *Poet*, proud of his approbation, publishes it in a Preface, and he is exhibited in the character of a Brother Bragg or Brother Hiley, the cheerer of vile stammering and flagging nonsense. To set up the dead bodies of these forlorn adventurers, merely to knock them down again, may not, we hope, be useless. The ponderous meditators of the same flight are many—and their well-wishers ought to reflect that, according to tradition, Icarus passed for a sensible man enough so long as he kept to his feet.

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- ART. V.—1. *Catalogue of the Contents of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The Preparations of the Natural History in Spirit.* 4to. 1830.
2. *Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Physiological Series of Comparative Anatomy.* 4to. 5 vols. 1833-1840.
3. *Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Fossil Organic Remains of Mammalia and Aves.* 4to. 1845.
4. *Synopsis of the Arrangement of the Preparations in the Museum.* 8vo. 1845.
5. *Memoir on the Pearly Nautilus, with Illustrations of its external form and internal structure.* By Richard Owen, Assistant Conservator of the Museum. 4to. 1832.
6. *Description of the Skeleton of an Extinct Gigantic Sloth, with Observations on the Osteology, Natural Affinities, and probable habits of the Megatherioid Quadrupeds in general.* By R. Owen, F.R.S. 4to. 1842.
7. *Odontography; or a Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Teeth; their physiological relations, mode of development, and microscopic structure in the Vertebrate Animals.* 4to. 2 vols. 1840-1845.
8. *The Fossil Mammalia collected in the Voyage of the Beagle.* 4to. 1840.
9. *Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate Animals.* By R. Owen, Hunterian Professor. 8vo. 1843.

10. *Lectures*

10. *Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals.* Part I., Fishes. 1846.
11. *A History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds.* 8vo. 1846.
12. *A History of British Fossil Reptiles.* 4to. 5 Parts. 1849-1851.
13. *On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.* 8vo. 1848.
14. *On the Nature of Limbs.* 8vo. 1849.
15. *On Parthenogenesis; or the successive production of Procreating Individuals from a single Ovum.* 8vo. 1849.

JOHAN HUNTER'S body rests in the church of St. Martin. His monument is in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He wanted the aids of modern science—began, it may be said, in the dark, or at least when the whole region he desired to explore was surrounded by a feeble twilight; but as he proceeded the electric brilliancy of his mind flashed light on all things within its range. Devoted to the 'beautiful science of comparative anatomy,' as Hallam justly terms it, Hunter spared neither money, time, nor health, in forming the great nucleus of one of the finest collections in Europe. Disregarding the scoffs of many contemporaries, ardent, resolved, and penetrating into the inmost secrets of his subject with an acuteness that cut through every obstacle, he may be said to have laid the broad foundation of the science so surely that it could not be removed. He is gone to receive his reward: his mantle has descended upon Owen.

The first glance at the catalogue of Mr. Owen's works induces the notion that we are contemplating the labours of an octogenarian. Happily for the world the Professor has not proceeded far beyond the 'mezzo cammin di nostra vita;' but his writings form indeed a library. Besides those enumerated above, the Transactions of our scientific societies teem with them. We must confine ourselves to the mention of a few; but many more exhibit his easy command of vast learning, his splendid felicity of illustration—the results of the most patient and accurate investigation, and of the deepest thought.

Though his name and merits are universally known, he is not one of those that delight either in talking or writing about themselves. We may therefore gratify many of our readers by a few notices of the early career of the physiologist and philosopher who is recognized throughout Europe as the Cuvier of England.

Owen, like Erskine, was very near being a sailor. He adopted the surgical profession while yet a youth, less on its own account than as the only probable way by which he could again join the naval

naval service, the calling of his choice, but in which his progress, like that of many others, had been arrested at the close of the last American war. Upon his quitting his midshipman's berth in the Tribune, he became the pupil of Mr. Baxendale, who combined with the leading practice at Lancaster, Owen's native town, the office of surgeon to the county gaol. Here the tyro had opportunities of fleshing his maiden scalpel such as rarely fall to a rural alumnus. The retirement of his tutor released him earlier than was usual in the good old times; and, in 1824, he was matriculated at Edinburgh, where, in addition to the classes of the regular professors, he attended the extra-academical lectures of Dr. Barclay, and it was under that eminent teacher and amiable man that young Owen was confirmed in his love for comparative anatomy. From Edinburgh he came to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1825, and passed the College of Surgeons in 1826. Abernethy's prophetic eye soon saw the great future of the youth: he made him one of the dissectors for his lectures with two most worthy coadjutors (Skey and Wormald), and held out hopes to him of a permanent position in the anatomical school of St. Bartholomew's; but those hopes being frustrated by the regulations which then gave strict precedence to the Hospital apprentices, Owen availed himself of the interest which he still possessed at the Admiralty—and having obtained the promise of an assistant-surgeon-ship, he called on his excellent but eccentric instructor to bid him farewell.

'What is all this?' said Abernethy—'Where are you going?'

'Going to sea, Sir.'

'Going to sea—going to the devil!'

'I hope not, Sir.'

'Go to sea! You had better, I tell you, go to the devil at once'—reiterated glorious John—dwelling on the temptations, the difficulties, the loss of time and fame that must be the result of so rash a step, and insisting on another interview after the pause of a week. Owen revisited his rough but downright friend at the expiration of that time, when Abernethy proposed an appointment in the College of Surgeons. This was accepted:—our youthful anatomist found himself happily associated in congenial labours with one of congenial mind; and so the Navy lost a good officer, and science gained one of her brightest ornaments.

A quarter of a century has rolled away since we last laid any observations on the subject of comparative anatomy before our readers, and we could look for no better opportunity of showing what so many years of peace—*eheu fugaces*—which have done so much for other sciences, have effected for this, than the consideration of the works of a fellow-countryman who has done more to advance

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it than any man of his time. Indeed Professor Owen's history is so intimately connected with the Hunterian Museum in the Royal College of Surgeons, that it becomes necessary to refer to some remarks on the condition of that Museum in the year before he first took office.

'The collections of John Hunter remain a lasting and memorable example of what may be achieved by the talents and perseverance of one man; and while they would in every case be of value from their extent and variety, they are rendered far beyond all price, as being explanatory of the original and comprehensive views of nature which that great philosopher entertained. Besides the numerous specimens now exhibited, he left behind him nearly one thousand drawings, with a view either of illustrating the preparations now in the collection, or of supplying deficiencies. These most curious and valuable materials have long been suffered to remain in obscurity; the knowledge of their existence even has been till lately concealed from the public; but we rejoice, no less for the honour of the College of Surgeons than for the interest of science, that the publication of a selection from the drawings is now in contemplation as soon as a descriptive catalogue of the collection can be completed. Such a catalogue has long been wanted, and the Board of Curators could not have chosen a person more eminently qualified for the task than Mr. Clift. But notwithstanding his profound anatomical knowledge and industry, we foresee with regret the inevitable delay that must attend such an undertaking, imposed, as it is, on an individual.'—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. xxxiv. p. 160.

Such were our fears and anticipations in 1826. They were founded on a close acquaintance with the habits and peculiarities of the excellent individual to whom alone the College could then look for the fulfilment of a task which had been abandoned by Sir Everard Home. Mr. Clift had been for thirty years almost exclusively engaged in the material labours of the preservation of the Hunterian Collection; and under the circumstances in which this was left between the decease of its founder in 1793 and its purchase by Parliament in 1799, its very existence may be attributed, as Lord Rosse has said, to Mr. Clift's 'single-minded fulfilment of arduous duties under peculiar difficulties, and his noble self-devotion to the memory of his great master.' In the same Address (1849), the President of the Royal Society has described the almost solitary condition in which Mr. Clift suddenly found himself with this important charge:—

'At an age when the passions are strongest, in a metropolis teeming with opportunities and temptations,—not unconscious, moreover, of his own abilities and of the advantage which his apprenticeship to Hunter would give him in the pursuit of the practice of surgery,—

neither pleasure, profit, nor ambition could make him swerve from the course of duty to which he had devoted himself.'

The Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, in the 'Synopsis of the Contents of the Museum,' published in 1845, have recorded that

'under Mr. Clift's superintendence the removal of the Collection from Castle-street, Leicester-square, to a temporary place of deposit in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1806, and thence to the Museum of the College in 1813, was effected without the slightest damage to any of the frail and delicate preparations of which it, in a great part, consists. And the best testimony to the exemplary fulfilment by Mr. Clift of his responsible duties is afforded by the present condition of the Hunterian Collection, and the great accessions it has received during his able conservatorship.'

No one knew better than Mr. Clift the real nature of the difficulties that, in 1826, opposed themselves to the formation of the long-desired Catalogues of this magnificent Museum of the structures of the Animal Kingdom in health and under disease; he accordingly requested to have the aid of some one who combined with the requisite knowledge of anatomy that of the principles of Natural History. This led to Mr. Owen's appointment.

The first results of their combined exertions were the Catalogue of the Pathological Specimens, 2 vols., 1830, and the Catalogue of Monsters and Malformations, 1831. Those quartos comprised descriptions of the specimens, but not the histories of the cases. Of these 'histories' the senior associate had recovered some by reference to the medical books and journals contemporary with Hunter's active career; and to the gathering of similar materials for a future edition of the Pathological Catalogue, with the requisite 'cases,' Mr. Clift henceforth devoted such leisure as remained to him after the fulfilment of his cherished labours and duties in relation to the care of the Hunterian Collections. With regard to the Preparations of Comparative Anatomy, some general remarks on the subject or physiological principle to be illustrated by the different series, were all that remained from the pen of Hunter. To determine the species of animals dissected by the founder constituted, therefore, the grand difficulty. Fortunately, Owen had acquired a knowledge of the principles of zoology at Edinburgh, and he now resumed the requisite study of the external characters and affinities of the animal kingdom, with the aid of his friend Mr. Broderip, the author of 'Zoological Recreations,' whose guidance at this important period is gratefully acknowledged in the dedication
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of Mr. Owen's work 'On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.' The 'Catalogue of the Preparations of Natural History in Spirit' ere long bore witness to his zealous resumption of zoological studies. After its publication Owen was exclusively occupied, by the direction of the Council of the College, in preparing the Catalogue of the Physiological Series of Comparative Anatomy. The first volume, descriptive of the Organs of Motion and Digestion, appeared in 1833. The second, including the Absorbent, Circulating, Respiratory, and Urinary Systems, came out in the following year. The third, containing the Nervous System and Organs of Sense, the Connective and Tegumentary Systems and Peculiarities, bears date 1836. The Introduction to this volume embodies a remarkable manuscript of Hunter, illustrative of his application of the facts of Comparative Anatomy which he had ascertained, not only to the establishment of sound theories as to the functions of the different organs, but to the natural distribution of animals into classes according to their affinities. In summing up his observations on the Nervous System, Hunter divides the animals 'which have brains, or visible aggregations of the nervous substance,' into six classes, each characterised by a peculiar form of brain. Owen observes, however, that Hunter, in making 'the possession of a brain, protected by a skull, with a medulla spinalis continued from it down the back,' characteristic of his 'third class, or fishes,' as contradistinguished from his 'second class, or insects,' seems not to have duly appreciated the fact that those modifications equally characterised the Amphibia, Birds, and Mammalia. The recognition of the great natural group so distinguished, and its relation to the other primary divisions of the animal kingdom, was reserved for the sagacity of Cuvier.

'Nevertheless,' justly adds the young expositor of Hunter's labours, 'in the masterly determination and description of the modifications of the vertebrate type of the nervous system which characterise the subordinate groups of that great division, Mr. Hunter has displayed his wonted powers as an original thinker and unbounded observer of the varieties of the animal organisation; and one cannot sufficiently admire the close and philosophical perception of the homologies of the several parts of the brain which is manifested in the early enunciation of its comparative structure.'—iii. p. xii.

The series of the Hunterian Physiological Collection, relating to the Generation and Development of Animals, perhaps the most extraordinary as they are the most extensive in the museum, form the subjects of the two concluding volumes of the 'Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue,' the last of which appeared in 1840;

and we can well imagine the 'great gratification' with which the Council of the College therein acknowledge

'the unremitting labour which has been for many years bestowed on this work by Mr. Owen, one of the Conservators, and now Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology to the College, to whom its publication has been exclusively confided.'—vol. v. p. xv.

In this, as in the preceding volumes, whatever general remarks of Hunter's had been preserved in the MSS., examined by Mr. Clift, relative to the nature and scope of any of the series of preparations, are prefixed to Owen's special descriptions of the preparations themselves: and, in another work devoted to the illustration of Hunter's labours, he well says, that had these manuscripts, enunciating or indicative of so important general principles, been given to the world by their author,

'our teachers of anatomy would not now, after the lapse of half a century, have but begun to explain to their students those beautiful laws of animal development, for a knowledge of which they are indebted to the labours of the professors of the schools of physiology in continental Europe.'

Mr. Owen adds, with truth, that

'the period which has elapsed before those general laws began to be appreciated in the country where they were first detected, affords, perhaps, one of the strongest indications of the great advance which Hunter had made in physiological science.' *

Thus, with respect to the cause or origin of 'monsters,' Hunter referred it to a condition of the primordial germ, stating that 'each part of each species seems to have its monstrous form originally impressed upon it.' And, in the introductory observations to his extensive collection of malformed fœtuses, he assigns the grounds for this hypothesis, and, at the same time, enunciates one of the most important laws of aberrant formations. 'I should imagine,' Hunter writes, 'that monsters were formed monsters from their very first formation, for this reason, that all supernumerary parts are joined to similar parts, as a head to a head, &c. &c.' In the equally remarkable manuscript entitled 'On the Progress and Peculiarities of the Chick,' prefixed to this fifth volume of the Physiological Catalogue, is the following anticipation of a favourite modern idea:—

'If we were capable of following the progress of increase of the number of the parts of the most perfect animal, as they first formed in

* Observations on certain Parts of the Animal Economy, by John Hunter; with Notes by Richard Owen, F.R.S.

succession, from the very first to its state of full perfection, we should probably be able to compare it with some one of the incomplete animals themselves, of every order of animal in the creation being at no stage different from some of the inferior orders; or, in other words, if we were to take a series of animals from the more imperfect to the perfect, we should probably find an imperfect animal corresponding with some stage of the most perfect.'—v. p. 14.

'We may, I think,' says Owen, 'perceive, from the evident difficulty with which Hunter expresses the idea, that his mind was oppressed with both its novelty and vastness. Men's thoughts require to be familiarised with propositions of such generality before their exact limits and right application can be appreciated.'

We shall subsequently show what Mr. Owen has himself contributed to this important and desirable end.

Reverting to his preliminary labours in illustration of the works of his great predecessor, it appears that they were chiefly called for to determine the particular species of animal which Hunter had dissected.

'It is impossible,' he says, 'to reason correctly upon the structure of a detached organ, unless the condition of the rest of the organisation, and the habits and mode of life of the species, be known; but to this end the name of the species from which the detached organ was derived is indispensable; without this fact, the contemplation of the most elaborately dissected specimen can yield little satisfactory information, and to determine it became, therefore, the first and most essential step in the formation of the catalogue of the physiological specimens. This part of their history has, in most cases, been effected by a comparison of the Hunterian preparations with recent dissections.'—*Phys. Cat.*, v. xiv.

In this brief statement what a vast mass of anatomical labour is involved! It gives, however, the key to the fund of monographs and other papers which Professor Owen has been able to contribute to the Transactions of our Societies devoted to specific branches of Natural History. As the subjects of the dissections referred to appear to have been chiefly supplied by the Zoological Society, so the Records of that body contain the majority of his detached or special contributions to comparative anatomy;—but the results of these researches in reference to the required *histories* of the Hunterian specimens are summed up in the 'Zoological Index' appended to the Physiological Catalogue, in which the names of all the determinable species of animals dissected by Hunter are systematically arranged. This index shows at a glance the range of Hunter's labours, and the zoologist readily finds thereby what proportion of the anatomy of the species under his consideration may be studied in the
museum

museum of the College. Great and good use of this admirable Catalogue has been made, and to name one instance among many, we may refer our readers to the rich body of zoological articles in the Penny Cyclopædia. The dissection of so many animals enabled Mr. Owen to add many preparations, supplying links in the Hunterian series; and the account of these contributions as well as of those from other sources, must be added to the descriptions of the 3790 Hunterian specimens, and of 78 plates of complex and minute drawings, in order to form a just conception of the labour which mainly occupied the first ten years of Mr. Owen's scientific career.

To enumerate the titles only of his special memoirs and monographs in addition to those of the works placed at the head of the present Article, would fill, even in our smallest type, more space than we can afford. In the note below, therefore, we shall only specify the chief of them.* From the subjoined imperfect

* In the Transactions of the Royal Society are Memoirs—On the Mammary Glands of the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*: 1832.—On the Ova of the same: 1834.—On the Generation of the Marsupial Animals: 1834.—On the Structure of the Brain of the Marsupial Animals: 1837.—A Description of certain Belemnites preserved, with a great proportion of their soft parts, in the Oxford Clay: 1844. [For this Memoir the Royal Society awarded to Professor Owen the Royal Medal.]—On the Development and Homologies of the Carapace and Plastron of the Chelonian Reptiles: 1849.—On the Communications between the Cavity of the Tympanum and the Palate in the Crocodile: 1850.—On the Development and Homologies of the Molar Teeth of the Wart-hogs (*Phacochærus*), with illustrations of a System of Notation for the Teeth in class Mammalia: 1850.—On the Exogenous Processes of Vertebrae: 1851. The Transactions of the Linnæan Society include his celebrated paper, the Description of the *Lepidosiren annectens*: 1840. In the Transactions of the Geological Society we find—Descriptions of some Fossil Remains of *Charopotamus*, *Palæotherium*, *Anoplotherium*, &c., from the Eocene Formations, Isle of Wight: 1838.—Observations on the Fossils representing the *Thylacotherium* and *Phascolotherium*, with reference to the doubts of their mammalian and marsupial nature: 1838.—Observations on the *Basilosaurus* of Dr. Harlan (*Zeuglodon cetoides*, Owen): 1839.—Description of the *Glyptodon clavipes*, with a consideration of the question, Whether the *Megatherium* possessed an analogous dermal armour? 1839.—Description of some Ophidiolites (*Palæophis toliapicus*), of a Mammal (*Hyracotherium*), and of a Bird (*Lithornis*), from the London Clay at Sheppey: 1839. [In this Memoir was established the existence here, during the Eocene Tertiary Period, of serpents equalling in size the great *Boa constrictors*.]—On the Teeth of the genus *Labyrinthodon* (*Mastodonsaurus*, Jaeger), with Descriptions of parts of the Skeletons of five species from the Lower Warwick Sandstone, and Remarks on the probable identity of the *Cheirotherium* with this genus of extinct Batrachians: 1841.—Description of certain Fossil Crania from Sandstone Rocks in South Africa, referable to an extinct genus of Reptilia (*Dicynodon*), and indicative of a new tribe or sub-order of Sauria: 1845.—On the Cranium and Teeth of *Paloplotherium annectens*: 1847.—On the genera *Dichodon* and *Hyopotamus*, with Remarks on the Classification of the Ungulata: 1847. We omit several other communications of minor moment, which are printed in the Transactions, the Quarterly Journal, and the Proceedings of the Geological Society. From the Transactions of the Zoological Society we may cite the Memoirs—On the Sacculated Form of Stomach as it exists in the genus *Semnopithecus*: 1833.—On the Young of the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*: 1834.—On the Anatomy

imperfect digest may be gathered an idea of the amount and range of Professor Owen's anatomical labours. From the Sponge to the Man no form of animal life has escaped his researches, and he has thrown new light on each subject.

In the Memoir on the *Lepidosiren*, read in April 1839, is given the first account of the anatomy of one of the most extraordinary of vertebrated animals, if that can be so called which vertebræ has none. The subject of the Memoir had been discovered in the river Gambia. The singular modifications of structure which Mr. Owen's dissection brought to light were soon after confirmed by Professor Bischoff, in a description of a second species of *Lepidosiren* from the river Amazon, which Dr. Natterer, its discoverer, had regarded as a reptile; and the paradoxical character of the animal, especially in its outward form, may be conceived when we state that some naturalists still follow Natterer's classification, notwithstanding the proofs of the piscine nature of the creature, founded

Anatomy of the Hornbill (*Buceros cavatus*): 1833.—On the Structure of the Heart in the Perennibranchiate Batrachia: 1834. [In this Memoir the second auricle of the heart was demonstrated in the *Siren lacertina*, the lowest of the class of reptiles, a character which strongly distinguishes it from the *Lepidosiren*.]—On the Anatomy of the Calyptræidæ, of the Clavagella, and of the Mollusca Brachiopoda: 1833.—Description of a Microscopic Entozoon infesting the muscles of the Human Body: 1835.—On the Anatomy of *Linguatula Tenioides*, *Distoma clavatum*, and *Tenia lamelligera*, with Remarks on the Entozoa, and on the Structural Differences existing among them, including Suggestions for their Distribution into other Classes: 1835.—Descriptions of some new and rare Cephalopoda: 1836.—On the Anatomy of the Nubian Giraffe: two Memoirs, 1838 and 1839.—On the Anatomy of the *Apteryx Australis*: two Memoirs, 1838 and 1840.—On the Osteology of the Marsupialia: 1838.—Outlines of a Classification of the Marsupialia: 1839.—Description of a new genus and species of Sponge (*Euplectella Aspergillum*): 1841.—Notice of a Fragment of the Femur of a gigantic Bird of New Zealand. [This remarkable Memoir, November, 1839, gave the earliest indication of those gigantic struthious genera *Dinornis* and *Palapteryx*, the reconstruction of which is the subject of five successive memoirs in the Zoological Transactions.] To the Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society Mr. Owen has contributed—Description of an extinct Lacertian reptile (*Rhynchosaurus articeps*, Owen), of which the bones and footprints characterise the Upper New Red Sandstone at Grinsill, near Shrewsbury: 1842. In the Transactions of the British Association are—besides many others of less extent—Report on the Microscopic Structure of Teeth, recent and fossil: 1838.—Report on British Fossil Reptiles: Part I., 1839; Part II., 1842.—Report on British Fossil Mammalia: Part I., 1843; Part II., 1844.—Report on the Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton: 1845. The Zoological Appendix to Captain Beechey's Voyage contains 'Descriptions of the Crustacea;' that of Captain Ross's Second Voyage, 'Descriptions of the Cephalopoda,' with the 'Anatomy of the new genus *Rossia*;' that of Captain Belcher's Voyage of H.M.S. Samarang, 'Description of the Cephalopoda,' with the 'Anatomy of the *Spirula*;' and that of Juke's Voyage of H.M.S. Fly, 'A Description of a Dugong' (*Halicore Australis*). To the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology the Professor has supplied, besides minor Articles, those on *Aves*, *Cephalopoda*, *Entozoa*, *Mammalia*, *Marsupialia*, *Monotremata*, and *Teeth*. Finally—not to venture on further detail—the Index for each successive annual volume of the Proceedings of the Zoological Society will afford additional proofs of his unwearied diligence.

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by Mr. Owen on the covering of cycloid scales, the lateral line and mucous ducts, the many-jointed ray supporting the rudimental pectoral and ventral fins—the fibro-gelatinous chord in place of vertebral bodies—the dermo-neural and dermo-hæmal spines supporting the dorsal and anal fins—the junction of the atlas to the basioccipital by a single joint and not, as in *Batrachia*, to two exoccipital condyles,—the pre-opercular bone, the articulation of the scapular arch to the occipital bone, the loose suspension of the pubic arch and ventral fins, the green colour of the ossified parts of the skeleton, the teeth composed of vaso-dentine and vitrodentine, the intestinal spiral valve, the absence of pancreas and spleen, the position of the anus anterior to the orifice of the bladder, and lastly, the non-communication of the olfactory sacs with the mouth: in short, in defiance of all the points which characterize a fish. Some peculiarities of the skeletons of certain fossil fishes of the Secondary Period are repeated in the *Lepidosiren*, and, as far as is known, in no other existing animal.

In regard to that form of quadrumanous mammal which makes the nearest approach to Man, much obscurity prevailed at the close of Cuvier's labours. In the last edition of the '*Règne Animal*,' that great naturalist places the Orang-outan at the head of the order *Quadrumana*—he being, in fact, acquainted only with the immature characters of both the Orang and Chimpanzee. The required knowledge of the osteological and dental characters of the adults of both these anthropoid apes, of their true facial angle and cerebral capacity, was communicated by Owen in the first volume of *Zoological Transactions* (p. 343); and this valuable information was the more timely as the revival of the hypothesis of the 'transmutation of species' began to agitate the scientific world about that date. Most of the characters which were supposed to bring the Orang and Chimpanzee in disagreeable proximity to Man are shown in this Memoir to be transitory, and peculiar to the immature animal, whilst yet retaining the deciduous teeth. In a supplemental Memoir (*ibid.*, vol. ii.) Owen gives the requisite details of the change of the dentition, and describes a second species of Orang (*Pithecius morio*), of the existence of which in the Island of Borneo, under the native name of Mias Kassar, that distinguished servant of his country and of humanity, Sir James Brooke, subsequently gave confirmatory evidence (*Proceedings of Zool. Soc.* July 1841). In a third paper (*Transact. Zool.*, iii.) the cranial and dental characters of a second species of Chimpanzee (*Troglodytes Gorilla*), from the Gaboon river—a species of formidable stature and strength—are detailed;
to

to which Owen has since added two more elaborate Memoirs, descriptive of the entire skeleton of the Troglodytes Gorilla, and of the relative capacity of the cranial cavity in the Orangs, the Chimpanzees, and the different races of mankind.

Can any one look at this wonderful amount of admirable labour without being struck by the power and energy of him who has done so much for fame and for science before he has passed the prime of intellectual life? Why, it would be futile to attempt to analyze in the briefest manner the subjects of the numerous works and minor contributions of which we have not even copied all the titles; and we fear that we must overpass the ordinary bounds of an article even in restricting ourselves to a notice of those more general topics and higher principles which have been developed or established by the industry and acuteness of this extraordinary man. We will, however, proceed to consider, with all possible brevity, the effect of his labours in certain leading matters; and firstly upon the *Classification of the Animal Kingdom*.

I.—The deep and extensive insight which twenty years of assiduous anatomical research placed at the command of Cuvier, when he directed his view to the zoological relations and affinities of the subjects of his dexterous scalpel, placed him in a position to supersede the Linnæan and, indeed, all previous classifications of animals, by that which he finally and fully developed in the *Règne Animal* (1817). Modifications of the Cuvierian system, of greater or less extent, have been proposed by De Blainville, Oken, and some of minor note; but these innovations, being unsupported by the requisite additional facts from comparative anatomy, and being based on *à priori* general notions peculiar to their proposers—differing in the main, moreover, rather in the change of names than in the composition of the different groups established by Cuvier—have failed to obtain the sanction of other naturalists, and have had no influence on the arrangement in the final edition of the 'Animal Kingdom' by Cuvier (1829), in which the classification remains essentially the same as in the first. This classification is too well known to require even an outline of it here. Several translations of the work have been published and widely dispersed in England, and its principles are those on which almost all our elementary treatises on zoology have been based since 1830. The chief opposition in Britain has been from the 'Quinarians'—the school, that is, who follow the *à priori* numerical principle of arrangement ingeniously and eloquently propounded by Mr. William Sharpe Macleay, in his *Horæ Entomologicæ*. Like the systems of Oken and De Blainville, that of Macleay has failed, because
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men, in the main, will have intelligible and satisfactory grounds for their scientific creeds. Cuvier, however, although he knew much more than any of his contemporaries of the structure of animals, could do no more than the best man can do in the investigation of a field so diversified, and of such vast extent. And as, in his scheme, the Animal Kingdom was distributed according to his own knowledge of its organization, every accession to that knowledge might involve some corresponding modification in the distribution of animals. Of course the structure of a newly discovered species would rarely affect the zoological position of the genus to which it obviously belonged; some striking modification of an organ, in harmony with some peculiar habit of the species, would more frequently be the chief reward of the dissector. General propositions on the distribution of animals, based on their anatomy, are among the last and highest acquisitions of Zoological Science; and perhaps no better test could be had of the extent to which a successor of Cuvier may have carried his researches than the degree of modification which he has found himself authorised to propose in the outline of his great predecessor. We proceed, therefore, to point out those which Professor Owen has suggested, and which we find to be gradually gaining acceptance both in England and abroad.

The first of these touches the primary division of the Class *Mammalia*. Cuvier adopted the ternary distribution of the mammals by our countryman Ray, and by Linnæus, according to the structure of the locomotive extremities, viz., into those with nails or claws (*Unguiculata*), those with hoofs (*Ungulata*), and those without either, and in which also the hinder limbs are wanting (*Mutica* of Linnæus, *Cetacea* of Cuvier).

With regard to the pouched quadrupeds, Cuvier, in placing them in a special order which he calls *Marsupialia*, between the *Carnivora* and *Rodentia*, speaks of them as forming, with the regular series of *Unguiculata*, a small collateral series, the different genera of which are connected together by the aggregate of their organization, although in their teeth and in the nature of their regimen, some correspond to the *Carnivora*, others to the *Rodentia*, and others again to the *Edentata*. (*Règne Anim.*, i. 80.) M. de Blainville expanded the idea, and proposed to raise the marsupials, which he calls 'Didelphes,' to the rank of a subclass, including therein the *Echidna* and *Ornithorhynchus*, but with the remark 'On devra peut-être faire des Echidnés, etc., une sous-classe distincte.*' The proposed innovation was not based on any new facts discovered in the anatomy of the marsupial or

* Bulletin des Sciences, par la Société Philomathique de Paris, année 1816, p. 109.

monotrematous animals. Accordingly it not only failed to gain acceptance; but the idea of the mutual affinity of the marsupials, to the extent to which it had been originally entertained by Cuvier, began to suffer modification in the mind of the originator. Thus in the 4th volume of the second edition of his great work on the 'Ossemens Fossiles,'—(1823, p. 258)—we find him proposing to extend the bounds of the Insectivorous tribe of Mammals, as previously defined by him, by the addition of the Insectivorous *Marsupialia*—'for we cannot,' Cuvier says, 'separate from the shrews, tenrecs, &c., the Opossums, Dasyures, and Perameles, which are allied to the *Insectivora* by characters as numerous and important as those which have induced us to unite them with the other *Marsupialia*.' His brother, Frederic Cuvier—(Dents des Mammifères, p. xii.)—expresses himself more strongly and with more detail to the same effect. These opinions were met neither by comment nor counterstatement from De Blainville; and they served to encourage other naturalists to modify the system of the 'Règne Animal' more directly in accordance with what seemed to be the later views of its author. For example, let us quote Mr. Bennett, the lamented Secretary of our own Zoological Society:—

'The further we advance in our knowledge of Marsupial animals, the more firmly do we become convinced of the impropriety of their separation as a distinct and isolated group. When we see that the single peculiarity that unites them is bestowed upon types of form so widely different from each other, we cannot consider this simple metastasis of function in a certain set of organs alone, however great the importance of that function in the animal economy, as furnishing sufficient ground for the overthrow of every principle of classification, and for setting at nought some of the most strongly marked affinities that the animal kingdom affords. How striking, for instance, is the passage from the Insectivorous Carnivora, through the Opossums and Dasyuri to the Civets and other more purely carnivorous groups! What is there of importance in the structure of the Wombat, except this solitary character of the Marsupium, to separate it from the Rodent Order? And what other character can be found to justify, even in appearance, the union of any of the animals just named with the Kangaroos?'—(*Gardens and Menagerie*, &c., 1831, p. 265.)

To the solution of these questions Mr. Owen resolutely bent himself. He seized every opportunity of dissecting specimens of the marsupial animals which the vivarium in the Regent's Park or other sources afforded. Patiently did he compare their structure, organ by organ, with that of the non-marsupial quadrupeds to which they generally bore the nearest outward resemblance—and he had his reward in the discovery of a well-

well-marked distinction in the structure of the brain of the marsupial animals, the absence, viz., of the great commissure or apparatus for uniting the two hemispheres, above the ventricles, which, with other characteristics, is detailed with the requisite illustrations in the Philosophical Transactions for 1837. In that Memoir the brain of a Rodent is expressly selected to contrast with that of the Wombat. Pursuing his comparisons in regard to the Osseous system, he, there, also detected many characters besides the marsupial bones, which were common to the *Marsupialia*, and by which they differed from their nearest non-marsupial analogues. The flattening and inflection of the angle of the lower jaw was, for example, found to be not merely a peculiarity of the Opossums, but a feature in all the marsupial animals; in the whole of which, moreover, the number of true vertebræ was shown to be the same—whatever might be the number of ribs. These and other characteristics of the skeleton were detailed in the Zoological Transactions for 1839.

Experiments were likewise instituted on the living Marsupialia, with regard more especially to their mode of generation, a subject left in a very uncertain and problematical state by Cuvier. Nothing was known as to the precise period of uterine gestation in any species, nothing as to the nature of the connexion, if any, between the foetus and womb, nor the exact part of the 'uterus anfractuosus' in which the embryo was developed:—nothing as to the nature of the foetal membranes or appendages:—nothing as to the mode or period of transfer of the new-born young to the pouch; little as to the time of its continuance there and its adhesion to the nipple. In the course of Mr. Owen's observations he discovered that in the great kangaroo (*Macropus major*) the period of uterine gestation was 38 days, and that the new-born animal was but an inch in length, naked, blind, with the hind-legs *shorter* than the fore-legs, and the tail not longer; a creature, in a word, whose parentage could never have been suspected, if it had not been ascertained *ex visu*. He perceived further, that the mother transfers her delicate and minute progeny by means of her lips to the nipple concealed within the pouch; to this nipple the prematurely-born instinctively adheres, breathing freely, and clinging fast by its fore-limbs; and there it hangs for a period of six months; after which it uses the pouch as a place of shelter and returns to suck occasionally for two or three months longer. Lastly, the foetus was found to be developed, not in the 'anfractuous canals,' but in the part of the uterus which Home had described as the vitelline part of the Fallopian tube: its membranes consisted of a chorion, a large umbilical sac, and a small allantois, but there was no trace of placenta.

Concomitantly

Concomitantly with this study of marsupial generation, similar investigations were carried on, when opportunities presented themselves—and a large correspondence with Australia was kept up for the purpose—in reference to the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*. The glands which Meckel had discovered, and which Geoffroy St. Hilaire had contended to be scent-glands, were proved to be ‘mammary,’ in a memoir contributed to the Philosophical Transactions of 1832; in short, the question of the veritable mammalian character of the creature was finally set at rest. The notion of its laying eggs, like a bird, had been encouraged even so late as 1829, when Dr. Grant, of University College, communicated a description and figures of the eggs to the ‘Annales des Sciences’ (tom. xviii). But in 1834 Professor Owen had received specimens which enabled him to trace the true ovum from the ovarium to the uterus—to demonstrate that the structure of the uterine ovum negatived the possibility of its being excluded as an egg with a calcareous shell—and to prove that it agreed with the ovum of ovo-viviparous animals. From a subsequent Memoir on the young of the *Ornithorhynchus*, we learn that it is born blind and naked, but relatively larger and more advanced in development than the Kangaroo: its mouth, in the sequel so strangely metamorphosed into the form of a duck’s beak, is at birth adapted for sucking or receiving the lacteal secretion. These important steps in the natural history of the paradoxical mammal are described with the author’s usual care in the Philosophical Transactions for 1844.

A summary of all his labours on the marsupial and monotrematous animals was finally communicated to the *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*, vol. iii. In this masterly article he shows, from anatomical and physiological researches, abundant reasons for their association together, and for the separation of the associated group, as a distinct sub-class, from the rest of the Mammalia. Cuvier had placed the Monotremes of Geoffroy, or the spiny and hairy *Ornithorhynchi* of Home, not indeed with the Elephant, as Macleay appears to believe, but with the Sloths and Armadillos in the order *Edentata*. Dr. Grant, albeit no professed follower of Cuvier, concurs with him in separating them from the Marsupialia, and places the *Monotrema* as a distinct order, between the *Edentata* and *Pachyderma*.* Mr. Owen demonstrates their true position to be in the same primary group of the class *Mammalia* as the Marsupials. To the question which Mr. Bennett asked in 1831, ‘What is there of importance in the structure of the Wombat except this solitary

* Structure and Classification of Animals, 1833.

character of the marsupium to separate it from the Rodent order?—the anatomist might now reply, the absence of the ‘corpus callosum’ in the brain, and of the ‘fossa’ and ‘annulus ovalis’ in the heart—the presence of the double thoracic duct and of certain modifications in both the arterial and venous systems: in the skeleton, not only the ‘marsupial bones,’ but the inflected angle of the lower jaw, the ‘basisphenoidal bulla,’ the palatal vacuity, and other points more characteristic of the Marsupialia than the marsupial bones themselves—which bones, indeed, Professor Owen had shown to be absent in the thylacine: in the dental system, the constant formula for the true molars of $\frac{4-4}{4-4}$ instead of

$\frac{3-3}{3-3}$, the characteristic one in the non-marsupial mammals. Finally, to the marsupial pouch itself were added several well-marked characteristics in the generative organs of both sexes—and the still more important modification of the foetal membranes and appendages, on which Owen shows that many of the structural characteristics of the pouched animal primarily depend. Deeming modifications of the brain of more moment than those of the ungual phalanges, and associating the higher development of the commissural system with the longer sojourn of the foetus in the womb and its more intimate union therewith, he groups together all the Mammalia which have the placenta under any form, and which have the corpus callosum, in a primary subclass, under the name of PLACENTALIA. The rest form the subclass IMPLACENTALIA—which includes the two Orders *Monotremata* and *Marsupialia*. The Placental Orders are the following:—*Rodentia*, *Insectivora*, *Cheiroptera*, *Edentata*, *Cetacea*, *Sirenia*, *Perissodactyla*, *Artiodactyla*, *Carnivora*, *Quadrupedia*, and *Bimana*. The Orders are here enumerated in the ascending series, as they are set forth in the Synopsis of the Hunterian Lectures on the Vertebrated Animals, 1848.

The anatomical grounds for the separation of Cuvier’s herbivorous *Cetacea* from the Carnivorous or true *Cetacea* are detailed in a paper on the Anatomy of the Dugong, in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for March, 1838; and those that demonstrate the parity or imparity of the number of the hoofs to be the true guide to the classification and natural affinities of the *Ungulata* are set forth in a Memoir read before the Geological Society, November 31, 1847.* The even-toed hoofed

* The same ideas and the same names (*Perissodactyla* and *Artiodactyla*) are adopted in a ‘Mémoire sur les Caractères et les Rapports entre eux des divers Genres Vivants et Fossiles des Mammifères Ongulés,’ communicated by M. Pomel to the Institute, June 19, 1848. The resemblance is striking, but no obligation is acknowledged, and possibly the French writer may have been unconscious of any.

mammals, or *Artiodactyles*, are there shown to be characterised, amongst other structures, by a constancy in the number of their true vertebræ, viz. 26; by having two trochanters to the femur—an equally divided astragalus—more simple premolars and more symmetrically complex true molars—a more complex stomach and more simple cæcum and colon. The horns, moreover, when present, are in a symmetrical pair or pairs. The odd-toed hoofed mammals, or *Perissodactyles*, are shown to have more numerous and more variable true vertebræ, and the odd number of the hoofs is singularly associated with three trochanters in the femur and an unevenly divided astragalus; the horn, when present, is single, or, if there be two, they are two odd horns, and on the median line of the head, as, *e. g.*, in the One-horned and Two-horned Rhinoceroses; the premolars are large and complex like the true molars, and both have unsymmetrical arrangements of the enamel; the stomach is simple, and the larger intestines capacious and complexly sacculated. The gall-bladder is commonly present in the Artiodactyles, always absent in the Perissodactyles.

The order *Artiodactyla* is subdivided into the *Ruminantia* and *Non-ruminantia*; numerous extinct species being indicated which once filled the interval that now divides the anomalous ruminant camel tribe from the few existing non-ruminant Artiodactyles. In like manner the horse tribe, *Solipedia* of Cuvier, is shown to have been much more closely and naturally allied to the other Perissodactyles, as, *e. g.*, the Tapir and Rhinoceros, by intermediate species, in the ancient world, than appears since their extinction at the present day.

The reduction of the Order *Carnivora* (Carnassiers, Cuvier) to what Owen conceives to be its natural boundaries, is justified by the characters of the unconvoluted cerebrum, the discoid placenta, the perfect clavicles, the 'vesiculæ seminales,' and other anatomical characteristics of the *Insectivora* and *Cheiroptera*, pointed out in the Hunterian Lectures on the vertebrated animals, which distinguish them from the true *Carnivora*, and place them on a lower step in the mammalian series.

Such are the main modifications of the Cuvierian divisions of the Class *Mammalia*, for the establishment of which on the only durable basis, that of anatomical and physiological research, science is indebted to Mr. Owen. Changes more or less analogous may have been proposed before, but wanting that sure foundation they have failed to command assent. Similar anticipations have preceded most discoveries, and have often been cited to detract from their merit; but we hold by the sound philosophical canon, that he discovers who first *demonstrates* a truth.

As

As respects the Class of *Birds*, naturalists have taken the greatest latitude in dealing with its divisions and subdivisions: of its Orders, almost every intermediate number between the *two* in the system of Scopoli and the *thirty-eight* in that of Lacépède, has found advocates. Few of these so-called 'systems,' however, save that of Cuvier, are based on anatomical researches, and any modification which a further insight into the anatomy or palæontology of birds might establish, would probably be found more or less to correspond with one or other of the groups guessed at from inadequate external characters by some antecedent Ornithologist. Owen's careful study of the *Apteryx*—and other Struthious birds with which its structure is compared—and his discovery of the remarkable genera and species of gigantic wingless birds, *Dinornis*, *Palapteryx*, *Aptornis*, &c., once, like the *Apteryx*, inhabitants of New Zealand, have supplied the requisite grounds for separating from the 'Echassiers' or Wading-birds of the Cuvierian system, the species that form therein the family *Brevipennes*; and for raising this family to the rank of an Order, as Illiger had proposed, under the name of *Cursores*. But our Professor at the same time sets forth the anatomical reasons for eliminating from the Illigerian Order the genera *Otis*, *Calidris*, *Himantopus*, and other true *Grallæ*, which are there associated with the Ostrich, Cassowary, and other true *Cursores*, with the keel-less sternum. In March, 1850, Mr. E. Newman submitted to the Zoological Society a proposition to base the classification of birds on the difference of their condition when they chip the shell—an idea which he regarded 'as equally new and philosophical.' Now, in the article *Aves*, in which the above-cited modifications of the Cuvierian system are proposed, and which appeared in the first volume of the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, published in 1835, Professor Owen had commenced his disquisition on the principles of the distribution of birds by the remark—

'A binary division of the class may be founded on the condition of the newly hatched young, which in some Orders are able to run about and provide food for themselves the moment they quit the shell (*Aves præcoces*), while in others the young are excluded feeble, naked, and blind, and dependent on their parents for support (*Aves altrices*).—p. 265.

But Owen afterwards shows that this difference in the degree of development of the newly hatched bird is not associated, like the more important difference in the development of the placental and implacental mammalia, with constant and important modifications of anatomical structure. The Herons, *e. g.*, are *aves*
altrices,

altrices, the Curlews *aves præcoces*, but both have the essential structures of the Grallatorial Order.

With regard to the Class of *Reptiles*, Cuvier adopted and maintained in all his works the division into the four Orders proposed by Brongniart, viz., *Sauria*, *Chelonia*, *Ophidia*, *Batrachia*. Mr. Owen, influenced by his discovery of the double auricle of the heart in the lowest and most fish-like of the *Batrachia*, and by his restoration of the connecting link which the long lost Labyrinthodonts once made between the *Batrachia* and *Sauria*, holds an intermediate opinion between those who raise the *Batrachia* to the rank of a fifth class of *Vertebrata*, under the name of *Amphibia*, and those who regard them as a group co-ordinate with the *Sauria* and *Chelonia*, in one and the same class. Professor Owen's division of the *Reptilia* is based, like that of the *Mammalia*, on characters taken from the phenomena of development, and he primarily distributes them into *Metabolia*, or those that undergo metamorphoses, and *Ametabolia*, or those that do not. The *Metabolia* include the tail-less and the fish-like *Batrachia*. The *Reptilia ametabolia* are subdivided into those which have a four-chambered heart and ribs with both head and tubercle, and into those which have a three-chambered heart and ribs articulated by the head only to the vertebra. In the first category he places the Crocodiles, Alligators, and Gavials, which he separates from the other *Sauria* of Cuvier to form the distinct Order *Crocodylia*. The anatomical characters of this natural and highly organized group are detailed in his *Memoirs on the Anatomy of the Crocodile*, October and December, 1831.

Subsequent researches into the Fossil *Reptilia*, however, enabled him to point out osteological and dental characters of three groups of extinct species, which entitled them to hold the same rank as the Order *Crocodylia* in the higher division of the Class *Reptilia*. To two of those new Orders he assigns the names *Dinosauria* and *Pterosauria*; and he adopts for the third the name *Enaliosauria*, which Conybeare had proposed for the family of Marine reptiles, including the *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*. The *Reptiles* with the three-chambered heart and simple-headed ribs are divided into the Orders *Chelonia*, *Lacertilia*, and *Ophidia*; with a recognition, however, of the very artificial characters of the two latter orders and the difficulty of drawing the line between them. The classification of the *Reptilia*, as modified by these anatomical and palæontological researches, is set forth in the Report on British Fossil *Reptiles*, 1841.*

In

* The groups here called *Dinosauria*, *Pterosauria*, *Enaliosauria*, &c., are adopted as equivalents to the *Lacertilia* and *Crocodylia* by M. Pictet in his 'Traité Élémentaire de Palæontologie,' tome ii., 1845, and are characterised by the same

In no Class, perhaps, was any material modification of the Cuvierian system less likely to be anticipated than in that of *Fishes*—to the natural history of which the great French Zoologist had devoted his last years of labour. Nevertheless, as to no class of Vertebrated Animals has it been found necessary to make so great a change in the nature and arrangement of the groups as in the *Pisces* of Linnæus and Cuvier. M. Agassiz* led the way to this reform by his extensive observations of the extinct members of the class, which enabled him to propose a subdivision of it founded on the modifications of the scales or external skeleton in lieu of that which Cuvier had mainly based upon the conditions of the internal skeleton. The investigations of John Müller of Berlin† enabled him to effect some marked improvements upon the system of Agassiz: and those of Owen, which he has summed up in the first volume of his 'Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrate Animals' (1846), have tended still further to elucidate the true natural affinities of this extensive, extremely diversified and very difficult Class. The classification proposed in this work appears to retain all that is true to nature in the systems of Cuvier, Agassiz, and Müller, in combination with the additional facts due to the author's own researches. The characters of the orders have been considered in due relation to the totality of the organization, and are taken chiefly from the endo-skeleton, the exo-skeleton, the branchiæ, and the air-bladder. The Orders succeed each other, according to their progressive complexity:—

1. *Dermopteri*; 2. *Malacopteri*; 3. *Pharyngognathi*; 4. *Anacanthini*; 5. *Acanthopteri*; 6. *Plectognathi*; 7. *Lophobranchii*;
8. *Ganoidei*; 9. *Protopteri*; 10. *Holocephali*; 11. *Plagiostomi*.

In the classification of the Invertebrated Animals the changes recommended by Owen have been few in comparison with those just specified in regard to the Vertebrata. The division of the large and miscellaneous group called *Radiata* by Cuvier, into the two sub-classes *Acrita* and *Nematoneura*, was proposed in 1835, in the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology; and the modification of the constitution of the sub-kingdoms *Articulata* and *Mollusca*, in conformity with the late William Thomp-

anatomical structures as are pointed out in Owen's 'Report.' Agassiz must have overlooked this fact when, in his analysis of his friend's work, he penned the following passage:—'The endeavour of M. Pictet to group in a natural manner so many extinct genera of Reptiles, which are often very imperfectly known, seems to me to merit the approval of naturalists, and his family of "Dinosaurians" will undoubtedly be adopted.'

* *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles*, 4to, 4 vols. 1833-1845.

† Principally given in his admirable 'Vergleichende Anatomie der Myxinoiden,' 1836-40.

son's discovery of the metamorphoses of the *Cirripedia*, and with Nordmann's discovery of the metamorphoses of the section of the *Intestinaux Cavitaires* of Cuvier, which form Owen's class of *Epizoa*, led him to suggest the names *Homogangliata* and *Heterogangliata* for the primary groups so modified. These views have been received and adopted by some of his best contemporaries:—among others by the Professor of Comparative Anatomy in King's College, in that beautifully illustrated work his 'General Outline of the Animal Kingdom' (1841).

The long-coveted opportunity of anatomising the *Pearly Nautilus*, enjoyed by Mr. Owen in 1831, gave him an insight into a modification of the Cephalopodal type of organization, which led him to divide Cuvier's highest class of Mollusca into the two orders *Dibranchiata* and *Tetrabranchiata*;—and from certain correlations of structure he was induced to place the *Spirula* and the extinct *Belemnites* in the Dibranchiate Order, and to associate most of the other Cephalopods, having chambered and siphunculated shells, with the *Nautilus*, in the lower or *Tetrabranchiate* Order. The subsequent acquisition of the recent *Spirula*, and the most unlooked for discovery of the fossilized soft parts of certain *Belemnites*, in the Oxford clay of Wiltshire, have fully confirmed the accuracy of Owen's prevision. Dr. Mantell, who has adopted Mr. Channing Pearce's generic name of *Belemnoteuthis* for some of these fossils, seems disposed to detract from the merit of their anatomical restoration—for which the Royal Society awarded the Royal Medal to Professor Owen in 1848—affirming that the true characters of the animal of the Belemnite have yet to be discovered. But he forgets that a change of name does not change the essence of a thing, and that the essential character of a Belemnite is the 'phragmocone.' The anatomy of other rare Cephalopoda, described by Owen in the Transactions and Proceedings of the Zoological Society, being considered in its widest relations, led the author not only to determine the homologies and the function of some doubtful and obscure organs in this singular class, but also to further ameliorate its distribution into subordinate groups.* The anatomy of the *Nautilus Pompilius* brought our Professor to regard the Pectinibranchiate Mollusca as being most nearly allied in organization to the lower order of Cephalopods. The anatomy of the floating *Pteropoda* plainly demonstrated that they were

* We refer the reader specially interested in these highly organized Mollusca to Owen's article *Cephalopoda* in the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology. The other papers, alluded to in this and subsequent paragraphs, are enumerated, with their dates, in our long note, *ante*, p. 370.

inferior to the *Gasteropoda*, and ought no longer to take rank immediately after the *Cephalopoda*, as in the Cuvierian System.

With regard to the *Acephalous Mollusca*, Owen's researches into the species of *Brachiopoda*, led him to interpose them between the '*Acephales testacés*' and the '*Acephales sans Coquilles*' of Cuvier, instead of coming after the latter, as in the '*Règne Animal*;' and recent microscopic discoveries in the organization of the *Bryozoa* have gone far to demonstrate the naked *Acephala*, or *Tunicata* of Lamarck, to be the lowest group of the *Heterogangliate* or *Molluscosus* subkingdom.

To conclude—the modifications proposed by Mr. Owen in the distribution of the *Entozoa* of Rudolphi, have been adopted by most subsequent writers, and the classes *Sterelmintha* and *Cælelmintha* appear to be established.*

II. So much as to the influence which Professor Owen's anatomical researches have exercised on the improvement of the *Classification of Animals*. We come now to the share which he has taken in the reintroduction of the *Microscope* as an essential instrument in anatomical and physiological investigations.

Cuvier seems never to have availed himself of the higher powers of this instrument, nor to have pushed his examinations into animal structures further than they can be traced by the aid of a simple lens. The results of the microscopical researches which his English contemporary, Sir E. Home, from time to time communicated, in papers splendidly illustrated by Bauer, to the Royal Society, were not such as to inspire much confidence in the phenomena observed by means of high magnifying powers. The fault here, indeed, lay more with the observer than with the instrument, or rather with the trust which Sir Everard reposed in the eyes of others who had no special interest in the points to be made out. A more practised and conscientious application of the microscope by Ehrenberg was beginning, at the period when Cuvier was taken from us, to lay the foundations of a grand reform in the ideas then entertained of the nature and affinities of the invisible animalcules which are grouped together to form '*La cinquième et dernière classe des Zoophytes*,' under the name of *Infusoria*, in the last edition of the *Règne Animal*—1830.

The monument of patient and successful research which has immortalized the name of Ehrenberg, appeared in 1838, in the two well-filled folios, entitled '*Die Infusionsthierchen als Vorkommene Organismen — Ein Blick in das tiefere organische Leben der Natur*.' In the mean time Professor Owen was pur-

* See *Natural History of Animals*, by Prof. Rymer Jones, 1845.

suings microscopic inquiries over a more varied field, in combination with his dissections of man and animals. The first fruits of this deeper insight into organic structures we find thus alluded to by an accomplished physician in 1851:—

‘This example of a vegetable growth in animal structure, tempts me to offer a few passing remarks. Professor Owen, in a Paper on the Anatomy of the Flamingo, presented the first proof that there are parasitic plants, as well as animals, occasionally attached to animal structures. In other words, he demonstrated the existence of *Entophyta* as well as *Entozoa*.’*

The discovery here alluded to was communicated to the Zoological Society in August 1832, the year in which Cuvier died. The microscopic species of *mucor* described by our Professor was detected growing from the inner surface of the air-passages and vomicæ in the lungs of a flamingo. Continental observers were not slow in following out this track of inquiry. M. Bassi, of Lodi, described in 1835 the analogous cryptogamic vegetation which produces the *muscardine*, so destructive to the silk-worm.† In 1839 Schönlein and Remak of Berlin discovered the *mycodermata* which occasion or accompany the skin-disease called *Tinea favosa*; and in 1840 M. Deslongchamps, in France, detected a species of vegetable *mucor* growing from the air-cells of the Eider-Duck.

Man’s complex frame—the microcosm of ancient philosophy—had long been known to be a little world to many animals of smaller size, which are developed in it and exist at its expense: it is now known to have its plants as well as its animals, and the discovery made by Owen in 1832 has led to a host of researches into its Flora as well as its Fauna.‡ The parasitical animals of the human frame—*Entozoa*, as they were termed by Rudolphi—numbered not fewer than sixteen species, according to his latest enumeration of them, and it could hardly have been expected that any important accession would remain to be made to the entozoological catalogues of the Naturalist who had devoted a lifetime to the study of this uninviting but most singular class of parasitic animals. But owing probably to its extreme minuteness, the most extraordinary of the human entozoa had eluded even the practised ken of Rudolphi. The species in question is the *Trichina spiralis* of Owen, the subject of a memoir in February, 1835, entitled ‘Description of a Microscopic Entozoon infesting

* Diseases of the Chest, by Theoph. Thompson, M.D. (*Lancet*, p. 101.) 1851.

† *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, vol. viii. p. 229.

‡ For further development of this happy observation see the *Comptes Rendus de l’Académie des Sciences*, Jan. 14, 1841, p. 1110, and M. C. Robin’s *Mémoire sur les Végétaux qui nourrissent sur l’Homme et les Animaux Vivans*, Paris, 1847.

the Muscles of the Human Body.' This worm measures $\frac{1}{30}$ th of an inch in length and $\frac{1}{700}$ th of an inch in diameter, is contained in a little cyst, and usually occurs in vast numbers in the muscular substance of the subjects infested by it. So remarkable a parasite has not failed to exercise the skill of microscopical observers both in England and Germany; but it has hitherto escaped the notice of the anatomists of France. In England it has been found in the young and old of both sexes, in patients who have died of different diseases, and in cases of violent death in apparent health. The presence of this microscopic worm seems never to have been suspected before death; and both the conditions and symptoms of its existence are alike unknown. Fortunately the disease is rare.

A series of observations on the 'blood-discs,' or 'red globules' as they used to be termed, were recorded by our Professor in the Medical Gazette for 1839, including the discovery of the elliptical form of those coloured discs in the blood of the *Auchenæ* or Llama family of Ruminants, and a notice of the two extremes in size of these particles, as furnished by the Pigmy Musk-deer, in which they are $\frac{1}{10000}$ th of an inch in diameter; and in the *Siren lacertina*, in which they are visible by the naked eye.

From these and analogous results of the use of the Microscope, Owen became deeply impressed with a sense of its value in anatomical and physiological researches. Mr. Lister* had introduced important improvements in the construction of the object-glasses, and, in conjunction with his friend Dr. Hodgkin, had made some valuable observations on the structure of muscular fibre. Other equally interesting results on different subjects had rewarded the labours of Dr. Arthur Farre, Mr. Bowerbank, Mr. Busk, and Dr. Martin Barry.

In Botany the use of the microscope, which dates from Malpighi and Grew, had never been abandoned, and the results of its application by ROBERT BROWN—the venerated President of the Linnæan Society—recognized throughout all the scientific world as *Botanicorum Princeps*—had in our own time done lasting honour to Great Britain. But, at the period when the first-cited discovery made by Owen by means of the microscope was published, it was the fashion among medical lecturers rather to decry its trustworthiness. No consecutive series of observations had been made on any of the constituent tissues of animal bodies; and the true value and importance of the instrument were far from being properly appreciated by the anatomists, physiologists, and pathologists of this country.

* On some Properties in Achromatic Object-glasses applicable to the Improvement of the Microscope.—Phil. Trans. 1830.

The growing conviction of the importance of the microscope in the minds of the comparatively few observers in whose hands it had produced the results to which we have alluded, led to the establishment in 1840 of an association for the promotion of a more systematic application of the instrument in Natural History, and for the encouragement of improvements in its construction. Of this body, which took the name of the Microscopical Society of London, Mr. Owen was the first President. The Microscopical Journal and Structural Record was simultaneously set on foot for the speedy publication of the Proceedings of the Society and of cognate observations; and the first Memoir is contributed by Owen, 'On the Structure of Fossil Teeth from the Central Division of the Old Red-sandstone, indicative of a New Genus of Fishes, for which is proposed the name of *Dendrodus*.' In his Anniversary Address of 1842, the Professor skilfully avails himself of this and other recent revelations:—

'If the microscope be essential to the full and true interpretation of the vegetable remains of a former world, it is not less indispensable to the investigator of the fossilized parts of animals. It has sometimes happened that a few scattered teeth have been the only indications of animal life throughout an extensive stratum; and when these teeth happened not to be characterized by any well-marked peculiarity of external form, there remained no other test by which their nature could be ascertained than that of the microscopic examination of their intimate tissue. By the microscope alone could the existence of keuper-reptiles in the lower sandstones of the New-Red system, in Warwickshire, have been placed beyond a doubt. By the microscope, the supposed monarch of the Saurian tribes—the so-called *Basilosaurus*—has been deposed and removed from the head of the reptilian to the bottom of the mammiferous class. The microscope has degraded the *Saurocephalus* from the class of reptiles to that of fishes; it has settled the doubts entertained by some of the highest authorities in palæontology as to the true affinities of the gigantic *Megatherium*, and, by demonstrating the identity of its dental structure with that of the sloth, has yielded us an unerring indication of the true nature of its food.'

Mr. Owen afterwards says:—

'A slight glance even at the classes of natural objects of which the intimate structure remains but partially if at all known, will suffice to show us how many are the subjects that might be profitably selected by an individual or a committee for a systematic series of microscopical observations. In the Animal Kingdom, for example, how little we know of the modifications of the microscopical structure of shells recent and fossil, of the stony habitations of the numerous class of polypes, of the crustaceous coverings of the annulose animals, of the calcareous integument of the Echinodermata, or of the bones in different classes of animals, and in different parts of the skeleton of the same animal. In Mineralogy how much remains to be done in the microscopical investigation

tigation of different classes of rocks, as of oolites, of sands, flints, &c. If committees were appointed to take different subjects of minute research under their respective care, in how short a time might a vast body of microscopical facts be accumulated !

But precept, without example, effects comparatively little : the subject which Mr. Owen selected to illustrate the value of systematic microscopic research was the Teeth. The results of these researches are embodied in his comprehensive work entitled 'Odontography,' of which the first part appeared in 1840 and the last in 1845 ; the whole comprising one thick volume of text and a volume of 168 beautifully executed plates, in which the marvellously diversified modifications of the dental tissues in all classes of animals possessing teeth are, for the first time, illustrated.

The character of the facts detailed, and their application to wide generalizations in Physiology, Homology, and Palæontology, as explained in this book, might justly claim a distinct Article. The origin of the work is thus narrated :—

'At the early part of the year 1837, I received from Mr. Darwin many fragments of the teeth of the extinct Megatherium, Megalonyx, Mylodon, and Toxodon, collected during his travels in South America. Some of these fragments were in a state of incipient decomposition : and my attention was forcibly arrested by the fact that these fragments, instead of being resolved, like the fossil tusks of the Mammoth and Mastodon, into parallel superimposed conical lamellæ, separated into fine fibres, arranged at right angles to the plane of the layers which, according to the lamellar theory of dental structure, ought to have presented themselves to view. I exhibited the most characteristic of these specimens in my Lectures on the Teeth, at the Royal College of Surgeons, in May, 1837, and stated that "the appearances which they presented were inexplicable on the lamellar hypothesis ; but that I should investigate the subject further, and endeavour to elucidate the apparent anomaly before the following session." At the conclusion of that Course, I had sections of these fragments prepared for the microscope ; and stimulated by the amount of clearly-defined and beautiful structure which they exhibited, I proceeded to examine similar sections of the human teeth and of those of many of the lower animals. The excitement of the research became heightened as the sphere of observation expanded, and I had collected extensive materials for a Treatise expressly on the Structure of Teeth, when the fourth number of Müller's "*Archiv für Physiologie*," for the year 1837, containing an Analysis of Purkinjé's and Fraenkel's Treatise, came into my hands, in December, 1837, and awoke me from the dream of discovery in which I had been indulging.'—*Introduction.*

But there is nothing new under the sun. The sharp-sighted Purkinjé was soon found to have only revived a forgotten discovery of Leeuwenhoek, who had demonstrated in 1678, that the
main

main substance of teeth, for which Mr. Owen has proposed the apt and now generally received name of 'dentine,' was 'formed of tubuli spreading from the cavity in the centre to the circumference of the tooth.' These tubuli are described and figured in the 140th Number of our Philosophical Transactions: and Leeuwenhoek computed that he saw a hundred and twenty of the tubuli in the space of a forty-fifth part of an inch. The subject of Leeuwenhoek's and Purkinjé's microscopical observations was that tissue which Owen denominates true or unvascular dentine; but the extended observations of the latter microscopist led him to detect six other well-marked modifications of this tissue, for which he proposes the distinctive terms 'osteodentine,' 'vasodentine,' 'vitrodentine,' 'plicidentine,' 'labyrinthodentine,' and 'dendrodentine.' The descriptions of the teeth exemplifying the last two varieties (*Odont.* i. 172, 201) may be cited as examples of our author's style of depicting in words, complex microscopic structures. The cellular structure of the intertubular part of the true dentine—a remnant of the original cells of the dentinal matrix—communicated by Professor Owen to the British Association at Newcastle in 1838, and illustrated in plates, 123 (Human incisor), 95 (Dugong's tusk), 79 (Mylodon's molar), and others, had escaped previous observers.

The most important application of this extensive series of researches was the establishment of a true theory of the mode of development of a tooth.—Dr. Schwann, in his very ingenious Essay entitled 'Microscopical Researches on the Agreement between Plants and Animals in their Structure and Mode of Growth,' having described the cellular structure of the dentinal pulp—asks, 'In what relation does the dentine stand to the cells?'—and replies, 'I must confess, at the outset, that I am unable to answer this question with certainty.' Finally, after quoting and commenting on the remarks by Purkinjé and Retzius on this obscure and difficult question, Schwann concludes (p. 128) by admitting that, 'A more certain knowledge of the whole structural relations of dentine seems to be only possible when its development is studied in very differently constructed teeth.' Thus Schwann left the question early in 1839. In that very year Owen's microscopical observations on the teeth enabled him to solve it. His examination having by this time embraced those organs from one extreme to the other of the Vertebrate series, and having included the various stages of the conversion of the cellular pulp into the cellular and tubular dentine, whilst in undisturbed connexion with the calcified portion of the pulp, in the thin, transparent, lamelliform teeth of the fœtal Shark (*Carcharias*), he arrived at the clear and definite idea of the nature and relations of

of dental development, which he expressed by the terms 'centripetal calcification and conversion of the pulp's substance.' These results and suggestions were fully stated in the 'Mode of Formation of Teeth,' communicated to the French Academy on the occasion of his election as corresponding member, and of which an abstract appeared in the *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences*, December 1839.

To understand the importance of this theory it is requisite to recall the ideas prevalent at the date of its promulgation. Cuvier had adopted what he believed to be both Hunter's and Tenon's views, viz., that the pulp stood to the growing tooth in the relation of a gland, that there was no organic connexion between them, and that the dentine ('ivoire' of Cuvier) was secreted and transuded layer upon layer from the free surface of the pulp. The same doctrine was taught by John Müller in his 'Physiology' (1838). In the English edition of this comprehensive work, the accomplished translator Dr. Baly adds to the text the microscopic observations of Purkinjé on the texture of dentine—but, the nature of its formation not having been discovered at that period, it is described to be 'by the secretion of layers of dental substance,' and the shell of the substance so formed, is said to have no organic connexion with the matrix;—'it is formed by the deposition of the mineral components of the tooth mixed with some animal matter, and may be lifted off its matrix' (pp. 391 and 392). So also in the fasciculus of *Ostéographie d'Animaux Vertébrés*, submitted (by a notable coincidence!) to the French Academy on the same 16th December, 1839, when Owen communicated to that body his 'Theory of the Development of Dentine by Centripetal Calcification of the pulp'—the eminent author, M. de Blainville, describes the substance of a tooth, which he calls 'phanéros,' as a dead product, exhaled from the surface of a producing bulb.* These formal expressions of well-weighed ideas of the nature and formation of teeth, set forth by the celebrated Professors of Berlin and Paris, afford the true indications of the state and the needs of that branch of physiology at the close of the year 1839. If we look for signs of the opinions held among the best instructed of our own

* 'Pour bien comprendre la forme générale d'un phanéros il faut savoir que c'est une partie morte et produite, exhalée à la surface d'un bulbe producteur ou phanère, en continuité organique avec le corps animal—et implantée plus ou moins profondément dans le derme et même dans les tissus sous-jacents; et que, par conséquent, la forme du bulbe producteur détermine rigoureusement celle du produit ou du phanéros. Or, par la production seule des couches de celui-ci appliquées successivement, en dedans les unes des autres, sur le bulbe producteur seul vivant, seul lié par le système vasculaire et par le système nerveux au reste de l'organisme, ce bulbe diminue de volume en même temps que de puissance productive; en sorte qu'il arrive un moment où les cônes composants, ayant cessé de s'accroître en diamètre avec le bulbe lui même, commencent à diminuer avec lui.'—*Fascicule Premier, Primates*, p. 15.

countrymen previous to Owen's Newcastle Memoir, we find, for example, in a number of the *Medico-chirurgical Review*, which appeared in July, 1838, the dental substance described as being 'like the hair, arranged in concentric layers.' Since that period there has been no hesitation amongst English anatomists and physiologists in accepting the new doctrines—new at least as demonstrated doctrines—of the structure and development of the teeth. We learn, indeed, from the Introduction to Owen's Treatise, that his ideas were seized in one instance with such precipitation that no time was left for acknowledgment.

In France the old notions of the inorganic and secreted nature of the teeth have longer continued to prevail. Not only were they promulgated year after year by M. de Blainville, Cuvier's successor in the chair of Comparative Anatomy at the Garden of Plants, but the eminent physiologist who now fills Cuvier's seat as perpetual secretary to the Academy of Sciences, remains equally firm in his old views:—'*Les dents ont des organes sécréteurs, comme leur germe, leur membrane propre; des substances sécrétées, comme leur émail, leur ivoire.*'—(*Analyse Raisonnée des Travaux de Georges Cuvier*, 1841, p. 25.)—M. Flourens, indeed, seems to think further progress in the theory of dental development almost impossible, for he says:—

'*Les travaux de Hunter et de Tenon avaient déjà fait faire de grands pas à la théorie du développement des dents: Cuvier a porté cette théorie, à peu de chose près, à sa perfection.*'

For the details of the complex process by which the cells of the pulp are converted into hard dentine, explaining the metamorphosis of their nuclei into the dentinal tubules, and showing the persistent traces of the cell-wall in the intertubular substance, we must refer to the *Odontography* itself. This work is a brilliant example of the combination of systematic microscopical research with the modes of observation in comparative anatomy practised in the time of Cuvier, and exemplifying what can be done when the collection of facts is combined with the reflection on the mode of origin of the phenomena contemplated, on the uses of the parts when developed, and with enlarged views of their essential nature and homologies. We ourselves could not have obtained a better idea of the importance of the facts merely which are crowded into the pages of the *Odontography*, than by the value assigned by the Royal Society to the slightest addition to them. Owen, for example, gives in his text and plates the first illustration of the microscopic structure of the different tissues of the teeth in the Marsupial animals: he traces the minute tubuli of the dentine from the pulp-cavity to the periphery, and describes how they there 'interlace and form a rich net-work at the boundary line between
the

the dentine and enamel:’ some of the tubuli are distinctly shown crossing the boundary line in Pl. 102, in the incisor of the Kangaroo, although the fact has escaped special mention in the text. A succeeding observer verifies and describes it, and the observation is honoured by a place in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

The influence of the precepts and example of the President of the Microscopical Society soon began to make itself felt. In the year which succeeded that commemorated in the Anniversary Address already quoted, Mr. Bowerbank communicated to the Society the result of his examinations of the minute structure of shells; and the same subject has been ably followed out to a greater extent by Dr. Carpenter. Mr. Quekett, too, has published illustrations of the intimate structure of bone in a few species selected from the four classes of Vertebrate Animals; but we doubt whether the same decisive results are to be obtained in determining a fossil animal from a fragment of bone as have rewarded the similar modes of investigating the more varied and better marked structures in fossil teeth. A much larger series of observations at least must be made before the geologist will be warranted in placing implicit confidence in determinations founded upon the slight differences that have been already recognized in the microscopic bone-cells.

The minute structure of the scales and other dermal appendages of fishes, has been studied by Mr. Owen, who was led by the phenomena he observed to oppose the views of the formation of scales by excretion, which M. Agassiz had contended for. The Professor says (*Odont.*, part i., p. 14),

‘A very close analogy exists between the dermal bony tubercles and spines of the cartilaginous fishes and their teeth. The thick enamelled scales of the ganoid fishes exhibit an organization similar to that of teeth; the system of minute parallel tubes, with their branches and anastomoses, in the thick scales of the extinct *Lepidotus*, is as complicated as in many teeth, and equally militates against the theory of formation by transudation of layers being applied, at least to ganoid scales.’

These views have been fully confirmed, the analogies extended, and a variety of beautiful modifications of toothlike structure, demonstrated by Dr. Williamson, in his Papers communicated to the Royal Society in 1849 and 1850.

Of the application of the microscope by Mr. Owen to the resolution of some of the mysterious problems of the generation of animals, we shall have to speak in noticing his elucidation of the procreative power in virgin Aphides, and of allied phenomena in his work entitled ‘*Parthenogenesis*.’ Many remarkable facts, gathered in this field of microscopic research, will be found

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in his 'Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy of the Invertebrated Animals,' and in those 'On the Generation of Animals.' The former work is that in which the discovery is recorded which is thus alluded to by Dr. Martin Barry in his Essay on the Nucleus of the Animal and Vegetable cell:—

'Between the appearances presented by the mammiferous germ during the passage of the ovum through the oviduct and certain infusoria, including the *Volvox globator*, as figured by Ehrenberg, the resemblance, first mentioned by Professor Owen, is so remarkable that we cannot avoid the belief, that the same process operates in both. And further, we have here a most interesting confirmation of the view, that the germ of the highest animals at certain periods represents or passes through forms permanent in the lowest.'—*Edinburgh New Philosoph. Journ.*, 1847.

These numerous and varied applications of the microscope, often under the highest powers that can be safely trusted, began at length to tell upon the delicate textures of the visual organ thus overtasked, and usually after having been fatigued by anatomical investigations of the ordinary kind. Thus, very many of the plates in the Odontography are taken from drawings made with the camera lucida, whilst a strong light was concentrated on the subject in the microscope. Threatening symptoms of retinitis compelled Professor Owen to forego this seductive but hazardous kind of research; and he has of late years resigned in a great measure the use of the microscope to younger and stronger eyes.

The treasure of microscopical objects in Lincoln's-inn-fields, which had rapidly increased under the present conservator's care, has been vastly extended by the assistant-conservator, Mr. Quekett, on whom has devolved the more special charge of this collection, and the application of the microscope at the Royal College in all cases where its assistance is needed. Weekly demonstrations of those accumulated objects are now given at certain periods of the year by Mr. Quekett; and we may safely affirm that no Treatise on Comparative Anatomy will be henceforth regarded as fulfilling the exigencies of science, which does not embrace, as in the *Odontography* of Owen, illustrations of the intimate structure, together with those more obvious characters of the parts of animals which alone are described in the *Anatomie Comparée* of Cuvier.

III. We reach the third branch of our summary—*Palæontology*.—The share which JOHN HUNTER had contributed to the elucidation of fossil organic remains, and to a view of their bearing upon the ancient history of the earth, could scarcely be appreciated at the time when he wrote—and had been all but forgotten when his

'Observations

'Observations on some Fossil Bones presented to the Royal Society,' &c., were reprinted in the complete collection of his extra-professional writings edited and annotated by Owen. (*Animal Economy*, 1837.) Geologists, who had thus their attention awakened, became still more fully acquainted with the zealous and persevering labours of Hunter in the collection of Palæontological evidences upon the publication by the Royal College of Owen's illustrated catalogue of the Fossil Mammalia and Birds in the Hunterian Museum. In reference to the only record of Hunter's thoughts on this branch of his inquiries that we have from his own hand—and they formed the subject of his very last Memoir—written but a few months before his brilliant career was cruelly and prematurely arrested by the consequences of excitement—the Editor of his *Animal Economy* in 1837, says (*Note*, p. 479) :—

'In this Paper (*Phil. Trans.* 1794), we may perceive that Hunter appreciated the value of the study of Fossil Remains, and their application to the elucidation of many important subjects. First, with reference to the extension of our ideas respecting the zoology of this planet, we find him comparing the fossils which are the subject of the text, with their recent analogues, and he shows that they differ both from them and among themselves; his observations and comparisons are, it is true, too general and summary, and it was left to his successors in this field of inquiry to pursue the comparison with the requisite minuteness and precision, and to give names to the distinct but extinct species. Hunter next briefly alludes to the different situations and climates in the globe to which animals are more or less confined; and this subject, or the geographical distribution of animals, considered in relation to fossil remains, elucidates, among other interesting questions, the changes of temperature to which different parts of the earth have been subject at different epochs. Hunter points out more distinctly, and with more detail, the evidence which extraneous fossils afford respecting the alternations of land and sea, of which the earth's surface has been the theatre; and by his frequent allusion to the "many thousand years" which must have elapsed during these periods, seems to have fully appreciated the necessity of an ample allowance of past time in order to account philosophically for the changes in question. Lastly, he treats of the nature and causes of the different states in which the remains of extinct animals are found; and many of the fossil bones which were the subject of his chemical experiments are still preserved in his Museum.

'When,' continues Mr. Owen, 'we turn from the perusal of this highly philosophical Memoir to the notice of it in the "Ossements Fossiles" of Cuvier, we must suppose that it could have been but very imperfectly known to the great founder of oryctological science. In the chapter on the "Ours Fossiles," Cuvier says, "Le célèbre chirurgien

gien Anglais, J. Hunter, dans un Mémoire sur les os fossiles, qui n'a que leur analyse chimique pour objet, et qui est inséré dans les Transactions Philosophiques, donne deux belles figures de crânes d'ours fossiles, les meilleures qui aient paru jusque là, mais sans description détaillée, et en disant pour toute comparaison que les différentes têtes d'ours de cavernes diffèrent autant entre elles qu'elles diffèrent de l'ours polaire, et que toutes ces différences ne surpassent point celles que l'âge peut produire dans les animaux carnassiers; assertion vague et même erronnée."

'A careful and candid perusal of Hunter's Memoir would doubtless have exonerated the author from this charge in the mind of Cuvier, as it must do in that of every unprejudiced reader. But it would still afford a very inadequate notion of the extent to which Hunter had pursued his study of fossil remains. The interest that he took in them is shown by the frequent exhortations towards their collection in his letters to Jenner, and his own collection at his decease included about 1050 specimens, of which there are 259 belonging to the Vertebrate classes (including 70 specimens of fossil fishes, and 40 of reptiles), 116 cephalopods, 166 univalves, 143 bivalves, 35 crustacea, 163 echinodermata, 109 zoophytes, and 50 fossil vegetable productions.'

Pallas and Camper had both contributed their share to the demonstration of the fact that the crust of the earth contained evidences of animals, the species of which had entirely perished. Daubenton had endeavoured to apply comparative anatomy to the determination of fossil bones in a memoir published in 1762; but, as he himself avows, the science was far from being sufficiently advanced to point out with certainty in every case to what species an insulated petrified bone or tooth might have belonged. Few men had done more to bring forward comparative anatomy to the required state than the industrious fellow-labourer of Buffon, at the time when Cuvier entered on his great career as the successor of Daubenton and Mertrud in the department of comparative anatomy, which the former had founded at the Garden of Plants. Cuvier intuitively discerned the vast extent and the supreme interest of the field of research which his predecessors had just entered upon. He lost no time in applying his extraordinary energies and sagacity to its assiduous cultivation, and the primary Memoir on Fossil Elephants will ever make memorable the first 'séance publique de l'Institut National de France,' held 'le 1r pluviôse, an IV' (1796), as being that in which Cuvier first announced his views on extinct animals, and began to develop his principles for their restoration.

These principles, which he termed the 'subordination of organs' and the 'correlation of forms,' are now too well known to need much explanation. A carnivorous animal must have organs of sense and of motion, claws, teeth, jaws, stomach and intestines,

intestines, adapted to perceive, attain, seize, tear, and digest its prey: all these conditions are rigorously chained together; if one were wanting, the rest would have no effect, and the animal could not exist, &c. So likewise of an herbivorous animal: a bone made to support a hoof could only coexist with a connected series of organs equally adapted for subsistence on vegetable food. The recognition of the secondary modifications to which these wider principles are subject in the diversified combinations of Nature, demanded incessant observations and an immense collection of the skeletons of existing animals.

As the field of induction became enlarged by these labours of the great French anatomist, he at length arrived at such confidence in the application of his principles as to require only a molar tooth, or a bone retaining one of its articular surfaces, in order to reconstruct the entire animal to which they belonged, or at least arrive at a clear idea of its general habits, food and affinities.* The applicability of this method of induction to the extent to which it was confided in by Cuvier, has been called in question by his successor, M. de Blainville, whose last work betrays throughout a deplorable tendency to depreciate the achievement of his illustrious Predecessor. But the confidence of comparative anatomists and geologists in the fruitful principle of physiological correlations, if it had ever been shaken by the ingenious and active-minded but somewhat eccentric author of the '*Ostéographie*,' must have been completely restored by the results of the palæontological labour of our distinguished countryman, carried on in the true spirit of Cuvierian inquiry.

Our space would scarcely suffice to give the titles of the numerous Memoirs, Reports, Catalogues, and systematic works in which this class of his researches are recorded, and we shall therefore content ourselves by briefly alluding to those observations which have added new means of comparison, or have led to higher generalisations. Cuvier, we have seen, required a molar tooth, or the articular surface of a bone, as the first step or foundation of the reconstruction. Owen, on receiving the fossil remains of the remarkable extinct animals from South America, which Mr. Darwin had confided to him, on the return of Captain Fitz-Roy's expedition in 1837, found himself in the condition either of abandoning the attempt for want of the Cuvierian essentials, or of discovering some other basis for his inductive operations. The microscope, as we have already seen, was first brought to bear

* 'La première chose à faire dans l'étude d'un animal fossile est de reconnaître la forme de ses dents molaires; on détermine par-là s'il est carnivore ou herbivore; et dans ce dernier cas, on peut s'assurer jusqu'à un certain point de l'ordre d'herbivores auquel il appartient.'—*Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles*, tom. iii. p. 1.

upon the shapeless fragments of fossil teeth, and by the characteristic modifications of the internal structure of those parts, such fragments were found in many instances sufficient to obtain that knowledge for which Cuvier required at least an entire tooth, and that of a particular class of teeth.

This deeper insight into the modifications of dental structure led, moreover, to a knowledge of the nature and affinities of certain extinct species, which the mere form of the grinding surface could not have afforded. Cuvier, for example, having had the opportunity of examining the entire molar teeth of the *Megatherium*, had rightly divined therefrom its phytiphagous nature; and he guessed that the part of plants on which the giant quadruped subsisted were the roots. But the microscopic structure of the teeth was shown by Owen to be of a peculiar character, different from that of all root-eating quadrupeds, and resembling only the intimate structure of the teeth of the sloth. From this correspondence of structure Owen inferred a similarity of materials to be operated on: and, being led by this insight to consider more closely and connectedly the uses of the peculiar proportions and constructions of the limbs and other parts of the skeleton of the *Megatherium*, he arrived at length at that conclusion as to their habits and mode of acquiring their leafy food, which he afterwards more fully developed in his Memoir on the *Mylodon*, and in the equally elaborate one on the *Megatherium*, recently communicated to the Royal Society.

When this bold idea was first broached in the description (1840) of some fragments of the *Megatherium's* skeleton in the collection of fossils brought home by Mr. Darwin, one of the objections which we remember to have heard made during its discussion was, that an animal destined by nature to earn its subsistence by prostrating trees would run a frequent risk of having its head broke by their fall. To this ingenious prevision of contingencies nothing more at the time could be replied than the hope that the instincts of the animal would lead it to modify its mighty operations so as to avoid the impending hazard.

It was not long before both the anticipation of the possible contingencies of the Professor's hypothesis, and the hypothesis itself, were remarkably confirmed by the transmission from Buenos Ayres of the entire fossil skeleton of an animal nearly allied to, but somewhat smaller than, the *Megatherium*, the skull of which exhibited two extensive fractures, one of which had been entirely healed, whilst the other had been in course of reparation, much new bone having been formed at the time of the animal's death. This extraordinary skeleton was purchased by the Royal College of Surgeons, 'where it arrived in many pieces, fragile

from the loss of the animal matter; but after having been restored in some measure to their original tenacity, the parts of the several bones were reunited, the skeleton was articulated, and placed in the Museum'—of which, we may add, it is now the chief ornament.

Few will be able to realise the amount of patient labour, scientific skill, and manual dexterity, of which the result is summed up in this brief passage. But we who saw the dozen boxes of seemingly unintelligible crumbling fragments, when first opened on their arrival at the College, can well understand the blank dismay of the Museum Committee on inspecting the condition of the 'rare skeleton,' and their temporary mistrust of the zealous report on which three hundred good guineas of the College funds had been voted by the Council for its acquisition. Nothing daunted, however, by the chaotic aspect of the whole, and bearing in mind the fairy tale of 'Order and Disorder,' to work went our palæontologist and his assistants. At the voice of the clear-sighted comparative anatomist every bone took its proper place, and the whole fabric—as if under the wand of enchantment,—'rose like an exhalation.'—

'The Sloths, though specially and admirably organised for clinging to the boughs of trees, yet in the course of an existence exclusively spent therein are liable, through unforeseen contingencies of rotten branches or sound ones yielding to the force of winds, to be occasionally thrown to the ground; without attaching undeserved credit to the story of these excellent climbers choosing that abrupt and hazardous mode of descent by preference. The coarse matted hair with which their light body is densely covered is well suited to break the force of such falls, whilst any injury to the brain seems to have been provided against by the strong double bony wall of the cranial cavity, which results from the extension of the air-cells from the frontal along the upper part of the head to the occipital region. But the same structure exists to an equal or greater extent in the *Myiodon*, which according to my interpretation of its organization was not a climber; not subject therefore to a fall. Yet the liability of the *Myiodon*, in the habitual practice of uprending and prostrating large trees, to be struck by the trunk or some of the large branches, must have been greater than that of the Sloth to a fall from its tree; and therefore the advantage to the *Myiodon* of having a double brain-case would not be less.

'Certain it is, that the habits of life, or the conditions under which the *Myiodon* existed, did render it obnoxious to violent blows on the head, and that it was owing to the extensive and deep cellular diploë of the skull, that they were not, in the present instance, death-blows.

'It is at least not probable that any large mammiferous animal could have survived so extensive and complicated a fracture and depression of the vitreous table at the back part of the skull, as that which in the *Myiodon* is here confined to the outer table. Either of the blows, however, to the force of which that strong plate of bone has yielded,

yielded, must have stunned, and, at least, have temporarily disabled the animal; and, if inflicted by the paw of some sufficiently powerful carnivore, would have left the *Mylodon* its easy and unresisting prey. If the skull of an animal so destroyed had been preserved and afterwards discovered in a fossil state, the broken bones would not have presented any of those effects of the reparative processes which are so extensively manifested in the very remarkable specimen under consideration.

‘It is not very probable that the *Mylodon*, if disabled and its skull fractured by a blow received in conflict with another of its kind, would have been suffered to escape: the victorious assailant would in all likelihood have followed up his advantage by a mortal wound, such as an irate *Megatherium* might easily have inflicted with its sharp and ponderous claw, if excited by combative or destructive instinct. Nothing, however, that has yet reached us of the habits of existing *Edentata* would lead to the supposition that the extinct ones were actuated by these instincts, or were characterised by less peaceful habits than those of the Sloths, the Ant-eaters, and Armadillos of the present day. Only in self-defence against the carnivorous Jaguar, or Puma, is the strong-clawed Ant-eater (*Myrmecophaga jubata*) reported to use successfully its powerful weapons, with the analogues of which a *Mylodon* or *Megatherium* might be conjectured to have produced the injuries in our present fossil, on the combative hypothesis of their origin. But in the conflict of the great Ant-eater with the Jaguar, the predatory assailant is overcome by the pertinacity of the grasp, not by the force of the blow. The only analogies, therefore, by which we can test the conjecture that the injuries in question were inflicted by another *Megatherioid* animal, diminish its probability.

‘There is no certain or conclusive evidence that human beings coexisted with the *Megatherian* animals; but assuming a primæval race of Indians to have disputed the lordship of the American forests with the edentate giants, and to have waged against them, as against all other inferior animals, a war of extermination; the same difficulty presents itself to the supposition of the recovery and escape of a stunned *Mylodon* from their deadly assaults with clubs and other weapons, as from the claws and teeth of the beast of prey; for the flesh of the leaf-eating *Megatherian* would doubtless be as much prized for food by a human destroyer as that of the Sloth is by the Indians of the present day.

‘With these difficulties, therefore, opposing themselves to the conjectures which naturally rise in the mind at the first view of the injuries on the skull of the extinct *Mylodon*, and which suggest the hostile attacks of some other animal as their cause, we are compelled to refer those injuries to the effects of some inanimate force, which, having felled the *Mylodon* and temporarily disabled it, was spent, and could not follow up the blow. To a huge denizen of the woods what accident more likely to produce such injuries than the fall of a tree; and what inhabitant of the forest more obnoxious to such an accident than one destined by its organisation to be habitually engaged in uprooting,

and therefore in danger from the descent of heavy trees? The form of the healed, as well as of the partly healed, fracture, in both of which the fissures diverge from a longitudinal instead of radiating from a central depression, accords better with a blow from a branch or trunk of a tree than with one inflicted by the point of a large claw. It must, therefore, be conceded, that both the injuries, and the structure of the skull by which their immediate fatal effects have been obviated, accord with the habits assigned to the megatherian animals in the present Memoir; while they can receive no elucidation from, nor appear in any way connected with, the acts of digging the earth for roots, or ants, or for concealment, which have been severally conjectured to be the habitual labour of the Megatherioids by Cuvier, D'Alton, and De Blainville.'—(*Description of the Mylodon robustus*, p. 156.)

In the attempt to reconstruct and place amongst the Zoological series some of the singular extinct animals of South America, indicated by Mr. Darwin's importations, the rules prescribed by Cuvier as to the first step in the process could not be followed, for the simple reason that not one fragment of tooth had been recovered. Owen had, therefore, to look out for other characters besides the grinding surface of the molar teeth, the shape of phalanges, and the articular extremities of bones: and Science has to thank him for adding to those bases of inductive superstructure which Cuvier had laid down, *the marks left by blood-vessels and by nerves on the hard bones*. The first of these novel characters he applies with singular success in the restoration of a remarkable quadruped, of which the best preserved remains seem to have been some neck bones found petrified in a cliff on the barren shores of Patagonia. These vertebræ were as long as those of a Giraffe, but differed in the absence of the perforation for the vertebral artery in the transverse process which that beautiful creature has in common with almost every species of Mammal. Owen had detected a solitary exception to this rule in the Camel tribe, and he points out many minor marks of resemblance between the fossil in question and the cervical vertebræ of those small South American forms of *Camelidæ*, called Llamas or Vicuñas, which Illiger groups under the generic name of *Auchenia*. To the gigantic extinct species thus restored Professor Owen has therefore given the name of *Macrauchenia Patachonica*.—(*Fossil Mammalia of the Voyage of the Beagle*, 1838, p. 35.)

With regard to the inductions from a study of the canals and grooves by which the nerves traverse and leave their impress upon bones, Mr. Owen was compelled to avail himself of these characters in his attempt to define the nature and affinities of the animal to which a single fragment of the cranium—the subject of Plate xvi. of the work above cited—belonged. Most Palæontologists

tologists would, we believe, have given up the task in despair: it is certain that similar fragments equally wanting alveoli and teeth have long remained undeciphered in the unarranged stores at the Garden of Plants. We are forced to refer the naturalist interested in this novel application of a previously neglected osteological character to Owen's own 'Description of a Fragment of a Cranium of an extinct Mammal, indicative of a new Genus of Edentata, and for which is proposed the name of *Glossotherium*'—but we cannot omit the following testimony to the merits of this restoration from the *Traité Élémentaire de Palæontologie* by the esteemed Professor of Geneva, M. Pictet:

'Le genre des *Glossotherium* Owen a été établi uniquement sur la partie postérieure du crâne d'une espèce perdue. M. Owen l'a décrit dans un Mémoire remarquable, et qui peut servir de modèle pour montrer combien un observateur sagace et ingénieux peut tirer d'un fragment d'os, qui paraîtrait à bien d'autres devoir être rejeté comme inutile.'—vol. i. p. 234.

The Memoirs on the *Toxodon platensis*, *Myiodon Darwinii*, and *Scelidotherium leptoccephalum*, will equally repay the student; nor must we omit to notice the determination of remains of the Horse as coeval in South America, with those of the extinct animals above described. In reference to this unexpected discovery, Mr. Owen says:—

'The Horse which, as regards the American continent, had once become extinct, has again been introduced, and now ranges in countless troops over the Pampas and Savannahs of the New World. If the small Opossums of South America had been in like manner imported into Europe, and were now established, like the Squirrels and Dormice, in the forests of France, an analogous case would exist to that of the Horse in South America, as the fossil *Didelphys* of Montmartre proves.'

As neither the absence of molar teeth in the case of the *Macrauchenia*, nor the want both of teeth and of bones of the extremities in the case of the *Glossotherium*, had baffled our Palæontologist, so neither could the mere fragment of the shaft of a limb-bone resist his powers of interpretation, although every trace of the articular extremities, deemed essential by Cuvier for the requisite insight, was wanting.

We would request any reader who may have the third volume of the Zoological Transactions at hand to turn to Plate III., where he will find figured the fragment of the bone in question;—and we may venture to say that the more he may be conversant with comparative anatomy the better he will appreciate the reticence, not to say repugnance, manifested by some influential members of the Publication Committee of the Zoological Society,

Society, in regard to hazarding the assignment of a place in its Transactions to the Memoir founded on such materials. The bone in question had been brought to the Hunterian Museum and offered for sale by an individual who averred that it came originally from New Zealand, and this was the sole point on which Mr. Owen entertained any misgiving; as to the evidence from the fragment itself, after carefully scrutinizing *the texture of the bone*, he concluded that it belonged to the class of birds, and to the Struthious order in that class. The fragment is shown to be part of a thigh-bone of a bird larger than the Ostrich, but not exactly corresponding in its characters with the Ostrich's femur. 'From this difference,' writes Owen, 'I conclude our extinct bird to have been a heavier and more sluggish species than the Ostrich; its femur, and probably its whole leg, was shorter and thicker.' He proceeds to say:—

'The discovery of the relic of a large Struthious bird in New Zealand is one of peculiar interest, on account of the remarkable character of the existing fauna of that island, which still includes one of the most extraordinary and anomalous genera of the Struthious order, and because of the close analogy which the event indicated by the present relic offers to the extinction of the Dodo of the islands of the Mauritius and Roderigue. So far as a judgment can be formed from a single fragment,* it seems probable that the bird to which the above described bone belonged, presented proportions more nearly resembling those of the Dodo than of any of the existing Struthionidæ. In the partially explored state of the islands of New Zealand it would be premature to pronounce the large Struthious bird thus indicated to be extinct. The present notice, it is hoped, may tend to accelerate its discovery, if it be still in being, or may stimulate to the collection of the remaining parts of the skeleton, if the species no longer exists.'

Copies of the last-cited Memoir—(November, 1839)—were despatched forthwith to many residents in New Zealand, and special letters were addressed to the few personally known to Mr. Owen, strongly urging the prosecution of inquiries amongst the natives as to the existence of such fossil or semi-fossil remains. Three years elapsed, and in the mean while opinions were freely offered as to the fragmentary specimen, and the startling prediction based upon it; indeed we learn from an eminent geologist that 'this fragment so much resembled in its general appearance the marrow-bone of an ox, as actually to have been regarded as such

* We well remember seeing this fragment of the shaft of a femur when it first arrived, and hearing the opinion of the Professor as to the bird to which it must have belonged. He took, in our presence, a piece of paper, and drew the outline of what he conceived to be the complete bone. The fragment, from which alone he deduced his conclusions, was six inches in length and five inches and a half in its smallest circumference; both extremities had been broken off. When a perfect bone arrived, and was laid on the paper, it fitted the outline *exactly*.

by more than one eminent naturalist of this metropolis.' At length in November, 1843, a large box of specimens arrived, addressed by the Rev. W. Williams, church missionary in New Zealand, to Dr. Buckland, whose lectures he had attended, accompanied by a letter dated 'Poverty Bay, New Zealand, February 28, 1842,' suggesting that one set of the specimens should be retained in the Geological Museum at Oxford. Buckland, with his characteristic liberality, directed that the whole series should be submitted in the first instance to the Hunterian Professor. We had the good fortune to be present when the long expected case was opened, and that whitest day will ever be remembered. As each bone of the feathered giant was taken out it was impossible to repress exclamations; but when the enormous tibia came within our grasp, it was flourished aloft with a shout of wonder and joy that made the Museum ring again. Fortunately, we wore no wig, as dear Mr. Oldbuck did, or it certainly would have been hurled upwards, where it would probably have ornamented one of the many antlers which overhung us, as Jonathan's cocked-hat stuck on the chandelier at Wardour Castle when he skimmed it in the air on receiving the intelligence which enabled him to order Mr. Sweepclean to sweep himself clean of the premises.

The series consisted of 47 bones, including tibiae or leg-bones, respectively of the length of 35 inches, 29 inches, 25 inches, 15½ inches, and 8¾ inches. These, with thigh-bones and ankle-bones to match, fully confirmed the prevision that the great Struthious bird of New Zealand was a heavier and less swift species, with shorter and more powerful limbs than the Ostrich; it was moreover shown to have had three toes. But what Owen could not have calculated upon were, the evidences now transmitted of wingless birds, not merely surpassing the Ostrich in the degree indicated by the first fragment, but towering to the altitude of 10 or 11 feet—demonstrating, in fact, the former existence in New Zealand of birds more than double the bulk of the largest African Ostrich. Not fewer than five species of these probably extinct wingless birds were determined—and the generic characters being now sufficiently illustrated, the name of *Dinornis* was proposed for the largest. The Memoir containing figures of these specimens and Mr. Owen's reasonings on the probable food and habits of the bird, was communicated to the Zoological Society, November 28, 1843.* Specimens from different parts of both islands of New Zealand began now rapidly

* The largest of the bones here described is that introduced into the portrait of Owen now at Drayton Manor;—one of the best works of Mr. Pickersgill—on whom, after Sir T. Lawrence's death, Sir Robert Peel relied for the completion of his Gallery of Modern Worthies.

to follow each other. In 1846 a second genus (*Palapteryx*) of the large terrestrial birds, together with four additional species and two, at least, well-marked varieties were established, principally by bones of the extremities: different vertebræ, a sternum, and cranial portions of the skulls of two distinct species were at the same time contributed towards the restoration of the entire skeleton of the apparently extinct gigantic bird. In 1848 the entire skull and beak were described and figured, and two other genera, *Aptornis* and *Notornis*, were founded on small petrified remains. The latter genus has since been discovered to be represented by a living species in the middle island, and proves to be precisely what Owen had predicted from the few fragments of the skeleton at his command, viz. a gigantic Coot, subgenerically distinct from the nearest allied species *Porphyrio*.

In a Paper (February, 1850), Owen gives a restoration of the entire feet of *Dinornis* and *Palapteryx*, and a description of the sternal bone in the *Palapteryx* and *Notornis*. His last Memoir on the subject (November, 1850) is devoted to the description of almost entire skulls and beaks of some of the largest of these gigantic birds, and also of a fragment of a wing-bone (*humerus*), which, from its diminutive size and want of processes, fully bears out the Professor's original inference as to the arrested state of the development of the wings in the *Dinornis*. The skeleton of this stupendous bird, as restored by the succession of laborious comparisons which we have mentioned, is now one of the most striking objects in the centre of the great Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons.

All criticisms and misgivings as to the original audacious induction from the fragment of the supposed marrow-bone being thus quashed, there remained only attempts at detraction from the merit of the discovery. One of these amenities Mr. Owen has disposed of in a note to his third Memoir, and we shall devote a note to another.*

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* Dr. Mantell, in a paper 'On the Fossil Remains of Birds collected in New Zealand, by Mr. Walter Mantell,'—*Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society* for August, 1848—says:—'I do not deem it necessary to enlarge on the question whether the *Dinornis* and *Palapteryx* still exist in New Zealand. On this point I would only remark, that Mr. Colenso, who was the first observer that investigated the nature of the fossil remains with due care and the requisite scientific knowledge—(having determined the Struthious affinities of the birds to which the bones belonged, and pointed out their remarkable characters ere any intelligence could have reached him of the result of Professor Owen's examination of the specimens transmitted to this country)—has given in his masterly paper before quoted very cogent reasons for the belief that none of the true Moas exist, though it is probable the last of the race were exterminated by the early inhabitants of these islands.' The emphasis of the italics is Dr. Mantell's: the paper he cites is from the *Number of the Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for August, 1844. In it Mr. Colenso refers to a visit which he made, in the summer of 1838, to the tribes of the East Cape district, and to the stories which he heard from them

Every objection that could be raised against the 'Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles'—every statement which might detract from the merit and originality of Baron Cuvier's greatest work—seem to have been exhausted in the Treatise on the same subject by his successor at the Garden of Plants—M. de Blainville. But the only comment in the 'Ostéographie des cinq Classes d'Animaux Vertèbres' which really applies, is perhaps that (p. 6) which reflects on the want of order and method in the 'Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles,' and which characterises it, as indeed Cuvier himself is far from dissembling, as a collection of detached Memoirs previously scattered through the scientific journals of his time. This, however, was the inevitable condition of laying the foundations of an almost new science, and is no fault of the truly great and original work which will continue to be consulted with profit when the very name of Blainville is forgotten. The Historian of Science will have to note by which of the successors of the illustrious Cuvier a more consecutive and systematic study of the fossil remains of any part of the world has been carried out.

them 'of a certain monstrous animal, which some said was a *bird*, and others a *person*, but all agreed that it was called a *Moa*. As a matter of course, I treated the whole story as fabulous; and I could not but think what an excellent companion for the celebrated *roc* of oriental story, and fairy tale for the nursery, it would have made.'—p. 82. So much for the journey in 1838. In December, 1839, Professor Owen despatched to New Zealand copies of his first Memoir, as printed in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society, and they were received before the close of 1840. Mr. Colenso's paper is dated May 1st, 1842. 'In 1841-2,' proceeds Mr. Colenso, 'I again visited those parts.' He procured from the natives some bones, declared by them to be true *Moa* bones. 'These bones, seven in number, were all imperfect, and comprised five *femora*, and one *tibia*, and one which I have not been able satisfactorily to determine. . . . Leaving Waiapu, and proceeding by the coast towards the south, I arrived at Poverty Bay, where the Rev. W. Williams resided. This gentleman had had the good fortune to procure a nearly whole *tibia* of an immense bird, without, however, the entire processes of either end. Mr. Williams wishing to send this unique relic to Oxford, I left a pair of *femora* to accompany it, in order, if possible, to obtain from that seat of learning some light on these interesting remains.' We have seen what amount of light was obtained from their examination in Mr. Owen's second Memoir. Dr. Mantell, who takes no account of the influence of the dispersion of the first Memoir in New Zealand, between 1839 and 1841-2, seems only to be acquainted with Mr. Colenso's paper as printed in the 'Annals of Natural History,' in 1844. We have been at the pains to look through the numbers of the 'Tasmanian Journal,' and we find Mr. Colenso's account of his excursion in 1841-2, in vol. ii., No. VIII., printed in 1844. From this it appears that Mr. C. embarked on the excursion which led to his first recognition of the remains of large birds in New Zealand, November 19th, 1841,—just two years after the publication of Owen's first Memoir on the New Zealand Struthious Birds, larger and more Dodo-like than the Ostrich. Moreover, the same number of the Tasmanian Journal which contains Mr. Colenso's 'Memoranda of his Excursion' (p. 210), also reprints (p. 239) from the 'Athenæum, No. 850,' the report of Professor Owen's lecture 'On the Wingless Birds of New Zealand,' delivered at the Royal Institution! The statement of these facts detracts nothing from the merit of Mr. Colenso's observations—but what becomes of Dr. Mantell's affirmation 'that Mr. Colenso was the first observer that investigated the nature of the fossil remains with due care and the requisite scientific knowledge?'

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That such superstructures should speedily be raised upon the broad and well-laid foundations of Palæontology was not to be doubted: and the successor whom England has produced has not been slow in contributing his share to the goodly edifice. From the special Memoirs written by Mr. Owen, which would now fill some volumes, we have limited ourselves to the notice of those only in which the principles or foundations for the study and determination of fossil remains have received new additions — *e. g.* the osseous texture, as in the case of the *Dinornis*, the microscopic tissue of the teeth (*Megatherium*, *Labyrinthodon*, &c.) and the vascular and nervous foramina and impressions upon fossil bones (*Macrauchenia* and *Glossotherium*). With these accessions to the Palæontological tool-house, and well versed in the use of all its instruments, Mr. Owen has applied them to the consecutive and systematic study of two great classes of the Fossil Organic Remains: and apparently conceiving that the first duty of a Naturalist is to elucidate the natural history of his own country, he has commenced by the History of the Fossil Reptilia and Mammalia of Great Britain. The results first appeared in elaborate Reports to the British Association, those on our Fossil Reptiles being published by that body in 1839 and 1841, and those on British Fossil Mammalia, in 1842 and 1843.

The Association wisely left the Professor unfettered as to the time and form of the ulterior publication of the fully developed and illustrated works on those subjects. For one of them—*viz.*, in his *History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds* (1848)—he has adopted the convenient form of the octavo, with woodcut illustrations.

The illustrations of the more extensive History of the Fossil Reptiles were on too large a scale for an octavo, and a portion have been engraved in illustration of 'Monographs,' contributed to the Palæontographical Society. The matter of these papers has been expanded and methodised into a systematic History of British Fossil Reptiles, now in the course of publication, of which Five Parts, each illustrated by twenty quarto or folio plates, have appeared. In this work the fossils are described 'stratigraphically,' as it is termed, or according to the formations in which they occur, and Mr. Owen, commencing with the most recent of these, as including the remains of the species most like those now existing, and passing from the more to the less known, has already completed his account of the Fossil Reptiles of the Tertiary and Cretaceous periods. If space permitted we should be tempted to extract the summary remarks with which the author concludes his descriptions of the Eocene Chelonians and Ophi-

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dians—the latter including fossil constrictors from our Kentish and Sussex tertiaryaries of upwards of twenty feet in length. The following paragraphs from the conclusion of the chapter to the Tertiary Crocodiles may, however, afford a sufficient sample of the work :—

‘On reviewing the information which we have derived from the study of the fossil remains of the procœlian *Crocodilia*, that have been discovered in the Eocene deposits of England, the great degree of climatal and geographical change, which this part of Europe must have undergone since the period when every known generic form of that group of reptiles flourished here, must be forcibly impressed upon the mind.

‘At the present day the conditions of earth, air, water, and warmth, which are indispensable to the existence and propagation of these most gigantic of living Saurians, coexist only in the tropical or warmer temperate latitudes of the globe. Crocodiles, Gavials, and Alligators now require, in order to put forth in full vigour the powers of their cold-blooded constitution, the stimulus of a large amount of solar heat, with ample verge of watery space for the evolutions which they practise in the capture and disposal of their prey. Marshes with lakes, extensive estuaries, large rivers inundating the country through which they run, either periodically, as the Nile, for example, or with less regularity, like the Ganges; or which bear a broader current of tepid water along boundless forests and savannahs, like the mighty Amazon or Orinoco, — such form the actual theatres of the tragic existence of the carnivorous and predacious Crocodilian reptiles. And what, then, must have been the extent and configuration of that continent which was drained by the rivers that deposited the masses of clay and sand, accumulated in some parts of the London and Hampshire basins to the height of one thousand feet, and forming the graveyard of countless Crocodiles and Gavials? Whither trended that great stream, once the haunt of Alligators and the resort of tapir-like quadrupeds, the sandy bed of which is now exposed on the upheaved face of Hordwell Cliff?

‘Had any of the human kind existed and traversed the land where now the base of Britain rises from the ocean, he might have witnessed the Gavial cleaving the waters of its native river with the velocity of an arrow, and ever and anon rearing its long and slender snout above the waves, and making the banks re-echo with the loud and sharp snappings of its formidably-armed jaws. He might have watched the deadly struggle between the Crocodile and Palæothere, and have been himself warned by the hoarse and deep bellowings of the Alligator from the dangerous vicinity of its retreat. Our fossil evidences supply us with ample materials for this most strange picture of the animal life of ancient Britain, and what adds to the singularity and interest of the restored “*tableau vivant*,” is the fact that it could not now be presented in any part of the world. The same forms of Crocodilian Reptile, it is true, still exist, but the habitats of the Gavial and the Alligator are wide asunder, thousands of miles of land and ocean intervening: one is peculiar to the tropical rivers of continental Asia, the other

other is restricted to the warmer latitudes of North and South America; both forms are excluded from Africa, in the rivers of which continent true Crocodiles alone are found. Not one representative of the Crocodilian order naturally exists in any part of Europe; yet every form of the order once flourished in close proximity to each other in a territory which now forms part of England.'

In the History of British Fossil Mammals we have a description of every species known up to the date, 1846, of the last number of the work:—to those previously ascertained, many are added, either as new species or as new to Britain; and of all the most characteristic parts are figured in clear woodcuts. Were we not cribbed, cabined, and confined, as to sheets, pages, even lines, we would gladly copy from this most rich volume the treatment of the moot question of the mammalian nature of the jaws of the small Insectivorous quadrupeds discovered in the oolitic slate at Stonesfield (pp. 29-44); the determination of the remains of *Machairodus* in English bone-caves (pp. 174-183); the acute and deep reasoning on the adaptation of the Mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*) by the modifications of its teeth and hide, for existence in the temperate and even cold latitudes where its remains now abound, and to which it had been surmised by Cuvier that they had been carried suddenly from tropical regions by a cataclysmal wave (pp. 261-270); the determination of the rolled cetaceous teeth, tympanics, and other bones in the Red-crag of Suffolk, which have since been discovered in such abundance as to become a valuable article of commerce under the name of 'coprolites' (pp. 526-543). In the Introduction especially we have a very tempting development of those opinions as to the conformity between the recent and extinct Mammalia in regard to their geographical distribution, which the writer had progressively worked out in previous Essays. But as we have proposed chiefly to notice the more general laws that have resulted from Mr. Owen's researches, we confine ourselves to his remarks on this great topic:—

'In the endeavour to trace the origin of our existing Mammalia, I have been led to view them as descendants of a fraction of a peculiar and extensive Mammalian Fauna which overspread Europe and Asia at a period geologically recent, yet incalculably remote and long anterior to any evidence or record of the human race. It would appear, indeed, even from the comparisons which the present state of Palæontology permits to be instituted between the recent and extinct Mammalian Faunæ of other great natural divisions of dry land, that these divisions also severally possessed a series of Mammalia, as distinct and peculiar in each, during the pliocene period, as at the present day. When such a comparison is restricted to the Fauna of a limited locality, especially an insular one, the discrepancy between the

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the pliocene extinct and the existing groups of Mammalia, appears to be extreme. But if we regard Great Britain in connection with the rest of Europe, and if we extend our view of the geographical distribution of extinct Mammals beyond the limits of technical geography—and it needs but a glance at the map to detect the artificial character of the line which divides Europe from Asia—we shall then find a close and interesting correspondence between the extinct Europæo-Asiatic Mammalian Fauna of the pliocene period, and that of the present day. The very fact of the pliocene Fossil Mammalia of England being almost as rich in generic and specific forms as those of Europe, leads, as already stated, to the inference that the intersecting branch of the ocean which now divides this island from the Continent, did not then exist as a barrier to the migration of the Mastodons, Mammoths, Rhinoceroses, Hippopotamuses, Bisons, Oxen, Horses, Tigers, Hyænas, Bears, &c., which have left such abundant traces of their former existence in the superficial unstratified deposits and caves of Great Britain. Now, in the Europæo-Asiatic expanse of dry land, species continue to exist of nearly all those genera which are represented by pliocene and post-pliocene Mammalian fossils of the same natural continent and of the immediately adjacent island of Great Britain. The Bear has its haunts in both Europe and Asia; the Beaver of the Rhone and Danube represents the great *Trogontherium*; the *Lagomys* and the Tiger exist on both sides of the Himalayan mountain chain; a *Hyæna* ranges through Syria and Hindostan; the Bactrian Camel typifies the huge *Merycotherium* of the Siberian drift; the Elephant and Rhinoceros are still represented in Asia, though now confined to the south of the Himalays. The true *Macacques* are peculiar to Asia, and a closely allied subgenus (*Inuus*) is naturalized on the Rock of Gibraltar at the present day. A fossil species of *Macacus* was associated with the Elephant and Rhinoceros in England during the period of the deposition of the newer pliocene fresh-water beds. The more extraordinary extinct forms of *Mammalia* called *Elasmotherium* and *Sivatherium*, have their nearest existing pachydermal and ruminant analogues in the same continent to which those fossils are peculiar. Cuvier places the *Elasmotherium* between the Horse and Rhinoceros: the existing four-horned Antelopes, like their gigantic extinct analogues the *Sivathere* and *Bramathere*, are peculiar to India.

The Mediterranean and Red Seas constitute a less artificial boundary between Africa and the Europæo-Asiatic continent, than that which, on our maps, divides Europe from Asia; yet those narrow seas form a slight demarcation as compared with the vast oceans which divide the old from the new worlds of the geographer, or these from the Australian continents. The continuity of Africa with Asia is still, indeed, preserved by a narrow isthmus, near to which, within the historical period, the Hippopotamus descended, venturing down the Nile almost to its mouth. May it not be regarded, as part of the same general concordance of geographical distribution, that the genus *Hippopotamus*, extinct in England, in Europe, and in Asia, should continue to be represented in Africa and in none of the remoter continents

tinents of the earth?—Africa also having its Hyæna, its Elephant, its Rhinoceroses, and its great feline Carnivores. The discovery of extinct species of *Camelopardalis* in both Europe and Asia, of which genus the sole existing representative is now, like the Hippopotamus, confined to Africa, adds to the propriety of regarding the three continuous continental divisions of the Old World as forming, in respect to the geographical distribution of pliocene, post-pliocene and recent Mammalian genera, one great natural province. The only large Edentate animal (*Pangolin gigantesque*, Cuvier, *Macrotherium*, Lartet) hitherto found in the tertiary deposits of Europe, but in those of an earlier period (older pliocene or miocene) than the deposits to whose Mammalian Fossils the present comparison more immediately refers, manifests its nearest affinities to the genus *Manis*, which is exclusively Asiatic and African.

‘Extending our comparison between the existing and the latest of the extinct series of Mammalia to the continent of South America, it may be first remarked, that with the exception of some of the Carnivorous and Cervine species, no representatives of the above-cited Mammalian genera of the Old World of the geographer have yet been found in South America. Buffon long since enunciated a similar generalization with regard to the existing species and genera of Mammalia; it is almost equally true in respect of the fossil. Not a relic of an Elephant, a Rhinoceros, a Hippopotamus, a Bison, a Hyæna, or a Lagomys, has yet been detected in the caves of the more recent tertiary deposits of South America. On the contrary, most of the Fossil Mammalia from those formations are as distinct from the Europæo-Asiatic forms, as they are closely allied to the peculiarly South American existing genera of Mammalia.

‘Pangolins still exist in Asia and in Africa, and, as we have seen, a gigantic extinct species of the *Manis* has been found in the middle tertiary beds of Europe, but not a trace of a scaly Anteater, recent or extinct, has been discovered in South America, where the Edentate order is so richly represented by other generic and specific forms.

‘South America alone is now inhabited by species of Sloth, of Armadillo, of Cavy, Aguti, *Ctenomys*, and *Platyrrhine* Monkey; but no fossil remains of a quadruped referable to any of these genera have yet been discovered in Europe, Asia, or Africa. The types of *Bradypus* (Sloths) and *Dasybus* (Armadillos) were, however, richly represented by diversified and gigantic specific forms in South America, during the geological periods immediately preceding the present; and fossil remains of extinct species of *Cavia*, *Cælogenys*, *Ctenomys*, and *Cebus*, have hitherto been detected exclusively in the continent where these genera still as exclusively exist. *Auchenia* more remotely typifies *Macrauchenia*. The Murine fossils in the rich collection of remains from Brazilian caverns, lately received at the British Museum, all belong to the genus *Hesperomys*, the aboriginal living representative of the *Muridæ* in South America; not a single fossil is referable to a true Old World *Mus*, though numbers of the common Rat and Mouse have been imported into South America since its discovery by Europeans.

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With regard to the Sloths and Armadillos, they now seem, after the rich harvest of bulky Glyptodons, Mylodons, Pachytheriums, and the more gigantic Megatherioid species, to be the last remnants of a Mammalian Fauna, which once almost equalled in the size and number of its species that of the Europæo-Asiatic expanse, and was as peculiarly characteristic of the remote continent in which almost all its representatives have been entombed.

‘Australia, in like manner, yields evidence of an analogous correspondence between its last extinct and its present aboriginal Mammalian Fauna, which is the more interesting on account of the very peculiar organization of most of the native quadrupeds of that division of the globe. That the Marsupialia form one great natural group is now generally admitted by zoologists; the representatives in that group of many of the orders of the more extensive placental sub-class of the Mammalia of the larger continents have also been recognised in the existing genera and species:—the *Dasyures*, for example, play the parts of the *Carnivora*, the Bandicoots of the *Insectivora*, the Phalangers of the *Quadrumanæ*, the Wombat of the *Rodentia*, and the Kangaroos, in a remoter degree, that of the *Ruminantia*. The first collection of Mammalian Fossils from the ossiferous caves of Australia brought to light the former existence on that continent of larger species of the same peculiar Marsupial genera:—some, as the *Thylacine*, and the *Dasyurine* sub-genus represented by the *Das. ursinus*, are now extinct on the Australian continent, but still exist on the adjacent island of Tasmania; the rest being Wombats, Phalangers, Potoroos and Kangaroos,—the latter of portentous stature. Subsequently, and after a brief interval, we obtain a knowledge of the former existence of a type of the Marsupial group, exemplified by the genera *Diprotodon* and *Nototherium*, which represented the Pachyderms of the larger continents, and which seems now to have disappeared from the face of the Australasian earth. The genus *Mastodon* forms an exception to that continental localization, not only of existing, but of pliocene and post-pliocene extinct genera of Mammalia above briefly dwelt upon. The solitary character, however, of this exception serves rather to establish the rule: at least, I know of no other extinct genus of Mammal which was so cosmopolitan as the *Mastodon*: it was represented by species, for the most part very closely allied, if actually distinct, in Europe, in Asia, in North and South America, and in Australia: it is the only aboriginal genus of quadruped in Australia which was represented by other species in other parts of the world.

‘The most remarkable local existing Fauna, in regard to terrestrial vertebrated animals, is that of the islands of New Zealand, with which geologists have been made familiar by Mr. Lyell’s indication of its close analogy with the state of animal life during the period of the Wealden formation. The only terrestrial Mammalian quadruped hitherto discovered in New Zealand is a small rat. The unequivocally indigenous representatives of the warm-blooded Vertebrata are birds, of which the *Apteryx* is the most peculiar. It is the smallest known species of the Struthious or wingless order, has the feeblest rudiments of the anterior members,

members, and not any of its bones are permeated by air-cells. This bird forms the most striking and characteristic type of the proper or primitive Fauna of New Zealand.

'The organic remains of the most recent deposits of the North Island, which are most probably contemporary with the post-pliocene formations of Australia and Europe, are referable to an apparently extinct genus of Struthious birds, having the nearest affinities to the Apteryx. The remains of this genus (*Dinornis*) appear to be very abundant, notwithstanding the stupendous stature of some of the species. It is reported that a large *Dinornis* still exists in the South Island of New Zealand; and it is not improbable that some of the species may have been living when the human aborigines first set foot on the North Island. But the bones which have reached me from that island, although retaining much of their animal matter, are more or less impregnated with ferruginous salts, and may have lain in an argillaceous soil for as long a period as some of the latest extinct Mammals of Australia, South America, and Europe. Not a trace of a fossil quadruped has been found in New Zealand; but our present knowledge of the living and the last-extirpated Fauna of the warm-blooded animals of that small but far distant and isolated portion of earth, shows that the same close analogy existed between them, as has been exemplified in the corresponding Fauna of larger natural divisions of the dry land on the present surface of this planet.

'Additional facts, and the means of extending our comparisons by the collection of the fossils of distant lands, are most desirable in order to precisely define the laws of the geographical distribution of the Mammalia of the pliocene and post-pliocene periods: and to speak of the sum of the present observations under the term "law," may, perhaps, be deemed premature. But the generalizations first enunciated in my Report to the British Association in 1844, seemed to be sufficiently extensive and unexceptionable to render them of importance in a scientific consideration of the present distribution of the highest organized and last-created class of animals; and to show that, with extinct as with existing Mammalia, particular forms were assigned to particular provinces, and, what is still more interesting and suggestive, that the same forms were restricted to the same provinces at the pliocene periods, as they are at the present day.'

This is not the only example of our author's capacity of generalizing from the data afforded by the wrecks of former worlds: whilst in comprehensive systematic works he necessarily incorporates the facts of others, he can discern in those which he borrows indications of an unknown law which had escaped their discoverers. Of this we have an instance in the introduction (*Odontogr.*, p. 523) to his account of the dentition of the ancient Mammal discovered in the Eocene quarries at Montmartre and restored by CUVIER:—

'The Anoplothere was one of the earliest forms of Hoofed quadruped introduced upon the surface of this earth, and it is characterised by

by the most complete system of dentition: it not only possessed incisors and canines in both jaws, but these were so equally developed that they formed one unbroken series with the premolars and molars. . . . Those teeth which are transitorily manifested in the embryo-state of the modern Ruminant, as the upper incisors and canines, and the anterior premolars, were, in the ancient Anoplothere, retained and raised to proportional equality with the rest of the teeth. What is suppressed in the Ruminant Order is developed in excess in other artiodactyle Herbivora, as, for example, in the Hippopotamus and Babyrussa; and almost every kind and degree of variety, save that of increased number of teeth, has been superinduced, in later and existing forms of Hoofed Mammals, upon the primitive Anoplotherian formula—which may therefore be regarded as the type or perfect standard of the dentition of the great natural group of *Ungulata*.’

The true nature and affinities of the Anoplotherium are further elucidated in a fine Memoir of November 3, 1847:—

‘The retention of the full complement of the Ungulate dentition in the Anoplotherium, the persistence of the division of its cannon-bones—or rather of the individuality of its two chief metacarpals and metatarsals—and the non-development of horns at any period of life, all contribute to give it the character rather of an overgrown embryo-Ruminant—of a Ruminant in which growth had proceeded with arrest of development—than of a Pachyderm or animal of a different order of Mammalia.’

Claudite jam rivos: in so far, we have, as we hope, concentrated the practical effects of the Professor's works. In an early number we purpose to re-open the subject and take up the most interesting part of it: the principles, namely, involved in his treatment of the Unity of Organization—including Parthenogenesis, and the still more important theory of the archetype and homologies of the animal structures.

ART. VI.—*Notices sur les Voyages faits en Belgique par des Etrangers.* Par Isidoor Hye. Ghent, 1847.

M. ISIDOR HYE, now law professor in the University of Ghent, had previously employed many years in searching archives, public and private, for any documents that could throw fresh light on the early history of his countrymen. He had especially laboured to trace out every remarkable foreigner who, having visited Flanders, had left MS. records of his observations;—it being his intention to classify and publish everything of this sort. Chance, which is seldom thrown away on men of his stamp, made him aware of the existence of some contemporaneous accounts of the travels of a Bohemian in the middle of the fifteenth

century. Once on the track he never folded his arms until he discovered the indicated prize. He then printed in a separate form those portions which bore exclusively on Flanders—illustrating, however, the original text by a general epitome, for which he was well qualified by personal knowledge of England, of France, and particularly of the localities and literature of Spain.

The worthy disinterred by our Professor was a great traveller for A.D. 1465-7. Like Ulysses of old, he saw many cities, and studied the minds of many men and the manners of many nations. It is no trifling addition that he was everywhere brought into contact with master-spirits who have been immortalized by Comines, Froissart, Shakspeare, and Walter Scott—the marking names of an epoch when old things were passing away, and the dawn of most momentous changes was breaking.

The journals written by two of his companions have fortunately escaped the wreck of ages: and here events and characters are realised, which in the misty distance of four centuries, 'the dark backward and abyss of time,' had, in spite of genius, loomed before us rather as picturesque abstractions and fictions of fancy than as historical verities. In our own country, as yet, public attention has hardly been sufficiently called to these chronicles; nor is it easy to account for this neglect at a moment when archæological analysis and geographical investigation are so industriously pursued—when fastidious curiosity, sated it would seem with the commonplace of daily bread, finds a livelier flavour in potted meats of the Past; when cities buried for scores of centuries are disinterred by our Layards;—when writings on the wall that puzzled Belshazzar and his sages—languages dead ere those of Athens and Rome were formed—are read off at sight by our Wilkinsons and Rawlinsons;—when, in short, every tatter is collected by which the dry bones of antiquity may be reclothed—and those now before us are anything but marrowless.

With regard to the true objects and purposes of this Bohemian expedition, let us say that we hope our readers have already profited by a masterly volume lately published with the title of 'History of England under the House of Lancaster':—and especially by its careful account of John Wycliffe. The blow dealt by the 'Gospel Doctor' of Balliol College to the fetters forged at Rome for the mind of man, found, as this work shows in detail, a distinct echo in the contemplative centre of Europe. Scarcely had the illustrious Englishman died (1387) ere his doctrines were promulgated in Prague by natives who had studied at Oxford. They were eagerly embraced, though somewhat modified, by John Huss, from the sparks of whose *auto de fe*, in 1415, a flame blazed forth, which the blood of thousands has not extinguished.

tinguished. The antipapal views of this martyr were taken up by a feudal aristocracy, who ill brooked the submission of the sword to the crozier; and if their conscientious zeal was quickened by the hope of sharing the spoil of an overgrown church, let us remember under what motives our own great Reformer, Henry VIII., was subsequently hallooed on by his peers. The sceptre of Bohemia was then wielded by George of Podiebrad. Born in 1420, of the noble stock of Kunstadt, he had risen by his military and political merits to be one of the Regents during the minority of Ladislas, after whose premature and suspicious death he was elected to the throne in 1458. From his youth upwards he had sincerely adopted the doctrines of Wycliffe and Huss. His reply to a Roman Catholic who urged him to conform at least outwardly was, 'I am persuaded of my religion; if I adopt yours, I may deceive men, but not God who sees into hearts.' The notorious prelate, Rockysana, was the evil genius of the King—the Vatican was the rock on which his fortunes were wrecked—and his coronation oath to uphold the faith of Rome—*si non jurabis non regnabis*—the beginning of his end. This Rockysana, a vacillating Marplot, at first denounced the Pope as the Anti-Christ, and was considered by the Reformers as likely to become a second Huss; subsequently, bribed by the mitre of Prague, he became the zealous slave of *Anti-Christ*. He was the legate when the alarmed Pontiff made a 'compact' with the Reformers, and ceded the use of the 'cup,'—a compact broken as soon as the 'Holy See' felt reassured. *Nulla fides servanda est hereticis*. The King, influenced by this double-dealing priest, adopted a temporising policy, in the vain hope of conciliating an antagonist who is never to be satisfied except by prostrate submission. His reign was harassed; dark and many were the clouds that gathered round the setting of a career of such glorious promise. In 1464 he was cited by Pius II. to Rome, and in 1465 formally excommunicated by Paul II.* his kingdom was then rent by internal dissensions, and a crusade of blood was preached abroad. Even his own near kinsman, Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, turned against him, unable to resist

* Rockysana, according to some Bohemian annalists, on his deathbed cited George to meet him at Heaven's tribunal, and within one month the King followed the prelate to the grave. Thus, in 1314, the martyr Templar de Molay summoned Philip le Bel and the false Pope Clement V.; thus Ferdinand IV. of Spain, El Emplazado, was called to his account in 1312, thirty days after the citation of the two murdered knights of Martos.—(*Mariana*, xv. ii.) The same period is adhered to in the old Spanish ballad of *Count Alarcos* :—

'Within twelve days in pain and dole the Infanta pass'd away;
The cruel King gave up his soul upon the twentieth day;
Alarcos followed ere the moon had made her round complete;
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment-seat!'

the glittering bait of the crown of Bohemia. George made a gallant defence; nor was he without friends among foreign potentates, to whom the yoke of Rome was equally galling. He determined at a very critical moment to warn his colleagues against the common danger, and urge them to support the standard of religious liberty. It was usual, before permanent diplomatic relations with resident ministers were established between the different rulers of Europe, to send special envoys to conduct important negotiations; and King George selected for this delicate mission Leo von Rosmítal, one of his most distinguished nobles, whose sister, Johanna, he had married.

Truly saith the Preacher 'there is nothing new under the sun';—it matters not whether Pio Secundo or Pio Nono make the sign. Where circumstances are the same, the present can but reproduce the past—the old story must recur and recur in the cycle of events, as the tunes of [a] barrel-organ come round and round; and now again the small cloud portending another war-struggle of religious opinions, such as centuries ago desolated Europe, is visible in the horizon. Soon, in our own case, the experiment will be fully tested, whether a constitutional, limited, and Protestant monarchy can safely co-exist with full-blown Popery—more especially when a hoodwinked legislature has neglected those defences which no Papist State ever lays aside.

Of the accounts of old Leo's embassy, one is by a Bohemian, the other by a German. Compared together, they prove how the statements of *bonâ fide* reporters may vary; idiosyncracies will find self-expression: every man takes in, digests, and reduces to chyle according to his individual capacity. Such discrepancies, now we have changed our old rules of evidence, may suggest to our bench the caution necessary, before wilful falsification is imputed to witnesses whose testimony differs.

The Bohemian scribe, Schassek, was born at Mezyhorts, near Pilsen, and near the ancestral castle of the Ambassador—whom he attended as secretary. His record, written in his vernacular, and evidently kept from day to day, has been lost. It, however, was translated into Latin by Stanislas Pawlowski, canon of Olmütz; and in that town was printed:—'*Commentarius brevis et jucundus Itineris atque Peregrinationis Pietatis et Religionis causâ susceptæ ab illustre et magnifico Domino Leone libero Barone de Rosmítal et Blatna (1577).*' That tome has become very rare. A fine copy, which once belonged to the Jesuits' college at Prague, has been lately secured for the British Museum by the Argus-eyed Panizzi. The other writer was Gabriel Tetzl, a well-born citizen of Nuremburg—whose
original

original MS. was discovered there in 1837, and is now preserved in the library at Munich. The whole subject was soon critically discussed by a literary gazette of that capital; and reproduced at Paris in 1842, in the *Nouvelles Annales des Sciences Géographiques*. It was thus that M. Hye became aware of the existence of the old narratives. Finally, the Latin translation of Schassek was combined with the never-before printed text of Tetzel, and both appeared together for the first time in 1844, under the auspices of a literary society at Stüttgardt.

Tetzel's Commentary—an interesting and really important specimen of the German language of that age—was certainly composed after his return. Incorrect in nomenclature and order of events, it reads like the tale of a traveller at his fireside, a yarn of aldermanic gossiping. Either our authors were not intrusted with the secret object of the mission, or both have maintained a diplomatic reserve. The pen of Schassek is chiefly devoted to chronicling great personages, relics, passports, distances, and names of places. Tetzel, fortunately for us, finds more room for details of private life. The two journalists, however, had points in common—it is evident that even the exemplary Secretary-in-Chief was not fonder of red tape of the best dye than, like Tetzel, of pretty women and a well-spread table. Both were free from the modern plague of book-making, which disturbs the rest of literary sentinels like ourselves. Moreover, even the Bohemian writer was influenced by the spirit of a credulous, superstitious age, when the feeling for classical antiquity still slumbered under the ravages and ruin of the Goth; when the bone of a monk was more valued than a statue of Phidias; when to profess faith in bowing crucifixes and winking virgins did not, in any one's opinion, argue a man to be either an idiot or a hypocrite. Nor let even us be too certain that the full measure of supercilious contempt with which we treat our simple *pious-fraud-believing* forefathers will not be meted out to ourselves, when the *profane* fallacies of free-traders, moral force and peace societies, the political and religious quakeries and quakerisms of this day come to be dug up by bland posterity.

Leo was well selected for a *Ritter-Hof-und-Pilger Reise*—A.D. 1465. Born in 1425, he was, at 40, strong and daring enough to face dangers and difficulties; wealthy enough to defray the cost; highly connected enough to consort with princes; polished enough to grace courts and tournaments, and skilled undoubtedly to conduct the weightiest affairs of his employer. No precautions were omitted. The system of *visées* was unborn; but by a whole group of independent passports he was emancipated from the infinite tolls and vexations to which travellers were everywhere

where exposed from the petty principalities into which Europe was then partitioned; a free passage was granted to him and his suite, their goods and chattels—‘equis, valisiis, bulgis, fardellis, armis, habilimentis guerræ, harnesiis, litteris, auro, argento, carriagiis, capsis, jocalibus, vecturis et aliis rebus.’ He and his were declared free from let and hindrance by sea or land, by day or night, from all ‘solutione passagii, telonii, dacia, pedagii, pontivegii, fundivanis bulutarum, gabellæ et gustumæ.’ We have strung together these terms of evil import and low Latinity, as philological pearls and suggestive hints to bureaucrats abroad and our amiable Customs Commissioners at home. Schassek, the secretary, has given *in extenso* no less than twenty-two of the original passports. The first and imperial one was taken as the type of the others, which were only modified where the views and feelings of individual sovereigns broke through form. This is strikingly exemplified in the document furnished to her brother by Queen Johanna. There affection bursts the cold priggery of tapeism—she vents her sorrows at his departure, and places her trust in God to protect him. As no letters of King George appear, it is to be presumed that such strictly private and confidential autographs were delivered by Leo in person, without any communication of their contents to the secretary.

The mission consisted of forty persons with fifty-two horses and a ‘kamerwagen’—much such a waggon, we suspect, as the boers use at the Cape and Mr. Gordon Cumming has recently exhibited. All set out from Prague November 26, 1465, the morning after St. Catherine’s feast, being a Thursday—a day long deemed quite as propitious to riders for making a good start, as putting the right leg foremost and first was to every mediæval pedestrian. On reaching Pilsen the whole party proceeded to confess their sins. In those times travellers before taking to the road usually took a solemn farewell of friends and family, and made their wills, as those who had the luck to return paused ere they entered their city home, to thank Providence for their happy delivery. Even now indeed few Spanish towns are without extramural oratories, or *cruces del campo*.

The ostensible objects of the mission, as expressed in the passports, were threefold—the display and exercise of military and knightly accomplishments; the observation, comparison, and imitation of courtly manners; and above all the pious visitation and veneration of holy relics, shrines, and sites. In spite of Huss and others, these things were all realities in the fifteenth century. The age of chivalry was not passed. Villanous saltpetre had not reduced the knight to the ranks; ordeals of combat and tournaments for bright honour’s sake prevailed from
Smithfield

Smithfield to Orbigo; and when the fitful fever of battle and love was over, the cloister and hermitage, prayer and the telling of beads, offered to the worn-out and unlettered hero, his occupation gone, a new stimulant and resource to break the monotony of the dregs of existence.

Tetzel records the conditions and names of some of the kinsmen, noblemen, knights banneret, pages, and household of Leo—under which last head a maître d'hôtel and a cook are particularly specified. What, indeed, would be any embassy without a *cordón bleu*? The driest protocol is lubricated by the sauce-boat, and even in a semi-barbarian age the grand secret of diplomacy was centered in the kitchen. At Nuremburg Leo lodged in Tetzel's house, while the uniforms were making. The dresses for himself and suite were of scarlet cloth, with infinite gold embroidery and velvet slashes, and pearl armlets. The form and pressure of the chivalrous group must have resembled the gorgeous costume-paintings of Lucas Kranach. Stately indeed was the pomp and circumstance of such travelling in those days, and full of dignity and excitement; all rode armed *cap-à-pie*, with guns, cross-bows, and good swords, since adventures of life and death might occur on getting outside any city's walls; nor for their setting forth could fancy desire a more appropriate background than arch-German Nuremburg—which even in these giddy-paced innovating times has been neither repaired nor beautified, but remains happily a genuine relic city, a monument and museum in itself.

Our Bohemians, while the tailors were at work, inspected, as became pious knights, the arsenals of spiritual and warlike ammunition. Schassek dilates on the relics:—We can only extract a tooth of St. John and the chains of St. Peter and St. Paul—on which the priests placed the rings of the mission, to render them sure preventives against stitches and stomach-aches—'pre-sens et certum remedium.' The military supplies in the Burg, the 'Tormenta et Bombardæ,' were no less effective. Once fairly off, the travellers rode on, diverging to the *residenz* towns of the margraves and smaller fry of princes, where they for the most part were welcomed with gracious opportunities for breaking lances by day and ladies' hearts at balls by night. They spent a merry Christmas at Frankfort, and were entertained by the corporation, whose wines and cuisine they duly extol. Hock to this day is the pride and pleasure of Frankfort, and endless eating is no doubt shadowed in the very style and title of the Diet.

Generally speaking, the mission were lodged at the public inns. All necessary provend, however, and wines especially, were sent them

them by the authorities, who, moreover, paid their bills after the fashion of good governors. Sometimes they put up at convents. Leo himself was often bidden to dine at court, and his suite invited to the festivities given in his honour.

From Frankfort they jogged on by the sweet banks of the Rhine, bristling with castles, and cheered by vineyards. No steamer's smoke then discharged the poetry of loneliness; no Cockney swarms vulgarised the feudal stream. They opened the new year, 1466, at Cologne, where Archbishop Rupert not only attended their tournaments, but authorized his chamberlain, Hofmeister Burchart, to run a course with our Tetzels. In the evening twenty-four Bohemians, brandishing swords and lighted torches, performed their national dance, at the especial desire of the young ladies, who cunningly begged it in the prelate's name. Copious refreshments were then provided by the said belles and their chaperons, 'puellis et matronis,' who, enchanted with their Bohemian partners, accompanied the caperers back to the inn as an escort of honour. Tolerable times these for *attachés*.

The worthy Archbishop, on his part, regaled the mission with relics, for which and unsavory smells his city is still renowned. No mention as yet of *eau de Cologne*. The strangers duly revered the bones of the three kings—also those of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins—no inconsiderable figure—and the very thing just now for Australia—albeit their sacerdotal Cicerone affirmed that 36,000 more were then and there martyred. At last, so many were the holy 'capita, capilli, crura, et cubiti,' that Schassek declined the honour of counting the catalogue of the clerical museum—and we shall imitate his example. Possibly our Hussite secretly formed a lower estimate of the spiritual worth of this charnel-house than of the gold-mountings and mercantile marketable value. Such relics were then the hope and trust of kings shrewd and crafty as Louis XI., and of cities rich and powerful as Venice. Relics in those days were greater lions than regalia in these: circumcised unbelievers readily advanced millions upon the deposit of articles on which no dealer in marine-stores in Rome itself would now lend a baiocco.

Be that as it may, Leo was too wise a man to omit, by reverential visitation and veneration, the chance of counteracting any pre-conceived suspicions of heresy, and of thus more effectually masking the true anti-Papal objects of his expedition. Accordingly, on his arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle, the next halt, the first but vain request was to be shown the grand relics, which—*cheu!*—could only be exhibited once every seven years, or at the coronation of an Emperor. He beheld, however, the girdle of the Virgin, 'not very long or broad, made of white wool, with a black

black stripe lengthways.' Rich, indeed, must have been the wardrobe of the lowly, meek Mary, when we reflect on the multitudinous and magnificent articles of her dress which she herself presented to good people, and all of which are warranted originals by the infallible church. Prato in Italy claims the true *Sacra Cintola*; Tortosa in Spain demurs, however—and her *Cinta* was pronounced authentic by Paul V. in 1617. Certainly it is laid on the counterpane when the Queens of 'the Spains' are brought to bed, and miraculously neutralises the obstetric ignorance of peninsular accoucheurs. To this *cinta* the late safe delivery of Her Most Catholic Majesty must be *partly* ascribed—we qualify our statement, because, according to the Gazette, she likewise grasped, at the crisis, the staff—or baton—of Santa Teresa, the generalissima of the armies of Castile. Both journalists also note a method, new to them, of catching coney, 400 and 500 a day; and both fully appreciate a *Vin Dansant Matinal* given them at a neighbouring nunnery—or asylum for well-born damsels who saw no prospect of becoming mesdames. The lady superior regaled the pilgrims with good Rhenish wine and a quadrille in the cloisters. Tetzels dwells twice on the fair faces and light fantastic toes of the recluses. Leo now proceeded to Gueldres, where Schassek enlarges no less on the capital points of the horses, than Tetzels on the hard-drinking habits of their riders.

All these pleasant districts were overrun by hostile troops and perilous to wayfarers. The young Duke of Gueldres, Adolph, had dethroned and imprisoned his father Arnold, whose cause the Duke of Burgundy was taking up. Our knight-errants were obliged to make a detour by Bois-le-Duc, where they were struck by the windmills, but did not tilt at them. In due time they reached Brussels, and the next morning ascended the still-existing tower of the civic hall, the 'navel of the town,' and examined the municipal collection of pictures, 'as excellent as ever can be found'—and on this point the Nuremberger at least should have been qualified to pass judgment. Nowhere in the fifteenth century had art made greater progress than in that genial *attaché's* native city, which Wohlgemuth was adorning, and which soon—in 1471—was to give birth to Albert Durer. It may be easily conceived how striking the works of the Van Eyks, Hemling, and so forth, must have then been in all their fresh finish and purity.

Brussels was the capital and splendid court of Duke Philip of Burgundy, who died next year. He was one of the most powerful of European potentates; and well might the lord of Liege, Ghent, and Bruges, found the order of the Golden Fleece, and thus give wool and commerce precedence over sword and lance. No sooner was Leo arrived than the Duke sent his chamberlain

chamberlain with a present of red and white wines in huge gilt tankards, in token that he would defray all local expenses. Three weeks did they spend here, carousing and jousting. On the eighth day, Philip invited them to court, and advanced himself to the third saloon to welcome Leo, gave him his hand, and the best dinner, says Schassek, he had ever seen. 'Overflowing and incredible'—*uberflussig und unylaublich*—chimes in Tetzels. The place of honour was accorded to Leo; and, the dinner done, the Duke took him into his cabinet alone; nor did the secretary ever learn the subject of their secret but by no means *impransus* conference. Subsequently the strangers beheld with wondering eyes the lion's den—which seems for the time to have been very creditably stocked. After that a skating-match was performed on a frozen fish-pond by thirty-two persons, one of whom was so agile as to combat alone with no less than twenty-one antagonists. These gestes passed the understanding of Schassek, who suspected that something was attached to their mercurial feet, but by laws of etiquette was prevented a close examination. The royal treasure was also exhibited—inexpressibly precious—*unaussprechlich vil uberkostlick*. The heaps of gold and silver coin, ingots, and jewels, surpassed the hoards of Venice. To examine the gorgeous contents carefully would require three days; only a dozen or so rarities are recorded, and estimated at 380,000 crowns—an enormous amount when the value of labour and agricultural produce at that period is borne in mind.

Leo was offered by his magnificent host the choice of any of these rarities, which he thankfully declined, as was his rule on all similar occasions. 'God forfend,' said he, 'that I should take anything. Gold and money, God willing, may be easily got, but glory is immortal, and this I hope to carry to the grave.' A Peerage or Westminster Abbey was the alternative of Nelson; Abbey Plate and Murillos the *appetenda* of a Soult and Sebastiani.

The Duke—called by his contemporaries Philip *the Good*—pressed Leo to remain at Brussels until his son, Charles the Bold, returned from the siege of Liege. The graphic pen of Comines has detailed the strikes and associations, the repeated rebellions and revolutions, the utterly unpatriotic selfishness, throughout, of that hive of democracy. Such evils were carefully encouraged by the perfidious Louis XI. Charles the Bold, who subsequently in 1468 put down these turbulent townsmen with a gloveless hand, was misled at this moment by French counsels, and listened to proffered terms. Hence he courteously declined the chivalrous offer made by Leo, of assisting personally, and at his

his own cost, in the campaign. It proved, however, a brief one—and the Bohemians, clad in their best array, rode out to meet the conquering hero at his coming back. Placed by Charles at his side, Leo took part in the triumphal entry by torchlight, and was present at the meeting of the good Duke and his formidable son. Philip was seated in a splendid cloth-of-gold tapestried throne-room, when Charles and his suite approached and knelt. The sire and sovereign appeared neither to see him nor them. The genuflections were repeated, and again seemingly unobserved; it was only after the third reverence that the Duke put forth his hand, and then, holding his son by one and Leo by the other, passed through a suite of nine rooms, in each of which was ranged a body-guard of more than a hundred men. Martial pastimes succeeded. First, a tournament after the Burgundian fashion was celebrated, and spears were broken by mounted combatants. Then John of Zehrowitz, a companion of Leo's, wrestled with Philip's champion, a Goliath deemed invincible, and cast him three times. The Duke and his court were so perplexed by the strength and address of this Bohemian Hercules that they examined him to see that he had no *charm* about his person, and finding none, ended in believing him not to be a mere mortal man, *οὐκ εἰναι βροτοι*, but descended from the race of Titanic giants. One of the conditions of the nearly contemporary and world-renowned *Passo Honroso* of Quinones was, that the assailants should have no amulet or incantation about their persons; and it was even recently quite common for Spanish soldiers to trust, instead of keeping their powder dry, to some cabalistic priest-paper in their *petos* or gorgets.

Another Bohemian, named Keward, soon after overthrew with equal ease a powerful Burgundian graf—inasmuch that even secretary Schassek caught the gentle infection, and begged to have his own prowess tested. He, too, floored his man the first round, but, not contented, would try his hand again, and was cast so severely that the forward civilian and conscious heretic thought his last end was come, and the bad place within view—'adeo humi projectus cecidi ut dæmonem parere crediderim.' Then refreshments, much needed, were served round in such profusion that the pavement was covered with sweetmeats. Discomfited Schassek himself was so petted by ministering duchesses, that he could hardly get back to his inn—'ægre in diversorium reverterer nam potus eram.' Such are the sad consequences of injudicious bottle-holding. The more bellicose Bohemians in their turn exhibited their national feats, and rode full gallop against walls—breaking their lances without being unhorsed. The Burgundians imagined that they were fastened to their
saddles,

saddles, and the Duke, after inspecting their cuirasses—*pectoralia*—pronounced such play a punishment for parricides.

The Baron, when his important negotiations and all these elegant relaxations were concluded, prepared to depart. Philip, on the 21st of January, had furnished him with a kind recommendatory letter—dictated doubtlessly by himself as he alludes in it to a proposed pilgrimage to Jerusalem which his ‘cousin’ had ‘this day’ explained. One of the dearest hobbies of the good Duke was to rescue the hallowed site from the infidel; and our diplomatic Leo, we suspect, cajoled him by holding forth this project—which never was executed, or even alluded to again. On the 9th of February the Duke gave him a formal passport, and Charles the Bold another on the 10th. Philip, moreover, lent him his own Herald, who spoke seventeen languages, and had been at every court in Europe; and this accomplished messenger made the whole subsequent tour with his Excellency.

The scarcity of timber in the Low Countries struck the travellers, accustomed to their own vast pine forests. They noted, as Marco Polo had done long before in China, the use of turf, and of a sort of earth-like coal, as a substitute for wood firing. At Bruges—‘a very rich and busy city’—they spent the Carnival, the pagan *bacchanalia*—as Schassek calls this papal festival; the masqued balls were magnificent, but the merchants politely declined the invitation to break a lance or so. At Dunkirk they caught the first view of the sea—Shakspeare’s description of Bohemia in the *Winter’s Tale* as ‘a desert country near the sea’ to the contrary notwithstanding. At Calais, now bound for *Perfide Albion*, they were detained twelve days, invoking Eolus; and when they embarked at last, were driven back by a foul southwester. Ultimately they landed at Sandwich, half dead from sea-sickness. ‘Meinen herrn und andern gesellen thet das mer so wee, dass sie auf den schift lagen als waeren sie tod.’ They noticed, however, ‘the dread summit of the chalky bourn,’ and that frowning sentinel, Dover Castle—‘unequalled in Christendom, and built by evil genii’—à *cacodæmonibus extructa*. Well, however, might it have been just now, had the genius of Britannia studded her whole sea-board with cacodæmonic castles. Since Protection at home and abroad began to be voted an antiquated bore, bit by bit, and in proportion as gold has been heaped up, bayonet and boarding-pike have been pared down. Nations who substitute calico defence for wooden walls may thank themselves if suddenly found burnt and uninsured. The fisherman dries his nets on the site of silk-spinning Tyre, and the Croat’s cuirass glitters in the stagnant canals of brocaded Venice.

Eager was the curiosity of these continentals in surveying Edward's fleet in the Downs—and vast their astonishment. The vessels consisted of three classes; of *Naves*, ships which moved with sails—of *Galeones*—war-galleys, propelled by 200 and more rowers—of '*cochas* quas dicunt,'—viz., peradventure, cock-boats. Schassek was enchanted with the perfect order of the craft and the smartness of the crews, their running up the mast-heads—reefing and tripping sails, &c. &c.—evidently caco-dæmonism again. A local Sandwich custom is noted. Every night bands, with fiddles and horns, walked the streets, announcing which way the wind blew, in order that merchants might make sail. Thence the good company rode to Canterbury, and greatly admired the long-famous Augustine convent—and the still glorious Cathedral. Here—while neither author even mentions the Black Prince and his bruised armour—both enlarge on St. Thomas à Beckett; his relics were shown in a shrine 'so long and wide that a man might lie in it, wrought of fine gold and studded with gems of untold price.' Among the multitudinous bones, teeth, &c., enumerated, we can only cite the skull of *the Saint*, and the sword by which it was cracked in 1171. The most precious of the jewels was a carbuncle 'half the size of an egg' which shone by night, and on which 'no mortal eye could look by day.' It was acquired, as is detailed at length, by a miracle: a certain King of France, after some narrowly-gained victory, vowed a pilgrimage to this shrine; the then Archbishop of Canterbury begged his majesty's ring as a memorial; the Monarch declined, but offered in lieu 100,000 crowns—whereupon the stone leapt from the ring and set itself in the saint's shrine as firmly and neatly as if done by the cleverest goldsmith; it was estimated at the worth of a King of England's ransom. The form and fashion of this shrine are given by Dugdale (*Monasticon*, edition of 1717, p. 8), with a note, stating that the sacred spoil plundered here by Henry VIII. filled two baskets, which six or eight very strong porters could scarcely carry off, and that bluff Harry re-ringed the miraculous carbuncle for his own royal thumb—'*Henricus ille annulo inseruit et in pollice rapaci gestavit.*' Both our journalists make special mention of a crowned image of the Virgin, which used to talk to Saint Thomas—a fact 'seen and heard by many'—but this, adds Schassek, happened three hundred years ago. Leo and his Hussites did not fail to drink water out of the fountain of Saint Thomas, which, they were assured by the verger, had five times been turned into blood and once into milk, and that 'not long before their arrival.' After that fashion were matters managed when Thomas Bouchier—(obiit 1468)—was Cardinal Archbishop.

From

From this immemorial capital of English orthodoxy these enthusiasts, reversing the route of Chaucer, rode to 'Lund'—as Tetzels terms our imperial wen. He describes it as 'a huge and splendid city'—guarded at each extremity by the citadels of the Tower and Westminster. Edward IV. was residing at the latter, from whence his passport, dated February 26, was issued. London-bridge, like the Tunnel in the nineteenth century, was the first object of foreign attention. The rows of houses built on it are noticed, and the innumerable *hawks*—to injure which was a capital offence;—evidently the translator mistook *Milvi* for *Cygni*:—the countless swans on the Thames, to which all ancient travellers allude. Fresh from Canterbury, the devotees visited the sacred locality where Saint Thomas was born, the present Mercers' chapel, and to which every Lord Mayor formerly used to go in procession after being sworn in at the Exchequer. They next repaired to the sepulchre of Saint 'Keuhardus'—meaning, of course, the Confessor. The glories of his shrine in Westminster Abbey, and the marvellous diaper decorations of the chapel, are noted. Nowhere in all their travels had our pilgrims seen so many and such magnificent churches and convents, or so sanctified with marvellous holy paintings and images, as in England—nowhere were such multitudes of relics preserved and venerated. London alone could show twenty golden sepulchres, studded with gems,—and eighty of similar value hallowed other parts of our island. To describe minutely one batch of relics in London would, according to Schassek, fully occupy two scribes for two weeks. He specifies, however, another girdle of the Virgin, worked—*ut dicitur*—by her own hands, a leg of Saint George's, and a wooden crucifix, kept eight miles from London, which talked to visitors—*ut pro certo affirmatur*. Evidently, one of the six vessels which contained the water turned into wine at the marriage of Cana, afforded the greatest comfort to our freely-thinking and drinking Bohemians. The miraculous multiplication of relics and the rationale thereof are well understood by modern naturalists; but in days of little intercommunication and no, impertinent Red Murray noters of duplicates, whenever a pious fraud was found to answer in one place, it was adapted in another, and to what extent may be seen in the curious catalogues preserved by Dugdale. We will just cite the cases of York—*Monasticon*, p. 280, and Lincoln, 304; for the compiler himself omits many other places—'the inventories being most like to those'—p. 353. What losses did not the printing-press, which Caxton set up in 1471 in Westminster Abbey, only five years after this visit, occasion to the Apostolic coffers!

One might almost fancy that the Baron of Rosmital had landed
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in England's golden age—after Drummond and Frémont had opened the way for the *diggings* of California—and Murchison's prophecies had been verified in Australia.* The *nabli*—nobles—and other *bona moneta* charmed Schassek; just as the broad doubloons, the gentlemanlike *onzas* delight the modern traveller in Spain. The number of gold and silver artificers could no more be counted than the hawks—*alias* swans. There were four hundred master-employers alone: and their skill was decided in 1464, when a Spaniard, learned in all the filigree niceties of Cordova, wagered, 'at the Pope's-head, Lombard-street, that Englishmen were not so cunning in workmanship of goldsmithery as Alicante strangers'—and on trial made lost his bet. Alas! that money-scrappers, looking only at the value of the mere material metal—dross, when compared to the precious taste lavished on it—should have doomed gems of art, so rich and rare, to their inæsthetic melting-pots. The Royal Treasury, of course, was well stored; and mention is made of a golden cup—which we trust, with the Caffre war and post-roads before us—to say nothing of other pleasant prospects—may yet be found. So long as it was kept safe, a tribute of 80,000 *nabli* was payable from some unnamed Ophir—*ex quâdam regione*—but this annuity was forthwith to cease and determine, should the King lose the cup. This important goblet was, it seems, shown to none but foreigners, who, we infer, had some legal right to test its actually being there.

Altogether Leo's visit to England was well timed: a lull prevailed over the fatal wars of the Roses, in which her best blood had been shed, her arms turned suicidally against herself, and her foreign possessions lost. Margaret, the 'she-wolf of France,' had fled, defeated at Hexham; Henry VI. was telling his beads,

* It was as early as 1845—before the *Californian* treasures had been heard of in Europe—that Sir R. Murchison gave to the world a luminous comparison between the auriferous Ural mountains, by him recently explored, and the geological features of the *Australian Cordillera*. In 1846 he put forth his advice to the Cornish miners not to neglect the signs of gold in that colony which he had thus discovered and made public. His views having speedily found their way to Australia, a great excitement ensued there; and in 1847 a certain Rev. W. B. Clarke and others issued tracts on the subject, in which those writers claimed for themselves merits to which they had no sort of title, utterly suppressing all mention of the colony's obligations to Murchison, and (though not without guarding artifice) ascribing to themselves the deductions which were wholly due to that geologist's sagacity. Sir Roderick, in November, 1848, having received sundry specimens of the Australian gold in quartz, wrote to the Colonial Secretary, Earl Grey, urging the importance of some ministerial measures with reference to the realization of his distinct prophecies of 1845: but the Earl declined interference. Murchison continued to enforce the importance of the matter in addresses to the British Association and at the British Institution in 1848 and 1849—and he finally drew up in 1850 that complete exposition of his conclusions as to the distribution of gold all over the globe which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. lxxxvii.), *Article* 'Siberia and California.' Two *blue-books* have now appeared about the Australian gold, and in all their pages—where the Rev. W. B. Clarke and Co. figure largely—there is no allusion whatever to Sir Roderick.

a captive in the Tower; Edward IV. was seated apparently in 'sure stall, stable throne, and immoveable chair.' His fair young wife Elizabeth Widville—Lady Grey—had given birth in the February of this 1466 to Elizabeth, who, by her marriage with Henry VII., united the Roses for ever. Her fatal favouritism and family connexions had not yet maddened the king-making and unmaking Warwick; no wonder the sensual Edward IV., described by Tetzels as a 'very handsome, well-grown man, and surrounded by the most beautiful court circle in the world,' was rioting in the insolence of youth, health, and full-blown prosperity, and indulging in every Sybaritic, Sardanapalan voluptuousness—all to end naturally in apoplexy in 1483.

An adequate notion of Edward's love of personal display may be gathered from the letter of Paston, an eye-witness of the royal riding through London to the Tower—to which picture Tetzels furnishes a companion—an interior. In March our travellers were invited to the state-churching of the Queen. She walked from the Palace or Castle of Westminster to the Abbey, preceded by countless priests who bore relics and sacred ornaments, and followed by troops of choristers chaunting hymns and carrying lighted tapers; to these succeeded long lines of the noblest and fairest women of London and its vicinity, attended by bands of trumpeters and musicians and forty-two *royal singers*. Next advanced twenty-four heralds and pursuivants, who ushered on about sixty earls and knights, the advanced guard of the Queen—the Queen of Beauty—who walked under a gorgeous canopy and was supported by two duchesses, while her mother and above sixty ladies followed behind. After a solemn mass of thanksgiving was said and sung, the procession returned in the same order to Westminster Hall, where good cheer was ready for all who attended. The Bohemian Ambassador was served from Edward's table, with the same ceremonials and honours of carving, tasting,—*credenzen*—as were shown to royalty during the banquet—'which was incredibly grand and costly.' The heralds waited on the King, who regaled them alone with a largesse of four hundred nobles. Leo—the public feast finished—was taken with his suite to a superbly-furnished saloon, where the Queen was to dine. She was seated on a golden throne, at a table alone, her mother and the King's sisters standing near, and kneeling whenever she spoke to them; nor were their highnesses allowed to be seated until the first dish was put down. The Queen was served by countesses on their knees. Her dinner lasted three hours:—during which no one spoke a word—*nit ein wort*—nor did any music—sounds—supply the want of conversation—sense—at this grand dinner. Afterwards a state-ball was given
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in the same saloon. The Queen remained seated while her mother knelt, until raised up and placed near her; then the King's sisters, with two duchesses, performed the 'most reverential' minuet Tetzl ever saw, or that probably ever was seen since the daughter of Herodias; neither had our Nurenberger ever before beheld such 'superabundantly lovely young ladies'—*überschwenklichen schonen junkfrauen*. Besides some thirty countesses, and no end of great people's daughters, he counted eight duchesses, he says; but by this time he must have been in a condition to see considerably more than double. After the dance a state-concert commenced, at which his Majesty's private band sang, and so well that, in the opinion of our Bohemians—of a nation most musical and competent—no such singing could be found in the whole world; and (wonderful to be told) all the performers were native English.

Such was the order of the Court of Westminster in 1466. Then, as in 1852, private courtesy took the form of asking the foreigners to dinner—*le véritable Amphitryon est celui chez qui l'on dîne*; not that Continental hospitality must be underrated, whether it amounts to the Spaniard's offer of his house and a glass of water, or the Frenchman's compliments and dining with us at our expense—and in our hotel. Tetzl particularizes 'two Earls,' who invited the legation to an 'inexpressibly costly dinner in the English fashion;' and Baron Leo, in return, gave a feast after the Bohemian fashion, which seemed very odd to our peers. Of the bills of fare on these great occasions, to the sorrow of all gastronomic palæontologists, there is no record; but on the whole, nowhere in all their travels, say our journalists, were they made so much of as in London. Edward set the example: the instant they arrived he lodged them splendidly, defrayed all their expenses, and attached his own herald and a privy councillor to accompany the Baron of Rosmital everywhere; he received him most graciously, 'extending his hand'—a marked honour at a Court where powerful Earls always knelt before the King with 'almighty great respect'—for so we may translate into choice American the 'uebermchtig gross reverenz' of Herr Tetzl. A fortnight afterwards the King knighted several of the suite; offered the same honour to more who declined it (perhaps on account of the fees); and decorated Leo, Zehrovitz, and others, who were already of knightly rank, with his order—*sodalitas—gesellschaft*. He himself placed round their necks badges—*symbola*; golden ones for the first classes, and silver for the second. Some may ask what this Company or Order of King Edward's was? Certainly it had nothing to do with the Garter—for in those days that distinction was limited according to the

original rules of the founder—and besides the name of Rosmital does not occur in Ashmole's lists. The fact is, the bestowal of these symbols, badges, or chains, was extremely prevalent; every petty potentate had his 'companionship.' The compliment seems to have been personal—a mere token of favour, somewhat analogous to a permission to wear a Prince's button or a household uniform. To the due investiture of Leo himself Edward added 'ein anzal'—or a lot of blank disposable decorations—being probably his Majesty's favourite cognisance of a falcon with a fetterlock—which our Envoy was empowered to issue forth in the King's name to any person he should judge worthy. The cross of the Legion of Honour alone could have been commoner.

We may now mention some of the private compliments then shown in England to distinguished foreigners. No sooner were our Bohemians set down at some mediæval Mivart's, the Pope's Head in Lombard-street, or the Tabard in the Borough, than 'virgins and matrons' waited on them with gifts, and the hostess came with all her family and maidens to be kissed, herself and all her company. Schassek, who appears to have raised no difficulties, is careful, however, to add in explanation, that this English osculation was equivalent to the Continental giving and shaking the hand. Certainly the custom continued some forty years afterwards, when Erasmus was here and wrote, 'Sunt hic nymphæ divinis vultibus, blandæ, faciles. Est præterea mos nunquam satis laudandus; sive quo venias omnium osculis exciperis—sive discedas aliquo, osculis dimitteris; redis, receduntur suavia; venit ad te, propinquantur suavia; disceditur ab te, dividuntur basia; occurritur alicubi, basiatur affatim; denique quocumque te moveas suaviorum plena sunt omnia.' *Nous avons changé tout cela* too—whether wisely or not philosophers sager than ourselves, or perchance Erasmus, must determine; occasionally the fairer the hostess the fouler the reckoning, &c.

' There is a surfeit in the sweetest things,
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.'

Happily there has been no change in the charms of our country-women, by which the legation four hundred years ago were absolutely bewildered.

These well-osculated strangers, as both journalists carefully tell, were themselves the observed of all observers;—the special wonder of all wonders being their fine long hair, which the fair sex, whose peculiar glory consists therein, fancied to be either false or artificially elongated by some adhesive preparation—*bitumine adglutinatos*. Be that as it may, crowds assembled in the streets to stare at these Bohemian Samsons and Absaloms. But when

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was gaped ever too gross for gulping asinine cockney curiosity, contented alike with a Cossack or a Kossuth? While the English doubted and admired these full-bottoms and pig-tails, the hirsute Hussites were no less perplexed and fascinated by the far-sweeping trains or tails—*vestium caudas*—of our virgins and matrons, in-somuch that they passed without notice the longitudinal shoe-points of their ladyships' native admirers—an aristocratical privilege by and bye scheduled and curtailed by Act of Parliament.

After a forty days' feast, not fast, in London, Leo had his audience of leave, and departed, accompanied by a lord of the bedchamber, specially attached by Edward to the suite, to facilitate the journey and embarkation. The travellers rested the first night at Windsor Castle, and next day admired the deer in the park and dined on venison with the Knights of the Garter, who begged the envoy to write his name in their mess-book, or album; which he so skilfully performed after the Bohemian fashion—*Lwyk-z. Rozmitala az Blatnie*—that the K.G.'s followed him next morning when on the road, and asked him to expound it. At Reading they were lodged by the kind abbot, whose splendid relics and refectory are recorded: now his convent site, ruined chapel and kitchen, humbly crumbling near the smug and snug red brick county gaol, presents a Puginesque parallel too much for the Great Western. Passing by Andover, and taking no notice of Stonehenge, they were gladly and honourably welcomed at Salisbury by George Duke of Clarence—'good Clarence, this is brotherlike.' They arrived the Friday before Palm Sunday and witnessed the church ceremonies—justly lauding the lofty spire outside and the exquisite graven images worshipped within—but startled by the absence of lighted candles during the celebration of mass. This curtailment, a heavy blow and grievous discouragement to the orthodox, had been dealt on the town for having 'three times deserted the Christian faith'—that is, we presume, shown signs of disaffection towards our father the Pope. In compensation, on Easter day, a capital supper was served up in the church itself, and looking-glasses placed on all the altars. The King or his representative on these occasions invited thirteen poor men, washed their feet, and presented each with a noble and a new suit of clothes. After this supper 'sweet Clarence' gave the legation a most costly dinner, which, as usual, 'lasted three hours,' when cares were drowned in a bowl of Malmsey, more certainly, we suspect, than his Royal Highness was drowned twelve years afterwards in a butt of ditto—an idle tale which rests on no better evidence than Fabyan's, an alderman and a greedy gossiping gobbler. We submit one item of the bill of fare as equally questionable.

Some ducks were served up, 'bred,' says Schassek, 'on the sea, and fed on nothing but air.' Tetzels is more particular. 'One delicacy they gave us must, it seems, be a fish, although it was roasted, and sent up for a duck. It has the wings, feathers, neck, feet, and flavour of a wild duck: we were told it was fish, but to my mind it was flesh; why, said we, should it be a fish?'—'It begins,' replied a learned prebendary, 'like a worm in the sea—as it grows it takes the shape of a duck, and lays eggs, but as it does not hatch them, they come to nothing; and the creature feeds at sea and not by land—*Darumb sol es ein Vish sein.*' The directors of the Zoological Gardens must settle whether these singular ducks of Old Sarum were of the true Linnæan *Anas erythropus* breed—those geese of the old herbalist Gerard (iii. 171), which grew out of barnacles. Possibly they might have been cousins to the Canvass Backs of America, which, however, feed mostly on wild celery, and that so much to their benefit that to eat one repays—*ut pro certo affirmatur*—a voyage across the storm-vexed Atlantic. Or finally, peradventure 'false, fleeting, perjured Clarence' played a trick upon our travellers—treating them to what *savans* of the old times called 'a soteltie'—a sort of *surprise*—just as iced puddings now-a-days assume the shape and seeming of hams.

The party, having digested their ducks, soon reached Poole, a port then of consequence, and which had been burnt some sixty years before, by Pero Nino (*Chronica*, ch. xxvii.); for our coasts were then insulted and invaded even by Spaniards. *Absit omen!* Here Leo embarked; but when scarcely half seas over he was boarded by two English cruisers, who suspected his craft to be French. Edward, who but recently had affronted Louis XI. by rejecting the hand of Bona, and was apprehensive of a *coup de descente*, took special care not to leave the Channel unprotected; nor did his coast-guards stand upon ceremony; they opened the ball with round shot, and explained afterwards. Shakspeare, in the death of the Duke of Suffolk, justly portrays the quick shipshape work then made by our sea-captains:—

'Hale him away—let him talk no more!'

But in Leo's case, no sooner were our officers shown the passport of Edward, than they fell on their knees and kissed the document, as a Turkish pasha with three tails would a firman of the Sultan—'namque id moris habent, cum nomen regium audierint, vel literas ipsius viderint, ut eas ejusmodi honore prosequantur.' They then, understanding that Compostella was the grand object in view, offered to escort the legation gratis to a Spanish port, and, this being thankfully declined, took their leave. Leo was driven by foul weather into Jersey; but ultimately, after long

long delays, landed, with his sea-worn men and horses, at St. Malo.

We cannot let such visitors leave us without summing up their opinions of our island and ancestors. England, say they, is not very large; narrow and long, it is much peopled, and abounds in castles, villages, and towns: altogether it is a little sea-girt garden—*hortulus*. The realm is hilly, with many heaths and open commons, copses, and reeds. It is rich in metals, producing some silver, but much iron, lead, and tin. Although full of forests, there are few *silvæ nigrae*—the pines and firs of Bohemia. Each wood and field is enclosed with a ditch or hedge, so that there is no means of getting across the country, either on foot or horseback, except by the high roads. Carriages are very rare—everybody rides, and goods are conveyed on pack-horses. There were, however, some two-wheeled vehicles—probably those antediluvian rumble-traps in which the primeval boors of Devonshire jogged to last Saturday's market.

Living in England was then as now dear, compared with Germany. It grew but little wine—it seems there was still *some*—and not much wheat. The usual drink of the people was 'alsepir'—a Bohemian reading, we guess, of *ale or beer*. *Oh fortunati nimium!* What nutritious nectar, compared to the thin potations, the sour *vins ordinaires* of the Continent, or those compounds concocted by *cacodæmons*, the 'fine crusted ports' and 'golden sherries neat as imported,' of our own hostelries! The staple source of insular wealth was the sheep—the *white flocks* produced the finest wools, which were exported at a great profit. The travellers were struck with the fine parks, the tall and beautiful trees, the multitude of fallow deer, and the quantity of game—hares and rabbits—in the infinite and well-watched preserves. The exquisite beauty of the womankind is the never-exhausted, oft-recurring theme of our gallant knight-errants, who speak somewhat less favourably of the lovers and brothers of these Calypsos. 'Englishmen are faithless and cunning; they plot the ruin of foreign men; and are not to be trusted even if they go down on their knees.' Too bad this in friend Schassek, who had been so feasted by witty men and kissed by pretty women. The character of 'perfidious Albion,' as chronicled by Pero Niño, who pillaged Poole, is scarcely worse. See his chap. xviii. 'Como son los Ingleses diversos y contrarios de todas las otras naciones de Christianos;' and this arises, says Pero, 'because these islanders eat so much beef and are afraid of nobody.' Was it not to the accident of the said beef, when roasted and washed down by rum, that one Monsieur Foy, who was in every *sauve qui peut* from Roleia to Waterloo, attributed most of those unpleasant scenes?

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'Plura de Anglis quæ scribam non habeo.' So Schassek sums up his scanty observations. How vague, general, and *jejune* was the information with which our incurious forefathers were contented; how striking the contrast between the pigmy records of the past and the colossal cyclopædias of the present! What would Schassek and Tetzels have said, for example, to Macculloch's 'Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Dictionary?' How remote from their visions was such a huge monument of robust industry and searching intellect, no less entertaining to be dipped into desultorily, than useful as a trustworthy book of reference!

Our limits compel us to hurry the Legation through la belle France, as all bound for racy Spain and picturesque Italy will gladly do when English enterprise, science, gold, and navvies have finished the rails of that ill-favoured, commonplace country. These Bohemians, however, saw the best of it. Although Leo was fresh from the Court of Edward IV., who had ousted Margaret of Anjou, he was cordially received at Saumur by her father, René, titular King of 'Cecelly,'—for as in the Winter's Tale the scene shifts rapidly from Bohemia to Sicily. René, whose chivalrous qualities centered in his daughter—who was painting a partridge when the loss of Naples was announced and yet never discontinued—this model of ducal dilettantes was no less engrossed in 1466 with fine buildings. He was dreaming time away in a *dolce far niente* existence for art, taste, and literature. Buffeted from prison to palace, he, to his sorrow, had crowns and greatness thrust upon him; but in six short years was wise enough to fly from the worries of politics to the enjoyment of otium sine dignitate. His guests describe him as an 'elderly, handsome, cheerful man, with a middle-sized wife, charming maids of honour, and a dwarf named Tybelin, whose skull-cap was no bigger than a pomegranate.' From Saumur,—where René's queer black and white castle is still to be seen—Leo proceeded along the Loire to Candes—where his Most Christian Majesty was for the time lurking. At first the diplomatist was not allowed to approach within a league of the royal lair. Louis, however, when satisfied that he was no agent of Le Bien Public, or of Edward's, invited him to his fortress, and entertained him for nine days, 'with greater honour than he had ever before shown to any foreigner.' He introduced Leo and his suite to the Queen, 'a pretty little woman, with the sweetest maids of honour,' who all took the great plenipotentiary into their arms, and by the King's especial wish and gracious order 'kissed his mouth.' Louis XI. was then in his forty-third year, and is *signalé* as 'not tall, with black hair, dark complexion, eyes set deep in head, long nose, and small bones.' His delight was in hunting wild beasts, and hiding himself,

himself, like them, in small out-of-the-way places; sixty armed porters kept watch and ward by day and night inside his retreat, and twenty thousand cavalry were quartered in the neighbourhood. Many as were the victims imprisoned by him in iron cages, no one was more incarcerated than this conscience-made coward was by himself—his own fears were his jailers. The chief means of this Machiavelian Prince and founder of the unity and centralization of France—to wit, bribery, deceit, and the dividing of friend and foe—and his motto—*Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*—have rarely been relinquished by subsequent rulers of that kingdom.

The troop next rode through Poitiers to Blaye, famous then for the sword of Roland, wherewith he breached the Pyrenees — of which there is a duplicate in the armeria at Madrid — and rejoicing moreover in the bones of his sister, twenty of Tetzels spans long. There they learnt the tragedy of a ‘certain sorceress, who was taken to London, led through the streets on a brazen horse, and burnt for a witch:’ so uncertain, even at the short lapse of thirty-six years, had the history of Joan of Arc become. Of that history we have said enough perhaps in a former paper (No. cxxxviii. p. 320); we now, however, learn a new fact—viz., that the heroine had threatened, after settling the English, to turn her exterminating sword against the Bohemian Hussites—no wonder, therefore, that heretical Schassek made no bones about her compact with the Evil One. Leo, after quitting vine-girt Bordeaux, floundered on through the dreary Landes, and, halting on the border-banks of the Bidassoa, beheld in the darkly opposing mountain-barrier the first frown of ‘hard Iberia’s’ welcome. Tempest-torn by sea, now began his tug of war by land.

A comparison may here be suggested between the Peninsular sketches of our Bohemians and that earlier and most curious relation in English doggrel, preserved by Purchas in his ‘Pilgrimes’ (vol. ii.), and intitled, ‘The way that is marked from the land of Engeland unto Sent Jamez in Galiz.’ Both records tally as respects the hardships and heathen manners, ‘the Jewez and Sarasynes that ben there many,’ and the ‘craggez and stonez that maketh Pylgrymes weary bonez.’ But all this we must pass—albeit the descriptions occupy a space commensurate with the impressions made on the bodies, minds, and memories of the relators—and we too having, in our days and for our sins, ridden the pilgrimage to Compostella, could willingly have improved the opportunity of showing how much in the people and ‘things of Spain’ is unchanged and unchangeable.

All our predecessors agree in depicting the lonely uncultivated country—the wild wastes of cistus, box, and rosemary, ‘so aromatic

aromatic as to give headaches'—those *dehesas y despoblados*, homes of the wild bee, the vulture, stork, lizard, locust, snake, and scorpion. All mention the bridgeless torrents—many a one 'crossed and recrossed seventeen times a day'—all note the nasty rotten hamlets, few and far between—the frugal, parsimonious habits of the natives, patient of hunger, thirst, and toil—of heat and cold; eating little, drinking less. All alike sigh over the 'no fowls, eggs, milk, cheese, or butter'—'no coron, vin ne brede'—the barest necessities sufficing for the people who had no wants. Most piteously indeed do our Bohemians paint the barren larderless venta—the *elend arm herberg*—without shelter or food for man or beast. No wandering gipsies—the type of misery—ever underwent such hardships as the legation, and which nothing but their indomitable will and iron endurance enabled them to sustain. They were frequently refused entrance into war and pestilence stricken villages—forced to bivouac under trees—lying down with their horses, cooking for themselves 'a goat when they could buy one,' and baking 'cakes of meal in hot ashes, made often with dry dung.' Constant was their armed watch and ward, as 'neither persons nor property were safe by day or night'—surrounded, as they found themselves, by 'a proud, irascible, jealous, suspicious, inhospitable, cruel race—*bös und mordisch*—reckless alike of the lives of others and their own'—above all, 'ever and anon insulting strangers by throwing stones and spitting.' The elements were scarcely better: our pilgrims, exposed alternately to tropical heats and Siberian colds, were broken down from sorrow and sickness; then their horses were stolen, or fell ill, and died from bad forage.

In cities of mark matters were somewhat mended; there was a little more chance of 'the provend'; and, among other signs of comparative civilization, each town had its permanent gibbet on the market-place, with busy executioner. No one made any complaint of the criminal law's delay; thieves to the amount of an 'obolus' were put to death instantly. Tetzels in one town saw rebel prisoners placed on pillars, with a mark on their breast, at which every one was allowed to shoot. Those who hit received six maravedis; he who missed had to pay a golden crown. The money thus merrily won and collected was afterwards spent by the sportsmen in the rarer delights of eating and drinking. He also saw some culprits chained to an iron bar between four lighted piles of wood, by which their flesh was roasted alive, and nothing but charred skeletons left. The prelates are described as turbulent and luxurious—the priests ignorant, unchaste, and venal in confessionals. In a word, the people were 'so mixed up with Jews and Saracens as to be worse than

than either, and more heathen than Christian.' The richer nobles imitated in their dress, dances, riding, and furniture, the fashions of Moors. The Peninsula throughout its length and breadth was torn by party feuds; every one hating his neighbour, and thinking only of selfish interests. Such in 1466 was Spain. Her then chaotic and convulsive condition has been clearly set forth by the accomplished Prescott—who made good use of the graphic chronicle of Castillo, a royal chaplain and an eye-witness. Independently of the hereditary and inveterate struggle between the crescent and the cross, the crown of Castile was disputed by Alonso, who had been set up in 1465 against his brother Enrique IV.; whilst in Aragon the Catalonians supported a rival against Juan II.

The legation, placed thus between two fires—a plague on both your houses—were compelled to take most circuitous routes to Compostella. They narrowly escaped death at starting, when forced by some Basque guards—*publicani*—and sinners—to pay tolls, from which they had hitherto been exempt. They visited at Medina de Pomar the 'good' Count Haro, to whose word of honour Juan II. and the rebel grandes trusted—the only faithful found—for the safe conference at Tordesillas in 1439. The details and original documents drawn up by the Count himself, in 1467, were published by Florez at Madrid in 1784, and offer a monument of feudal manners scarcely less interesting than our Scroop and Grosvenor trial for arms.

At Burgos, omitting the Cid altogether, the journalists are luculent upon the grand cathedral and silver images of the Virgin. They also bestow due notice on the Hispano-Hebreo convert bishop (Mariana, xix. 8), who took her name, Santa Maria, because he had the honour to be her kinsman, 'according to the flesh.' The Hussites danced again with the noble nuns of *Las Huelgas*, a monastery founded by the daughter of our Henry II.; nor did they fail to venerate the miraculous crucifix, graven by Nicodemus, whose hair and nails grew, and on that very day—teste Tetzels—cured one boy of a fever, and raised another from the dead. At Burgos, too, they saw their first bull-fight; at a second, given them at Salamanca, 'the third bull killed two men and wounded eight.' The gentle pastime was then conducted generally as it was only a few years ago at Tarifa; the animals were turned into the streets, baited by dogs and dart-armed horsemen; but we must refer those who wish to compare the past with the present to an article in our own No. cxxiv., or to the spirited and accurate sketches of *Tauromachia*, recently published by Mr. Luke Price, with a commentary from Mr. Ford's pen.

From Burgos the pilgrims rode to Segovia, after infinite botheration, the inconveniences of civil war increasing as the theatre

was

was approached. Here being admitted into the Alcazar, but only five at a time, they admired the golden [gilded] statues of the royal line of Στραβια, and not less the Moorish gorgeousness of the state saloons. They record the true history of the [Roman] aqueduct built by the devil in one night. At Olmedo Leo was received by Enrique IV. seated on a carpet—oriental in many of his habits and vices.* Comines also has described the glitter of his 300 Moorish guards at the interview in 1468 with the meanly clad Louis XI. Enrique showed small hospitality to Leo, paid no inn bills, gave him nothing but his *order*—with the arch-Spanish counsel ‘*patienz haben*’—and a passport. This his rival Alonso refused to recognize—nor would he permit our travellers to pass through his region; such offence had his Castilian punctilio taken at Leo’s not having paid him the first visit of etiquette.

Near Cantalapiedra they called on an aged hermit, who was thought to be an ex-King of Poland, and was actually, it seems, recognized by a Pole in Leo’s suite as Ladislas Jagellon, from the six toes on his feet. This monarch had sworn to a treaty with Amurath II., which, at the instigation of Pope Eugenius IV., he broke. The parties met at Varna in 1444, when, as the conflict began, the infidel held up the Host (*proh pudor!*) and appealed to the God of truth. The papal perjurer was beaten, and at the time supposed to have perished. The hoary hermit refused to be questioned, and retired, simply saying that he was a sinner. We must leave the mystery as we find it. Don Sebastian, killed in Africa, was long considered by the Portuguese to be alive. That our own Henry VI. died in a quiet bed in Scotland is even now the faith of some *historians*. Even so as to Huss himself, who was by many Bohemians expected to reappear after 100 years; and subsequently some believed that his metempsychosis was realized in Luther.

Leaving Salamanca, then ‘full of learning,’ they diverged by Ciudad Rodrigo, in order to avoid the districts occupied by Alonso. At Braga Leo was kindly received by the King of Portugal, to whom he brought autograph letters from his sister Eleonora, the wife of the Emperor. Portugal was now in all her wealth and glory; eminently distinguished in early maritime discoveries, she had soon victoriously driven the Moors from her own soil, and followed them with avenging arms into Africa; down whose Western coast she gradually crept, until in 1463, at the death of Prince Henry, the patron

* Juan Vitrian, in the *Escolios* to his translation of Comines, Madrid, 1643, notes however (p. 134) some anti-oriental changes introduced by Enrique in the dress of Spanish women. He first made them uncover their faces, and wash them with sweet-smelling wines—*olorosos*—instead of smearing with ointments.

of the Parrys and Backs of that age, the eighth degree of latitude south was reached, and Guinea—the mediæval California—was secured, with its lucrative gold, devil's dust, and slave trade. The reigning King imported not less than 100,000 'niggers' annually, and such were the horrors of the middle passage that sometimes 3000 died in one voyage to Lisbon. Ample details of African life and this dreadful trade, then so new and interesting to the rest of Europe, are given by both journalists; and our transatlantic colleagues may compare their present 'domestic institutions,' with these eminent prototypes. The royal merchant offered every assistance to Leo, observing that pilgrimages led to 'weary riders, broken-down horses, and empty purses.' Leo, whose 'beutel' was then full, declined the gold, but begged for two slaves, and was laughed at for asking for such rubbish sold as cattle—*nullius momenti, divenditur ut pecus*. Eventually a brace of apes were added to them, and some horses—Chaucer's 'jennets of Spayne that be so wyght'—minions of their race, and no doubt of Pliny's true Lisbon breed, begotten by the winds and Favonius.—(*N. H.*, iv. 22.)

From Pontevedra to Compostella the whole of the pious legation walked on foot. In a word, they performed all the prescribed routine—as the result whereof absolute plenary pardon from sins was and is guaranteed by infallible authority. Nor let us, now all *religio loci* is nearly exploded, deny the benefits derived—unintentionally and indirectly it is true—from the church-enforced duties of pilgrimage. To the desire of facilitating access to hallowed sites may be traced the material comforts of modern travelling—roads, bridges, hostels, hospitals, and cemeteries in bone-strewn districts. The 'Itinera Hierosolymæ' formed the manuals of the Arnulphs, Benjamin de Tudelas, and Mandevilles, and ushered in the exhaustive works of easier times, in which truth is at last distinguished from guesswork and hearsay. All honour to those daring explorers, the telescopes that first brought dark and distant lands near, the mirrors which held up outlines at least of the unknown.

At Padron, the threshold of Compostella's shrine, our note-takers stared with due awe at the stone on which Santiago voyaged from Joppa to the peninsula, and which retains, waxlike, the form and pressure of the apostolic person. Moreover, the stout Zehrovitz was nearly strangled in squeezing through the hole of the cave into which Santiago fled when pelted by the heathens, of whom he only converted two. Leo declined that attempt, but, with all his mission, drank of the fountain which gushed out 'enough to turn a mill,' when the apostle struck the ground with his staff, and whose saline draught 'is a certain febrifuge for a year.'

Our

Our Hadgis found no peace in the Mecca of Spain; the town had risen against the gown, and the archbishop was besieged in his own cathedral. Such things were frequent enough with church-militant 'Seynte James of Galiz:—thus, in 1116, Gelmirez,* the founder of the primacy, was shut up, and finally burnt out; consequently, like the Bedouin-threatened monasteries in Palestine, this 'great mynster large and long' of our Purchas was fortified with strong towers. When Leo arrived it was garrisoned inside with horse and foot; and all admittance impossible. A number of the suite having, however, rescued from death—that is, from Spanish surgeons—the only one of 4000 combatants wounded in a 'terrible' engagement, when 'prodigies of valour' were performed—a day's armistice was granted by the assailants, to which the Archbishop, catching a glimpse of 'costly offerings,' assented. Hereupon the Bohemians, having first been absolved by curious formalities from the ban of excommunication incurred by their intercourse with the anti-clerical party, were permitted, unarmed and barefooted, to worship the relics, the silver idols, the miraculous palmer-shells and staves, &c. &c. Finally they were all 'shriven and assoiled' of every trespass past, present, and future. We have no space to compare the hagiography and ancient practice detailed here and in the metrical record, with the actual processes, as chronicled by the last literary pilgrim—our guide, philosopher, and friend—who, by especial favour of the Grand Penitenciary, was allowed to *embrace the cape and shoulders* of the great graven image—the consummation—as Mr. Richard Ford boasts—*el fin de la Romeria*.

These sinners of Prague and Nuremburg, whitewashed and comforted, made, before they turned homeward, an excursion to the then Land's End, Cape *Finisterre*, which catching, and not unpoetically, at sound, they term *Finstern Stern*—that is, being interpreted, the site where the star of Eve set in darkness over an ocean deeper than ever plummet sounded. And, if the thoughts were serious that crowded even on us when standing upon this huge backbone of Europe—which bluffly proclaims to the vasty yeasty Atlantic, Thus far shalt thou come and no farther—how solemn must have been the sentiments of those old inlanders as they gazed on this mysterious expanse of 'sky and sea, and what beyond God only knew.' However eagerly they listened to every

* See for singular particulars Florez, *España Sagrada*, vol. xix. p. 220. How Gelmirez worked at Rome is detailed in the extraordinary *Historia Compostellana*, written by his chaplains and printed in the same work (vol. xx.). He stripped the altars to bribe the Pope (p. 226). The cash was conveyed to Rome by the not uncommon church-agency of *pilgrims*, who, it seems, obtained so many years' grace for their souls as they smuggled ounces of gold to the Successor of the Fisherman (p. 283).

holy legend—especially when shown the very ship, now converted into a mountain, in which the Virgin and Saviour sailed to visit these regions—they also noted the ancient tales of less exalted mariners; e. g. how, in times past, three galleys, manned by young sailors, with twelve scribes in each to record observations, were sent across these unpathed waters by the King of Portugal; how one vessel only returned after three years, its crew grown bald and old in the sea-change, and telling of antres vast and islands of gold. One thing is evident—that a notion of the existence of transatlantic regions was current long before the master-mind of Columbus converted conjecture into certainty.

As we ponder by his son's grave in the cathedral of Seville, and look down on the slight caravels, engraved on the tombstone, which conveyed the great sire to the New World, how insufficient in every appliance seem these fragile boats when compared with the floating palaces that now in one brief month cross and recross the Atlantic—how the courage, the *as triplex*, of the illustrious navigator stands forth—how full of dignity his sense of his high calling—how deep his trust that Providence would still the winds and waves, and waft safely over its special messenger—how colossal and whole-length the portrait drawn in his own simple earnest despatches, the fresh *ipsissima verba*, the first descriptions of his own new discoveries!*

At Badajoz the legation finally quitted Portugal—having found, we read, little difference between that realm and Spain in regard either to the hardships of the way, or the heathenish life and manners of the people. Riding on, in the greatest danger and insecurity, they passed Merida, with its stately Roman ruins, inhabited then by Moors, Jews, Gentiles,—‘the professors of no less than six creeds.’ Hence they struck across a wild district to the convent of the Virgin at Guadalupe, where 150 monks and 50 lay brethren gave pious occupation to 600 pilgrims, who did mason's work for the good of their souls. The revenues exceeded those of ‘two German potentates.’ The royal sepulchres, but above all the St. Luke-painted image of the Virgin—who ‘herself had aided to build the convent’—are duly commemorated. Tetzels, as usual, is full of the excellent hospitality of the cloister.

This magnificent institution has been sequestered, and in the

* These scarce letters have been recently reprinted by the Hackluyt Society, into which literary travellers will do well to enroll themselves. So called after the Ramusio, Barros, and Couto of England—its object is to print and preserve early rare and unpublished voyages and travels. These incunabula are illustrated with all the knowledge of the present; and ten volumes of infinite interest have already appeared. How wide the field may be gathered by a perusal of the ‘Geschichte der wichtigsten geographischen Entdeckungen’ of M. C. Sprengel, Hall, 1792, of which M. von Humboldt remarked in 1840, ‘Vous connaissez sans doute le petit volume de Sprengel duquel Maltebrun a fait ses 17 volumes’—*Cosas de Francia*.

edifice, now a barrack, the coarse jest and oath of the soldier replace the chant and prayer of the monk. He also has been scheduled away, as an anachronism, by the avarice and ingratitude of modern Mendizabals. He had served his turn. In the dark ages of turbulence, when the armed man bowed to the cowl, these shorn functionaries tempered violence and brutality; in these asylums of peace the lamp of learning flickered, amid the circumambient palpable obscure. The eremites who first rescued these sites from the desert—*ab eremo*—and bade the lair of wolves smile with corn and wine, were alike spiritual and temporal benefactors. The orderly community did the offices of guides and teachers, of gardeners, agriculturists, bankers, chemists, and physicians to soul and body of the fatherless, the orphan, and the poor who have no friend. Let not their memory be anathema!

Thence Leo passed to Toledo, the widowed metropolis of the Goth. Its princely archbishop possessed a revenue of a thousand crowns a day, and made and unmade kings. In the cathedral all bowed before the *Casulla*, which the Virgin brought down from heaven to San Ildefonso; they also inspected what our literary friends will value more—that famous gift of St. Louis—the ‘superb bible in three volumes, written with letters of gold and illuminated by the first painter in the world.’ This in Mr. Ford’s day was still there, having miraculously escaped the Soutlic ‘snappers-up of unconsidered trifles.’ The legation passed through Madrid, then the insignificant hamlet of a dreary district; and thence, threading countries held by the Moors, they reached Zaragoza, the capital of troubled Arragon. John II., amid all his perplexities, received Leo kindly—gave him his *order*, which he accepted, and offered gold, which he declined. Here our Baron and suite beheld the miraculous image of the Virgin, the Palladium, which she brought herself from heaven to Santiago, who, although he could not make even one convert at Zaragoza, built her a chapel there with his own hands.

John, who knew his country and countrymen, did his utmost to dissuade his guests from facing the ‘desert’ of Arragon and its rebellious natives. After hairbreadth escapes, however, and miseries inconceivable, they reach Barcelona. They admire the girdle of palm-trees, all of which have disappeared; nor will future travellers easily meet with the ancient planter they equally commend. ‘Why,’ he was asked, ‘do you sow the seeds of a slow-growing tree, whose dates will not ripen ere a hundred years be passed?’ ‘Am I not,’ was his reply, ‘eating the fruit from trees planted by my forefathers, who took thought of posterity, and shall I not do likewise?’ Now-a-days, the maxim of the cotton-spinning Catalan is, Every man for himself—*après moi le déluge*. Schassek, who was nearly kidnapped by these land-rats and water-rats, and sold

sold for a slave, thus describes your old Manchesterians of the Peninsula:—‘Homines perfidi et scelerati, Christianæ quidem professionis, verum quibusvis ethnicis deteriores.’

Barcelona, then, as now, a hotbed of rebellion and radicalism, had within six years changed its sovereign six times, and in 1466 was upholding René of Anjou against John II.; the good old dilettante being represented by his son, the Duke of Calabria. His passport secured Leo a civil reception—though the suite were cautioned never to go out in the streets singly. The Catalan authorities allude to this particular passport in one they gave, November 2, 1466, which Schassek has preserved—and in which, fortunately, the independent democrats use their own Limousin dialect,—the first polished of all the Romance class,—instead of the diplomatic Latin of other potentates. It is curious enough to compare the diction of this document with the German of Tetzels or the contemporaneous English of our Paston correspondence.

The wayworn pilgrims, having shaken from their sandals the dust of hard Iberia, entered Perpignan, passing by Hostalric, which Schassek calls ‘Castelrico—*Starlic in Mappâ.*’ This geographical gem, the map, has unluckily been consumed in the wear and tear of time’s edacity. By and by they reached Avignon, and noting neither Petrarch nor Vacluse, wondered at the grand old bridge, now broken, and the vast pontifical palace, now a barrack. Hence they climbed the Alps, and descending into beautiful Italy, rode to Milan, and amid the elegant hospitalities of Duke Galeazzo Sforza forgot the scanty fare, the stones for bread, of Spain. As Leo ‘swam in his gondola’ to Venice, the Doge, Christofero Mauro, sent his Chancellor to welcome him to the Queen of the Adriatic. The suite put up at the *Fondaco dei Tedeschi—domus Germanorum*—where travellers of all nations could dine apart, and *à la carte*. The Venetians were very civil to Leo; but when he wanted them to ‘cash a bill,’ declined, after the fashion of wary traffickers. They, however, liberally let him look at their famed treasury and arsenal, the ruby platter of St. Mark, and the horses of bronze; and the rare honour was done the envoy and his suite of admitting them to a senatorial council, where a Proveditor was elected by more than 3000 voters by ballot—a process, with its gilt balls, minutely described, and to which we respectfully call Mr. Grote’s attention. No less detailed is the account of the magnificent luxury of a princely merchant, who, having made a fortune at Alexandria, had just returned to his native place, there to sink—like our indigo and opium nabobs—the gains of a life in brick and mortar, the raw material of ruination. Perchance it is among the ‘old stones’ of this millionaire’s Aladdin-palace, a *Cà d’oro* rising in 1466 like Venus

Venus from the sea, that our good friend Mr. Ruskin is ruminating and reconstructing in 1852.

The Baron of Rosmital departed from Venice the 16th of December, and was received by the Emperor at Gratz with words of finer promise than performance. He, too, with the royal and imperial impecuniosity hereditary in the house of Hapsburg, could not or would not cash our Bohemian's bill. It would seem that those unspeakable comforts and conveniences of continental travel, the circular notes of great Bankers, were not then anticipated like the restaurants of Venice.

At Neustadt, near Vienna, Leo became the guest of the Empress, who, with all her lords and ladies of the bedchamber, was enchanted by the apes and negroes;—but when the legation sang the *seguidillas*, and danced the *fandangos* they had learned beyond the Pyrenees, Eleonora's nationality and maternity overflowed—and her son, the future Emperor Maximilian, then eight years old, was taught them forthwith. Meanwhile his Excellency was so hard up that he was compelled 'to sell to a Jew for 1200 guldens a bracelet worth 12,000.' The heart of the Empress was either less liberal than her brother's of Portugal, or her Majesty's pin-money was more pinched and Austrian.

Political difficulties were soon superadded to those of purse; all passage through Hungary was denied. In the end, however, our insolvent pilgrims reached home. No prodigal's return was more fêted. Leo could not stir without being pointed at—'This is he!' The population of Prague turned out to a man, with drums, trumpets, Rockysana and his chapter—

' Loud shouts and salutations in their mouths,
E'en in the presence of the crowned king.'

The monarch himself welcomed the plenipotentiary most cordially—and created him hereditary Court Chamberlain. On the Queen's joy at her brother's safe delivery we need not dwell, nor on the feast she gave, or the wines presented by the city. The company that had so long braved the battle and the breeze together was paid off and broken up—its worthy constituents never to meet again in this world. Leo the hero died October 23, 1480, and 'now sleeps well' in the fine old cathedral of Prague. Of Secretary Schassek nothing more is recorded; Tetzl, his colleague, settling at Nuremberg, speedily became Burgomaster thereof, and, having passed the chair and a good and garrulous life, there he died in 1479, full of honours and gout—for

' His friends the more for his long absence prized him,
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay
With dinners—where he oft became the laugh of them
For stories—but I don't believe the half of them.'

ART. VII.—1. *A Treatise on Naval Gunnery, dedicated by special permission to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.* By General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B., &c. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo. 1851.

2. *Observations on the Past and Present State of Fire-Arms, and on the probable effects in War of the New Musket; with a Proposition for Re-organizing the Royal Regiment of Artillery.* By Col. Chesney. 8vo. 1852.

3. *Observations on Muskets, Rifles, and Projectiles.* By Henry Wilkinson, M.R.A. and M.S.A.

4. *Des Nouvelles Carabines, et de leur Emploi.* Par Favé, Capitaine d'Artillerie. Paris. 1847.

WE are not among those who would either condemn or treat with levity such warnings as our journals of almost all colours have lately given on the subject of invasion. These admonitions, whether immediately called for or not, indicate that the spirit of the nation at least has not degenerated—and that, let war come when it may, we shall meet it with the whole strength of the empire. Yet newspaper discussions, when fleets and armies happen to furnish the subject, are attended with some inconveniences. To say nothing of the risk of provoking an attack, for which we tell the whole world that we are unprepared, it is impossible not to be struck with the tone of gross exaggeration which pervades many of their recent statements. Take, for example, the case of the regulation musket. Undoubtedly it is neither elegant in appearance nor fabricated according to the strictest laws of mechanical art; but to describe it as a weapon which cannot kill is mere folly. We, who write this paper, have known it bring down seven French soldiers at seven consecutive shots; and the most eminent of the authors on our list testifies that at the siege of Flushing a British rifleman knocked over, in like manner, eleven of the enemy. And surely, if musket and rifle were capable of accomplishing such feats while flint and steel exploded the priming, they are not likely to effect less now. We readily concede that the regulation musket is capable of many improvements. Instead of a single length of stock, which fits nobody, you might have three scales, to suit the long-armed man, the short-armed, and the man of medium size. You may diminish the windage likewise, loosen the spring of the trigger, perhaps get rid of some unnecessary weight in the instrument itself, and assimilate the lock more to that of an ordinary fowling-piece. Indeed it is manifestly unjust, as well as unsafe, in a matter of

such vast national importance, to compare the musket in its present rude state—a thing made by contract, and costing, we believe, between two and three pounds, including the bayonet—with a highly-finished and high-priced rifle. Let the *improved* plain-bore musket be tried against the improved rifle, and we shall then see wherein, and to what extent, the one is beaten, as a general service instrument, by the other. But to condemn the musket ere *fairly* tried, and advise its consignment to museums, among the catapults and balistas of bygone times, is to write at random. For what is it that has put us out of conceit with poor old Brown Bess? Our red-coats, it appears, did not kill so many Caffres as we expected them to do; whereas the Caffres picked off our best officers, and slaughtered our men by the score: and so the war has been protracted—our victories often causing a far greater amount of loss to the victors than to the vanquished. This is possible enough; but why lay all the blame upon the musket? Are the Caffres better armed than our people? Do they carry needle-prime guns or any other weapon which takes effect beyond the range of our fire? Quite otherwise. Many of their firelocks are constructed on the flint and steel principle—many are transmitted to them—*proh pudor*—by English houses, and have all the defects which usually appertain to muskets fabricated for the African market. Yet they tell, where the fire of our troops is ineffective. Shall we not, therefore, exercise a sound discretion if we look for other causes of failure than the armament of our troops? The truth is that—while our neighbours train their infantry to march thirty and forty miles on end—bringing corps d'élite (the Chasseurs de Vincennes for example) to such a state of perfection that they will keep up with cavalry for days together—while they simplify their musket-exercise, get rid of the slow time in marching, reduce their parade-formations to the few which war requires, and, clothing and otherwise equipping their men with a view to personal ease and flexibility, give them ample practice in target-firing, and discipline and train their vision;—while this is their system, we manipulate our recruits so as to render them pretty playthings for smart field-day officers at home, and send them, uninstructed in the use of their weapons and loaded like so many jackasses, to hold their own in the bush against naked savages, with eyes like an eagle, and hands accustomed to obey with promptitude and accuracy every movement of the will. We protest, therefore, against laying to the charge of Brown Bess mishaps for which she is very little to blame. Let her be thoroughly overhauled, in Fate's name. Tinker her up, if she will bear tinkering, or get rid of her entirely—when you are quite ure of your substitute. But do not make her the scapegoat for

gross

gross neglects in your drill ; nor, above all, delude yourself by supposing that a mere change of weapon will set you right, either at the Cape or anywhere else.

With public attention turned to these subjects, we cannot but regard as very opportune the appearance of the two works which stand first in our list. In strict propriety perhaps neither of them can be said to be new. Sir Howard Douglas's has been before the world many years ; indeed there is scarcely a nation in Europe which is not in possession of a carefully-executed translation of it ; while Colonel Chesney's, though recently put together, recapitulates opinions which had all been delivered on previous occasions, either by himself or by others. Both, however, are acceptable, for this among other reasons, that both touch with a strong yet tutored hand the heart of the grievance under which John Bull believes himself to suffer.*

The history of the *Treatise on Naval Gunnery* is rather curious. Entering early into the army, and actively engaged throughout the wars which arose from the first French Revolution, Sir Howard appears to have watched with great, perhaps with hereditary interest, the operations of the sister profession in all parts of the world. He saw the marine of France and Spain go down, with comparative ease, before our own. Combats, whether of squadrons or of single ships, might be more or less protracted, but they ended almost invariably in the same manner. The enemy were chased, overtaken, and engaged yard-arm to yard-arm, and by sheer strength of hand and bull-dog courage beaten and captured. Tactics of this description required a thorough knowledge of seamanship, but they hardly called for much practical acquaintance with gunnery. Notwithstanding certain brilliant exceptions,† that matter

* Sir Howard Douglas's third edition, which was well noticed in almost all the daily and weekly papers at the time, had the start of Colonel Chesney's volume by four months at the least. Sir Howard enters fully and scientifically into what may be called the rifle controversy, and is followed by Colonel Chesney in the same order, through the same line of argument, enforced and sustained by the same quotations, to the self-same conclusions. We do not, of course, distrust the Colonel's declaration that he had never seen the General's chapter on the new rifle till the last of his own sheets were printed off. But if the merit of originality do not belong entirely to Sir Howard, so marked a coincidence of thought, and even of expression, between two authors, never, upon any other subject, arrested our notice. This however is merely by the by. The main objects which the two writers seek respectively to accomplish are sufficiently distinct to require that, up to a certain point at least, we should deal with them separately.

† On this point we beg to refer our readers to a little 12mo. compiled with judgment and skill by Mr. Edward Giffard of the Admiralty—*Deeds of Naval Daring and Anecdotes of the British Navy* (1852). Undoubtedly the author produces facts which must somewhat qualify Sir H. Douglas's statement: it is to be observed, however, that those brilliant episodes belong, almost exclusively, to the earlier period of the war—while Sir Howard's chief point is the condition of things towards its close.

matter was, as Sir Howard broadly states, very much neglected. Indeed, the more distant firing on both sides appears to have been often ludicrously ineffective.

‘In the latter years of Napoleon’s reign,’ says Sir Howard, ‘though considerable improvement had been made in the marine of France, the state of practical gunnery among French seamen was so wretched, that we have seen ships strongly manned playing batteries of twenty or thirty heavy guns against our vessels, without more effect than might have been easily produced by one or two well-directed pieces; and we have seen some cases in which heavy frigates have used powerful batteries against our vessels for a considerable time without producing any effects at all.’

It is in the nature of things that they who prevail over their rivals should feel well contented with the superiority which they have established, and with the means which led to it. Had the men of Lancashire been able, without the spinning-jenny, to establish a monopoly in the cotton markets of the world, the chances are that no such machine would have ever been invented. The Prussians, glorying in the military system of Frederick, went forth full of confidence to meet Napoleon at Jena, and were destroyed. So it was with the British fleet and the new enemy with which it came into contact after the maritime nations of Europe had all been overthrown. Equal to ourselves in seamanship—nowise inferior in courage—and excelling us both in the build of their ships and in the attention which they had paid to artillery practice—the Americans met our headlong daring with wariness and science, and soon snatched, to our surprise and mortification, more than one chaplet from our crown. Their naval commanders, says Sir H. Douglas—

‘so cautiously adapted their tactics to the superior powers of their armament, that, even when opposed to very inferior numbers and quality of ordnance, they would neither approach nor permit us to join in close battle, till they had gained some decisive advantage from the superior faculties of their long guns in distant cannonade, and from the intrepid, uncircumspect, and often very exposed approach of assailants who had long been accustomed to condemn all manœuvring, and who only considered how soonest to rush into yard-arm action. . . . Our vessels were in almost every instance so crippled in distant cannonade by encountering rashly the serious disadvantage of making direct attacks under the powerful fire of broadside batteries, that all those close actions which terminated unfavourably to us may fairly be said to

We are happy in the opportunity of directing attention *obiter* to Mr. Giffard’s most interesting and *well-timed* volume. His access to authentic documents and other evidence, his generous spirit, and his unaffected style (previously shown in the narrative of his Greek travels) ought to secure for it an extensive popularity.

have

have been fought under very disadvantageous tactical circumstances, even had the force of the contending ships been equally matched.*

It was impossible for the son of Admiral Sir Charles Douglas—the real author of the manœuvre which gave to Rodney his brilliant triumph over De Grasse on the 12th of April, 1782,* and the first who applied locks to ships' guns—to witness such failures without extreme regret and anxiety. The causes, however, lay upon the surface of things. We were become so satisfied of our own invincibility, that we ceased to pay any attention to the training by which we had achieved it. Our ships' crews knew nothing, or next to nothing, of their duty as artilleryists. In some instances it was proved that till they came into action they had never been drilled to the gun exercise at all; and in many more the substitution of carronades for long guns had rendered them helpless, when opposed to an enemy better appointed, and able and determined to fight on his own terms. To a student like Sir Howard the most decisive symptom of a systematic neglect in our gunnery was this—that, as often as an American vessel captured a British one, she did so without sustaining any hurt at all proportionate to that which she had inflicted. He dwells at some length on the salient case of our *Macedonian* and the *United States*. The American frigate, keeping two points off the wind, hindered the *Macedonian* from bearing down upon her for a full hour, during which the superiority of her metal, and the exceeding accuracy of her fire, cut our vessel to pieces. At last the two frigates closed; they closed, that is to say, when the American saw that his enemy was disabled—and, in spite of the desperate courage of Captain Carden and his men, the British flag came down. What was wanting here, in a crack ship and a picked crew? Neither courage nor seamanship. Yet the *United States* sailed away comparatively in good order, having lost but 12 men:—the *Macedonian*, besides sustaining a loss in killed and wounded of 104, lay like a log upon the water. There was no getting over or misinterpreting these facts. 'It is not disgraceful,' writes Sir Howard—and all the world will agree with him—'that a vessel should be compelled to yield to another of superior force, but it is so that the enemy should not be made to smart for his conquest. The defenders of the devoted vessel could not in justice be blamed, so long as naval gunnery was not a matter of *professional cultivation and absolute obligation*.'

Feeling keenly what he regarded as a serious diminution of

* We are surprised to find Colonel Chesney giving even an equivocal support to the claims of Mr. Clerk on this subject. We had thought that question was settled long ago: assuredly Sir Howard Douglas's vindication of his father's fame left no doubt upon our own mind as to the facts of the case.

the national *prestige*, and grudging no labour with a view to a reform—Sir Howard, on the return of peace, devoted his two first years of leisure to the composition of a work upon Naval Gunnery, and in 1817 sent his MS. to the Admiralty, with an intimation that they might make of it whatever use they should judge best for the public service. Throughout every stage Sir Howard's strict delicacy in publishing nothing on subjects of this class without the distinct authority of the higher powers, is an example that cannot be too much commended. He received immediately an official acknowledgment of his MS., and—after some delays, into the history of which we need not enter—in the winter of 1818 their lordships were pleased to express themselves very highly of the work, and to request that they might be allowed to retain a copy of it, 'with a view,' says the author, 'to carry into effect the whole or any part of my plans hereafter, when those considerations and financial circumstances, which at that time prevented their adoption, might admit.'

These 'plans' of 1817 embraced all that has yet been done for the establishment of schools of instruction in naval gunnery, and a great deal more. The work was, with the express sanction of Government, printed and given to the public in 1819; but at that period peace promised to be enduring, and John Bull insisted on the most watchful economy; and, in a word, it was not until clouds again gathered over the political atmosphere of Europe in the memorable year 1830 that the first step was taken towards the realization of our author's 'plans.' Then at last a gunnery establishment, on a very limited scale, was instituted on board her Majesty's ship *Excellent*, at Portsmouth. Put under the charge at first of Captain George Smith—the well-known inventor of the moveable lever-target, and other useful nautical improvements—it passed successively into the hands of Sir Thomas Hastings and Captain Chads, the latter of whom still retains the appointment. By degrees the establishment has received many improvements. Especially, the school of gunnery has been enlarged, and its sphere of usefulness greatly extended, by the junction therewith of a naval college, originally intended as a place of study for naval cadets. The building which had been set apart in the Dockyard for academical purposes was in 1839 made over to Captain Chads, and is now occupied by twenty-four naval officers, from the rank of captain to that of lieutenant on half-pay; by a certain number of marine officers intended for the Marine Artillery; and by mates who compete there for lieutenants' commissions, and win or lose the prize twice in every year. The marine officers and mates, before entering the college, must have gone through a course of practical gunnery in the *Excel-*
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lent. The half-pay officers, who remain in college from twelve to eighteen months, are supposed to be perfect in this branch of their education before they come; but all study, under an able professor, the higher branches of mathematics, besides receiving instruction in the theory and practice of steam-engineering, mechanical drawing, fortification, and gunnery. In addition to the above, the establishment now includes twenty cadets for the marines, who are allowed to reside two years, unless previously passed, that they may study fortification, gunnery, history, and the French language. Finally, field-works are thrown up on a small island in the harbour, as an exercise of practice by the officers and men; and in a laboratory adjoining they go through a course of instruction in making rockets, tubes, cartridges, fuzes, &c. The field practice with shot and shell takes place at Southsea.

This seminary—for the existence of which the country is deeply indebted to Sir Howard Douglas—has already instructed, as gunners, 2500 men, of whom 2100 have passed examinations and received certificates of their fitness to serve as captains of guns, gunner's mates, and gunners of ships. Out of the whole number, 273 have been appointed at different times as gunners, and 500 as gunner's mates; and there are now actually afloat 1140 well-trained seamen, who act as first or second captains of guns, or in other confidential stations. But important as these results are, they neither come up to the purposes intended by the originator of the scheme, nor meet the wishes of the nation. For our single college of instruction, the French can show five, each having sea-going frigates connected with it, and all supplied with barracks wherein regiments of seamen are lodged, trained to their guns, and kept ready for embarkation when needed. Surely something of this sort might be tried here in England. No doubt in the little corps of seamen-gunners belonging to the *Excellent* we have the nucleus of an improved system of manning the fleet; and the recent addition of the *Edinburgh*, which is to cruise all the summer, and in winter take her moorings at Devonport, encourages the hope that the importance of such establishments towards the maintenance of our naval power will be recognized. At the same time, let us be pardoned for whispering that such a miserable addition as a penny a day to the seaman-gunner's pay offers no adequate inducement to give up the privilege of choosing his own ship, his own captain, and his own station. Why do we not enlist our *gunners*, at all events, for a term of years, insuring to them increased pay proportioned to length of service, and affording them all reasonable indulgence for visiting their friends on the return of their ship from a foreign station? Why have we not a gunnery ship
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at every one of our great naval depôts, into which we might discharge our crews when their ships are paid off, and so keep them in training till their services are again required afloat? Ten thousand men thus educated, and permanently attached to the service, would barely meet the exigencies of the case. For the handful now scattered through the fleet, even if we were assured of keeping them all, would be lost, so to speak, among the swarms whom a declaration of war would bring under the pennant; but who, or their vast majority, would put to sea utterly unfit, as far as gunnery practice is concerned, to cope with the drilled artillerists of Brest, Cherbourg, and Toulon.*

To return to Sir Howard Douglas's Treatise. In 1826 he gave a second and considerably enlarged edition; and now, in 1852, we are put in possession of a third, so elaborately revised throughout, and enriched by so many additions, that practically it must be regarded as a new work. In truth such a work was very necessary after such a lapse of time. In no point connected with pyrotechnics or navigation had science stood still. Ever watchful and zealous, Sir Howard had permitted no change or experiment whatever to escape him—nor has he now failed to point out both the manner and the degree to which they confirm or seem to modify conclusions at which he had previously arrived. And we are happy in being able to add, that so well satisfied were both the late Board of Admiralty and the Directors of the East India Company with the value of the instruction communicated, that very soon after the publication of the book they respectively gave orders for the supply of a copy of it to the commander of every ship of war under commission.

Of the five Parts into which the author has divided his enlarged work, the first, which treats of the general organization and training of naval gunners, is historical rather than didactic. It abounds indeed with useful hints and instruction throughout, but will scarcely bear abridgment, for the diction is as concise as the themes could allow. It is not so with Part II., which, dealing with the theory and practice of gunnery, more particularly applied to the service of naval ordnance, takes of necessity a wider range, and involves the reader in numerous and important calculations. First we have the mathematical theory of projectiles explained, and

* Since the preceding remarks were in type an order to enrol 5000 seamen as a reserve for manning the fleet has been issued. But besides the inadequacy of the force in regard to numbers, the permission given to the enrolled men to serve on board coasters must operate as a grievous bar to their usefulness in the event of a sudden call. You will want them all in a hurry, and at least a fortnight must elapse before you can lay your hand on half of them. This must be seen to—and doubtless will by such a Board as that on which the navy and the country are now congratulating Lord Derby.

a well-executed parallel drawn between the properties of the parabolic curve, *in vacuo*, and the laws which govern the actual progress of a cannon-ball through the resisting medium of the atmosphere. The history and uses of the ballistic pendulum are then detailed; after which comes a list of formulæ for determining the velocity of a shot at the various stages of its progress, from the point of departure to that of impact. These lead by a natural process to the examination of the causes which produce deviations from the direct line of fire—both lateral and longitudinal—whether they arise out of defects in the construction of the shot, such as its non-sphericity or non-homogeneity, or are occasioned by the diurnal rotation of the earth or the rotation of the projectile on a vertical and horizontal axis. The rule is next laid down whereby we may find an elevation producing the maximum range of a shot of a given weight, fired with a given charge of powder from a gun of a given calibre.—Having thus gone through our process of abstract reasoning on the theorem, we begin to apply it to practical purposes in the corollaries, which tell all that is to be told of the results of a naval battle, waged upon scientific principles, under every conceivable variety of circumstances. In nine sections Sir Howard explains how the fire of a ship's battery can be rendered most effective at different ranges and in different ways. They deal with it now as succeeding, now as failing to produce the desired result; and in no instance omit to suggest a remedy for the evil when it is accounted for.

From the vast range of statement and discussion thus briefly indicated, the following deductions are drawn:—That splinters are more destructive to life on board ship than any other species of missile; that in close action a diminished charge of powder is more effective in producing splinters than a full charge, provided the gun be of heavier metal than a twelve-pounder, but not otherwise; that, though hollow shot discharged at a short range occasion more splinters and a wider breach in a ship's side than solid shot, a result directly opposite is produced if the range be distant—because their relatively lower momenta, arising from diminished weight, deprive them of that accuracy and certainty of practice which are attainable only by the heavier projectiles. Hence Sir Howard doubts, and we confess that we doubt with him, whether we are right in the general adoption of shell-guns for the bow and stern armaments of steamers, in preference to long solid-shot-guns possessing in a higher degree power of range, accuracy, and penetrating force in distant firing; and whether, in the armament of our navy in general, we have not so reduced the number of guns, in consequence of the introduction of shell-guns into the broadside batteries of some classes of ships

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(the *Thetis* and *Castor* class in particular), as to place those vessels in disadvantageous circumstances when opposed to such as—though not superior to them in size—carry a greater number of guns, and are therefore able to deliver in a specified time a greater number of discharges.

With respect to the use of heavy and compound shot, it is shown that, since the extent of range increases with the weight of the projectile, as long as the charge of powder is kept in due proportion, so in the chase hollow shot filled with lead produce excellent effect: but that oblong or double-headed shot are so uncertain in their range that it is never prudent to make use of them, except at close quarters. The same argument applies to double and triple-shotted firing, which becomes positively worthless after a few discharges, unless care be taken to diminish judiciously the amount of powder used. On the other hand, the more closely your shot fits the gun, that is to say, in an inverse ratio to the amount of windage, will be both the force and the accuracy of each discharge. Hence attempts have been made, particularly in Sweden, to project cylindrico-conical balls from rifled cannon; but the want of ductility in iron renders it extremely difficult to fit a solid shot to the grooves without spoiling them; while hollow shot and shells have hitherto broken into shivers in the gun, unless fired with a charge so diminished as to render the effect very trifling.

In dealing with the controversy between long and short guns Sir Howard decides that the point-blank range of a long gun is somewhat greater than that of a short gun of the same class, both being equally well balanced. This superiority seems, moreover, to increase as degrees of elevation become necessary. For while in point-blank the mean out of three ranges of a 24-pounder, measuring 9 feet 6 inches, was 248 yards, that of a 24-pounder, measuring 6 feet 6 inches, was only 222 yards—the charge of powder, 6 lbs., being in each case the same; whereas two 32-pounders, at one degree of elevation, threw the shots to 853 and 734 yards respectively. At the same time it is acknowledged that the rule here laid down admits of some modification. Where one gun has the weight of metal more accumulated than the other at the breech, it will, in point-blank practice, throw its shot farther. But besides that the fact may be accounted for on the ground that a gun so balanced is apt, ere the shot escapes from the muzzle, to throw its nose slightly into the air, it is certain that, as soon as elevation becomes necessary, this superiority of the short over the long gun disappears. On the whole, therefore, long guns appear preferable to short, except for close action.

Something, though not much, as regards the initial velocity of a shot,

a shot, seems to depend upon the nature of the wad. A hollow shot with a wooden bottom obtains, for example, increased velocity over a plain hollow shot, at the rate of 1 to 0.98, or thereabouts. But the advantage thus gained is more than counter-balanced by the loss of time which occurs when a wad is so stiff as to require a blow instead of a push to ram it home. Besides, more depends upon the diameter of the cartridge than upon anything else—a cartridge of increased diameter throwing a plain hollow shot with greater velocity from the gun than a cartridge of smaller diameter throws a shot of the same description, even when it has a wooden bottom. In musketry two wads of paste-board, placed one over the powder and another over the ball, produce a greater amount of velocity than either felt or crumpled-up paper.

We recommend to especial attention the eighth and ninth Sections, which treat of the penetration of shot into materials, and the comparative efficiency of cylindro-conical and excentric-spherical projectiles. We may here satisfy ourselves—if any doubts still hang upon our minds—that of all materials for building ships of war iron is the worst; that you cannot so fortify it as to render it at the same time buoyant and shot-proof; and that the destruction to be caused by splinters, should a shot pass through the vessel's side, would be terrific. On the other hand, the resisting power of water is represented as quite prodigious. Two feet, we read, are sufficient to repel the impetus of a ball fired with full charge from a 32-pounder, which, instead of penetrating, rebounds, and takes a distant range of perhaps 500 or 600 yards. We confess that of the reality of this phenomenon we are not as yet quite convinced. No doubt the universal indemnity from shot-holes of all those sections of a ship's bottom which lie below the water-mark, seems to support the opinion here advanced; and probably a few more experiments, carefully made, would set the question at rest for ever. But there is no need of further experiments to prove that in his estimate of the comparative value of spherical and elongated balls for cannon Sir Howard determines justly. It will never do to supersede the spherical by the elongated cannon-ball. From time to time you may make with the latter an astonishing hit—and we observe that experiments are again in progress at Woolwich, with a view to ascertain how far, by rifling a piece of ordnance and applying a four-grooved tail to the shot, that which has as yet been occasional only may be rendered certain.* But Sir Howard's reasoning satisfies us that nothing will or indeed can

* The results, as we learn while correcting our sheet, have fully confirmed Sir Howard's view. The leaden ring, which was intended to rifle the ball, fell off, after the shot had ranged about 300 yards—and the further progress of the elongated projectile could not be traced.

come of it—because, if all other difficulties were surmounted, the extreme degree of accuracy required to fix the centre of gravity in its proper place, would render a wholesale manufacture of such projectiles impossible—while, without such accuracy, the shot would scarce be clear of the gun ere it would topple over; and then, though it might wobble along for a hundred yards or two, its range must be as limited as its flight would become excentric.

Into the contents of Part III.—except so far as they bear upon what may be considered as the great question of the hour—it is not our purpose to enter. They are of exceeding importance; but the range which they take is too wide to admit of abridgment, or critical examination. We learn from them that the practice of boring up, or *reaming* guns, though very fashionable for a time, has sunk into disrepute. 18-pounders converted into 24-s, and 24-s scooped out into 32-pounders, proved, on a fair and lengthened trial, to be failures. They would not bear an adequate charge of powder, and, though efficient enough at close ranges, were worse than useless beyond them. *Monster Guns* next began to be cast—the French, under the guidance of Colonel Paixhans, setting the example: but these, however formidable in battery on shore, strain too much, for general practice, upon a ship's timbers. And even in regard to range, their superiority over the more manageable ordnance in our own service proved to be very equivocal. The English 56-pounder, the largest gun in ordinary use, will throw a solid shot, at 15° of elevation, 4087 yards. The 138-pounder fabricated for the Pacha of Egypt about ten years ago, ranged, at the same elevation, 4040 yards; and the United States gun, cast at Liverpool in 1845, with a bore of 13 feet and 12 inches of calibre, did not exceed 3267 yards.

Two sorts of guns have come into use in the British and French naval services respectively—the canon-obusier in the latter, first introduced in 1824, and the large chambered gun, for the projection of shells and hollow shot, in the former. We believe that as yet our shell-guns have the superiority in range: but they are inferior to the canon-obusier in this respect, that—while we have given to our guns chambers in the Gomer form—the chambers of the canons-obusier are cylindrical, and connected with the bore of the gun by an enlargement in the shape of the frustum of a cone. The first does extremely well as long as the firing with a full charge continues: but the moment you begin to diminish the charge the powder falls away from the centre, and the gun is apt to miss fire. The last, to a considerable extent, guards against this inconvenience, though there is at all times greater difficulty in introducing the cartridge into it. On the whole, therefore,

therefore, strong objections lie to the chambering of guns at all for naval service, particularly if they are to be employed in broadside battery. Neither, indeed, is it by any means self-evident that either we or our rivals are pursuing a judicious course when we thus accumulate shells, and the ordnance necessary for throwing them, on board of ship. Think of the confusion which in the best disciplined man-of-war never fails to arise between decks after action has fairly begun! See how enormous loaded shells lie ready for use everywhere within reach of the enemy's projectiles, and imagine what the effect must be if so much as one of them were struck by a solid shot! Nay in the very act of loading there is hazard—as is covertly admitted by the strict orders issued, in no case to unscrew the metal cap which covers the fuze till the shell has been introduced into the muzzle of the gun. Why is this? Because experience has proved, as in the case of H.M.S. Medea, that the accidental introduction of a particle of gravel within the rings of the screw may ignite a fuze while yet in the hands of the man whose duty it is to put it into the gun. And though the screws have, since that occurrence, been fitted on the outside of the fuze, it were too much to assert that the recurrence of a similar catastrophe has thereby been rendered impossible.

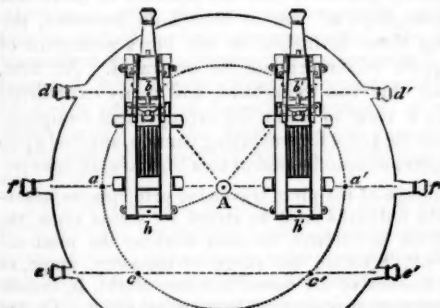
Though we are getting gradually into the practice of more and more arming our steamships of war as broadside batteries, the importance of having them furnished at the bows with guns of long range and adequate calibre cannot be overrated. At first, indeed, little else than this was thought of, and many expedients were resorted to with a view to make the arrangement complete. At last the principle of the pivot for traversing cannon, as acted upon in the French service, was adopted—and of this Sir Howard says:—

‘The great disadvantage of the pivot traversing principle, as heretofore applied, is that the bulwarks must be struck for action when, the gun being what is called *en barbette*, the men working the piece are exposed to be swept off, if within the range of musketry, grape, or case-shot; whilst the absence of all cover, however slight, is, besides the physical disadvantage, most prejudicial in its moral effect. On the other hand, the installation of heavy guns in ports or embrasures, the sweep or open of which is limited to about 14° or 15° on each side of the directrix, renders frequent shifting of the guns from port to port necessary—an operation which must always be difficult and objectionable in action, on account of the time it requires, and which, when there is much motion, may be almost impracticable. In the British service, the two principles appear to be very happily combined by the following simple contrivance:—the slide is made to traverse on shifting centres, and to take up fighting points which are established on the deck correspondently with suitable points in the several ports which each gun thus

thus mounted is intended to serve.* Thus the serious disadvantage of striking the bulwarks is avoided, and the advantages of the pivot-carriage are retained. In the first application of this principle, ports 4 feet wide, embrasured with sloping sides, were opened in the bulwarks, the height of which was 5 feet; the upper sill of the ports was made to unship when great elevations were required—whilst in close action the men were sheltered to this extent. The embrasures admitted of the guns being trained three points forward, and as many aft; but the ports are at present very much enlarged, in order to increase the sector of fire, and the height of the bulwarks is lowered. The expediency of this alteration may be doubted. A very ingenious contrivance, invented by Colonel Colquhoun of the Carriage department, a skilful and scientific officer, has been adopted for facilitating the operation of shifting the centres upon which the slides traverse, and for establishing in the deck housing-points or centres upon which the guns are with great facility turned.†—*Naval Gunnery*, p. 237.

Among other inventions of modern date, Sir Howard describes the French incendiary shell, which being filled with combustibles ignites in the act of bursting, and scatters in all directions flame, which there is no extinguishing, and volumes of smoke, accompanied by intense heat, such as cannot fail of driving the men

* 'This simple method of changing the centres on which traversing platforms turn, so that they may be readily shifted from the *turning* to the *fighting* point, which was applied by the late General Millar to the bow and stern guns of steam-ships, was, as the General acknowledged in a letter to the author, borrowed from his invention of that principle, in 1805, for mounting guns on round towers and circular batteries (see fig.). A bolt passing through the hole *h* in the rear of the traversing platform, being inserted in the socket at *A*, the gun is turned upon that point in the direction of a radius passing through any fighting point *a*, *a'*, *c*, *c'*, &c.



in the circle in which those points are established. The bolt at *A* being then taken out, and that of the front pivot *b* or *b'* dropped into the corresponding socket underneath the gun (which, not being seen in the figure, is indicated by a dot perpendicularly over it, on the top of the gun), the platform is turned on this new centre into the position shown in the figure. The other gun is traversed in like manner, and thus the two guns may be pointed at the same object; or both to the right in the directions *d'* and *e'*, or to the left in the directions *d*, *e*, or one on each side in the directions *d* and *e*, or *d* and *e'*.

† Colonel Colquhoun's authority upon any subject connected with artillery is of the highest order; and we are glad to find that he has been selected as a member of the Commission which is to provide for the proper armament of the Channel islands and the improved defences of our great dockyards and naval arsenals.

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from their guns. These, while he indignantly denounces them, he considers as destined, sooner or later, to take a place among our armaments—unless, indeed, by making still further advances in the science and art of gunnery, we manage to render the approach of an enemy to close action impossible. But it would be unjust towards this chivalrous soldier were we to withhold the following passage :—

‘ The Vengeur was sunk in the battle of June 1, 1794, by the fire of the Brunswick, 74, Captain Harvey. When in a sinking state, all the boats of the Alfred, Culloden, and Rattler cutter, that could swim, were sent to save as many as they could of her people. Thus 213 men were saved by the boats of the Alfred, whilst those of the Culloden and Rattler rescued nearly as many more.

‘ But these noble and generous impulses—these humane exertions—far from being cherished and practised, will be smothered and repressed in that merciless, ruthless, and inglorious system of warfare for which we have been compelled, with the utmost repugnance and at enormous cost, to prepare. The black flag displayed over the depository of the sick, the wounded, and the dying, in a besieged fortress, is ever held sacred by the usages of war, as marking a locality appropriated to purposes of humanity. There the medical officers—non-combatants—perform their mournful duties in safety ; the sick and the wounded are no longer exposed to the casualties of war ; and the dying depart in peace. But what shall be said of that inhuman system prepared for naval warfare, in this age of enlightened humanity, which would advisedly, purposely, and deliberately consign the whole of these, and all other survivors, to indiscriminate and instant death or mutilation ? A ship may be sunk in action ; yet, as we have seen, there is always time to remove the sick and wounded, and save the survivors ; but who shall approach a ship on fire to rescue her crew from the sudden and awful effects of that merciless and barbarous system, the object of which is to set fire to her at heart, and if possible blow her up ? To prove that we are not the originators of that “ odious ” system, it is enough to refer the reader to M. Paixhans’ original work, 1825, “ *Sur une Arme Nouvelle, et Conséquences qui paraissent devoir en résulter*,” in which it is avowed throughout that it was designed expressly to destroy the naval power of England by means of incendiary projectiles of every description, but not, as it appears, without serious misgivings as to the adoption of so barbarous a system by the warriors of a high-minded, brave, and chivalrous people.”—*Ib.* pp. 325-7.

We cannot relinquish Parts III. and IV. to professional students without regretting that we lose the opportunity of showing, by extracts, with what clearness a writer who is thoroughly master of his subject can bring it down—in spite of innumerable technicalities—to the level of the most ordinary capacity. This, indeed, is the grand test of writing ; and well does our General stand it. The dissertation headed ‘ On the Service of Guns
in

in Action' gives a perfect view of the machinery of a ship of war and of the means of dealing justly by it. The determination of distances at sea—the pointing and laying of naval ordnance—the facilities afforded by locks and tubes to accurate firing—are all commented on and explained. The proper uses of various kinds of projectiles, of riflemen in the tops, and of spherical case-shot turned against troops on shore—these, with the manifest hazard of laying ships broadside on before well-appointed batteries, and the comparative uncertainty of vertical shelling, are likewise placed in the clearest point of view. But perhaps the chapters which will most arrest the attention of the general reader are those in which an action between two ships is described. Taking for his *chevaux de bataille* the combat of the Java and the Constitution on the one hand, and that of the Shannon and the Chesapeake on the other, Sir Howard points out as well the errors into which the respective combatants fell, as the tactical manœuvres which, if adopted on both sides, might have brought about a different result in either case. The impression left on us by his sketches is that his perception of a ship's capability—considered as a moveable column of attack and defence—is not less correct than his knowledge of the powers and pliancies of cannon. At all events he has satisfied us that, though battles must hereafter be fought at sea with far greater caution and skill than during former wars, it will be the close yard-arm action—brought on judiciously and by scientific manœuvring—that will, after all, decide them.

Here, then, for the present, we leave our master in the art of naval gunnery, that we may look a little into the volume of his co-adjutor, which, being dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, comes before the public with more than ordinary claims to attention. Colonel Chesney, it appears, being dissatisfied with the reception which was awarded, by some of the members of a late Committee of the House of Commons, to his evidence as it affected the state and prospects of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, considered it judicious to explain himself in print—and warming with his work, went on from point to point, till at last he completed the book now before us—and which, although, as already signified, we do not find in it much that is absolutely new—and though, where there is novelty, we cannot always go along with its suggestions—is nevertheless very creditable to the Colonel's science, diligence, and literary accomplishments.

An introductory chapter, vindicating his own right to be heard, leads to a succinct sketch of the history of artillery through all its stages from the remotest antiquity. The term *artillery*—(a corruption of *arcualia*, derived from *arcus*, a bow)—was originally

nally applied to all missiles, as well as to the engines from which they were projected. Its meaning was, however, long restricted in Europe to the balista, catapult, onager, scorpio, &c. &c., by which stones, varying from 100 to 500 pounds in weight, were thrown to a distance of 100 yards, and arrows and iron bolts in some instances as far as 200. But Colonel Chesney sees no reason to doubt that, while our forefathers assailed or defended towns with these comparatively feeble engines, the nations of the east had discovered gunpowder, wherewith they shot balls of stone and of iron out of iron tubes. The Colonel, in support of his views, favours us with an extract from the old *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, where we are told of Alexander the Great, that,—

‘had he even succeeded in passing the Hyphasis, he never could have mastered the strongholds of the Sages. For, if an enemy were to make war upon them, he would be driven off by tempests and thunders as if sent down from heaven. Such was the case when they were attacked by the Egyptian Hercules and Bacchus, on which occasion the sages remained, as it were, unconcerned spectators till an assault was attempted, when it was repulsed by whirlwinds and thunders, hurling destruction on the invaders.’

The authority of Philostratus as a historian is not of much weight, especially in the Romance, for it is nothing else, to which Colonel Chesney refers; but were the case otherwise, we confess that the connexion between these Braminical tempests, and the opening of a battery of cannon on the Macedonian phalanx, is not quite so evident to us as to our gallant author. But we freely concede to him, that both in India and in China gunpowder was fabricated long before the Christian era, and that great guns were used against the first European visitors to the coasts of Hindostan, very much to their astonishment, and to the astonishment of those to whom they made a report of the circumstance.

Artillery, in the modern acceptation of the term, seems to have been introduced into Europe by the Moors, who, as early as A.D. 1118, made use of it in the siege of Zarragoza. By slow degrees other nations followed the example. Our own Edward III., in 1327, brought ‘crackkeys of war’ against the Scots; with what effect no record remains. He is often said to have had cannon in his line of battle at Cressy in 1346: though Froissart, no mean authority in such cases, takes no notice of the fact. In 1340 the Duke of Normandy experienced some opposition before Quesnoy from the artillery fire of the place, while Alphonso XI. of Castile, in 1343, was baffled by similar means in his assault of Algesiras. But the cannon of those

days, and for many years afterwards, were at once inconvenient in the calibre and cumbrous to manage. Made up of bars of iron, welded together by rings, they were destitute of travelling carriages; and being laid upon trucks, could fire only in some fixed line, and with very uncertain aim. Of these rude implements, specimens are still preserved both at Woolwich and in the Hôtel de Ville at Bologna; among the curiosities of the Musée de l'Artillerie of Paris are five wrought-iron bombards, which the English are said to have left in 1422 at Meaux.

The progress of artillery, and of fire-arms in general, was slow. Neither the hand cannon, the cannon cart, nor the best of the improvements which arose out of them, availed to bring the long-bow into disrepute, or deliver man and horse from the incumbrance of steel armour, till far in the sixteenth century; and the seventeenth was advancing ere they attained the degree of respect due to them. To three great men of that age—Henri Quatre, Maurice of Nassau, and Gustavus Adolphus—must be ascribed the complete revolution in the art of war.

Henry IV. followed the system of Henry II., using however improved missiles, such as tin cases filled with steel bolts or darts, also canvas cartridges filled with small bolts, and hollow shot filled with combustible materials. But the introduction of small arms also occupied his particular attention, especially for the cavalry. Pistols had been given to some of the latter, and a short arquebuse to another portion, since known as Carabineers. And as regarded the protection of the infantry from the enemy's cavalry, a complicated square formation was adopted, by which some 2500 men, chiefly pikemen, were placed in a body, composed of four small squares, having arquebusiers in the intervals, and again other arquebusiers placed in small squares at the exterior angles, and also opposite to the centre (outside) of the great square; the fire of the latter however at this period, about 1611, was only efficient at a very short distance. Maurice of Nassau adopted for his artillery the system of the Spaniards, with however only three calibres instead of four, but, as in their case, amply horsed. Except that two of the pieces were too heavy, being 48 and 24 pounders, the equipments differed little from those of the present day, having limber-boxes and other improvements in the carriages; and his gunners attained great facility in working the pieces. But the genius of Gustavus Adolphus extended to every branch of his army, of which an uniform mode of clothing was the least important part. His infantry was divided into regiments and companies, and the latter again into sections and squads; his army was formed into divisions, each comprising portions of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and every division, being under a particular commander, was, whether on the march or in action, complete of itself, and ready for service. In addition to this, an improved fire-arm, now known as the musket, of a lighter construction and carrying a smaller ball, was also adopted.

Not

Not satisfied with the improvements which had taken place in the German artillery about the beginning of the seventeenth century, he introduced important changes by the creation of calibres of 3, 4, 6, 12, and 30 pounders, all cast of a lighter construction than heretofore; and by the adoption of the use of cartridges with shot attached, these pieces might be discharged eight times before the musket could be fired six.'—*Chesney*, pp. 67, 68.

From Gustavus Adolphus to Frederick the Great the step is easy, and it may in some sort be regarded as bringing us to the state in which we now are. For Frederick did little else than create, by the application of increased horse-power, a flying artillery, which, acting with his cavalry, and doing good service, soon came to be adopted in all the other armies of continental Europe. We, in England, were somewhat tardy in following the example. It is a standing reproach against us, that in all that relates to the equipment and organization of our armies we refuse to be taught except by dire experience. In time we had our lesson, and profited by it well. After striving for a while to wage the war of the first French Revolution with the same clumsy machines which had served our purpose at Dettingen and Fontenoy, we were driven by the progress of events in the Peninsula to wiser expedients; so that an army, which in 1794 had hired horses to drag its guns, and engaged by the job a waggoner in a smock-frock, with a long whip in his hand, to direct each team, wound up by bringing into the field at Vittoria and Waterloo the best equipped and best served batteries that ever showered destruction on an enemy's columns. No doubt our guns, from the beginning to the end of the war, were out of all proportion too few for the services required of them. The Duke of Wellington repeatedly and urgently complained on this head. Painful indeed it is to look back on those passages in his immortal volumes; but, thanks to him and his men,—in spite of the deafness of Tory Ministers—or rather, to speak justly, of the bitter badgering of Napoleonizing, Duke-despising Whigs, against which ministers had eternally to struggle—in spite of all, the honour of England escaped tarnish. What it lacked in physical power, our great chief's artillery made up by devotion and zeal without parallel. Whatever our gunners were desired to do they did well, in defiance of an internal organization, of which the defects continue to be as apparent at this time, as the means of applying a remedy seem hitherto to have been hard to discover.

With every civilized nation in the world—save one—the artillery constitutes an integral portion of the armed force of the country. For all military purposes it is under the general control of the officers commanding districts and corps d'armée; who,

in their turn, report upon every branch of the service, either to the sovereign directly, or to him through his minister of war. The accounts of the artillery are kept and audited by the same persons who look after those of the other arms. All that appertains to quartering, feeding, clothing, and means of transport is cared for in the same department of the War Office that manages these matters for the cavalry and infantry. Nor is its internal organization different from that of any other branch of the service. There are regiments, brigades, and divisions of artillery—each supplied with its due proportion of officers, from the regimental second lieutenant, through the captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel, up to the brigadier and general of division. So organised, the artillery act on all occasions with cavalry and infantry—the number of companies, of regiments, of brigades, and of divisions, being proportioned to the general strength of the corps of which they form a part. The case is very different with us in Great Britain; our artillery is altogether a distinct service. The Commander-in-Chief cannot move a gun from one station to another except through the Master-General, nor the Secretary-at-War exercise any control over what is called Ordnance expenditure. Departments are thus accumulated beyond all precedent, and constant impediments thrown in the way of important business. Meanwhile as the artillery itself, consisting of 12,000 or 13,000 men, is organised as a single regiment, so it brings only regimental rank, and rarely so much as regimental command, within the reach of its officers. In a force so constituted promotion could not, under any circumstances, be rapid; in our artillery, which promotes according to the strictest rule of regimental seniority, it is miserably slow. Thanks to the many additions which have of late years been made to the corps, young men are advanced to the rank of captain in a reasonable lapse of time. They become second captains after an average of seven or eight years' service, but there they stick. There are so many rounds on the ladder above them that none can hope to earn his lieutenant-colonel's epaulets under the age of fifty-five at the soonest. But he who begins to do field officer's duty at the age of fifty-five must be made of extraordinary stuff, if the last remnant of zeal, to say nothing of mental energy and bodily vigour, be not worn out of him: for of all the contrivances whereby these essential requisites to military efficiency may be exhausted, a long continuance in subordinate rank and responsibility is the surest. Hence, during the war in the Peninsula, the Duke, after vainly endeavouring to work with major-generals and even with colonels of artillery, was forced to recommend the removal of these elderly gentlemen to garrison duty at home, and to place at the head of his own ordnance a captain still in the
vigour

vigour of his days. And should this country be again involved in hostilities with any European power, a similar anomaly must be submitted to, if she desire—things remaining as they are—to take the field with artillery competent to its work. Now, even in a commercial point of view, no state of matters can be more unsatisfactory than this. To retain upon the list of effective officers, and to pay them as such, a number of old gentlemen of whom, when need arises, no use can be made, is about as judicious as it would be to fill our arsenals and dock-yards with the halt, the maimed, and the blind, on the plea that they had been excellent workmen long ago. Far be it from us to advocate the adoption of a system which, either in civil or military life, should cast adrift upon the world public servants unpensioned and uncared for. But we do protest against the absurdity of so organising either a public office or a military body, as that all the higher and more onerous departments shall be held by individuals whom age and infirmities incapacitate from doing their duty. And we are ready to give a fair hearing to any one who shall propose a plan for the establishment of a better order of things, more especially if he set out by assuring us, that in the matter of immediate outlay he is not going seriously to increase the cost to the public. Such a plan Colonel Chesney offers to our consideration.

The British artillery, classified as a single regiment, is made up at this moment of a horse brigade, containing seven troops, and twelve battalions of foot artillery. The horse brigade, maintained at considerable expense, seems to be a pet corps with the authorities at the Ordnance Office, and is never employed, except in European war, out of Great Britain and Ireland. It is officered according to the same law of selection which to a greater or less extent seems to hold good wherever men administer patronage; and astonishes the uninitiated from time to time by the marvellous feats which it performs on Woolwich Common. Yet even the horse brigade, though more nearly resembling a distinct corps than any other section of the royal regiment, labours under this disadvantage, that the officers, on promotion, retire from their own branch of the service; and if brought in again, which depends on the disposition of the Master-General for the time being, return only when some other move in the entire force shall make an opening for them. The horse brigade, as our military readers do not require to be informed, mounts all its gunners, and works with the lightest order of guns. Its proper place is with the cavalry of an army; and no army can be considered as rightly appointed which is destitute of horse artillery.

Though the officers of the horse artillery come and go at long intervals—

intervals—and its method of working be by troops—as regards both service in the field and internal economy, the *men* originally chosen to supply it never vary. They are selected on account of their lighter weight, and the assumed superiority of their intelligence, and they serve with their respective troops till age or infirmity cause them to be invalided. The foot artillery is differently circumstanced. Its twelve battalions might as well be called one battalion or ninety-six battalions. It works altogether by companies; and according to a rolster which is so settled that at every relief companies either find themselves isolated, or are thrown into contact with other companies which they perhaps never saw before. The men rarely exchange from one battalion to another—among the officers such exchanges take place continually; of which the consequence is, that they seldom remain long enough together to become thoroughly acquainted with each other's tempers and dispositions. So at least we are told by Colonel Chesney, and in part we are inclined to agree with him; though such experience as we possess leads us to suspect that he somewhat exaggerates the extent of the evil.

In strict agreement with this organization is the nature of the artillerist's professional training. The manipulation which he is supposed to go through ere drill ceases, fits him for service in every situation into which he is liable to be thrown. He learns company and battalion movements on foot—the carbine or musket exercise—the art of gunnery in all its varieties—equitation—all the management of a horse in the field and in the stable. His course in the laboratory is as curious as it is extensive; in fact, you put him to so many things, and require that he shall make himself so thoroughly master of the whole, that you cannot honestly pass him as fit for duty under three years from the date of his enlistment. We do not mean to say that an artillery recruit is invariably kept three years at Woolwich. The demand for gunners is so great that recruits can seldom be kept at drill beyond one year, and very often take part in the general duties of the arm before they have completed even that term. But the training of the artillerist is, when least perfect, a very tedious affair, and, looking to all which it is considered necessary to teach him, we cannot see how the curriculum is to be altered.

Colonel Chesney offers no objection to these preliminary arrangements. It would be extraordinary if he did; for it is this admirable system of initiatory drill which renders the English artilleryman the creature of universal service which in all parts of the world we find him. But the Colonel does object to the manner in which, after having been trained to his work, he is thrown, according as accident shall direct, into situations where the training

ing may or may not be turned to profitable account. In other words, this scientific veteran condemns not only our present practice of company organization, but our persevering efforts to keep, theoretically, as one corps, companies doing garrison duty in all parts of the world and those employed from time to time with the field batteries. He therefore suggests that the regiment shall be distributed, in perpetuity, into a certain number of battalions, containing six companies a-piece; that to each of these a given complement of officers shall be attached; and that officers and men shall do duty together in all parts of the world, except when promotion calls the latter away, as in the line, to some other battalion. After pointing out what he considers to be the crying vices of our artillery system, and glancing rapidly at the measures adopted under the late Marquis of Hastings to remedy similar defects in that of the East India Company, he goes on to propose the following 'basis for the reorganization of the Royal Artillery':—

'1st. To diminish the number of officers by dispensing with the second captains and second lieutenants; thus reducing the grades to four. 2nd. To alter the existing proportions between the ranks, so that there shall be more field officers. 3rd. To form smaller companies and battalions having field officers attached, and doing duty with them, which may be better suited than those of the present strength for foreign stations. 4th. To divide the service into field and heavy or garrison artillery, as in the continental armies.

'It is assumed as the basis of this change that there should be a subaltern for two, and a captain for four guns, so that a field battery might either consist, as in the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian armies, of eight guns, or merely the present battery of four guns. The latter, or rather the company attached to it, has been chosen as the unit, on account of the numerous detached services which fall to the lot of the British army. In conformity with this idea, it is proposed that a company, in time of peace, shall consist of one captain and two first lieutenants (one to each demi-battery), nine non-commissioned officers, thirty-four gunners, twenty-four drivers, four artificers, and one trumpeter, or in all seventy-two non-commissioned officers and men, with fifty horses, which in time of war would be augmented to eleven non-commissioned officers and eighty-nine gunners, drivers, &c., or one hundred in all, having for a 6-pounder battery, with two spare ammunition waggons, eighty or eighty-five horses, and for a 9-pounder battery, also with two spare waggons, ninety-five or one hundred horses; six such companies, or 452 non-commissioned officers and men in the former case, and 600 in the latter, to constitute a battalion, and to do duty invariably as such, at home as well as abroad, whether in time of peace or of war. A battalion on this scale will be found suitable for most of the foreign stations; and, when taking the field, it would, besides having two companies with the reserve, be sufficient for sixteen guns. This
number

number would be only a fair proportion for a division of the army, or it might occasionally, though inadequately, suffice for two divisions. In the latter case there would be a lieutenant-colonel and two batteries (eight guns) to each division, or a battery to each brigade, having the third field officer and two companies, or one-third, in reserve. The latter may seem a large proportion, but it should be borne in mind that, besides keeping complete those field batteries which are more actively employed, many important duties devolve upon this portion of the service, such as the battering artillery, guns of position, and reserve ammunition, both for the batteries and small arms.—*Chesney*, pp. 148-150.

It would be strange if we failed to discover in this scheme much which deserves commendation, seeing that we ourselves proposed something very like it in a former number.* But on one point we cannot go along with our author. A permanent severance of the field from the garrison artillery would, in our opinion, not only tell against the general efficiency of the corps, but must, in the course of time, lead inevitably to the same sort of nepotism which is said (whether truly or not) to prevail in the horse artillery at the present moment. Besides, it is not called for. Garrison artillery, for home service at least, will soon form itself in the event of a European war. Garrison artillery, formed on the scale suggested by Colonel Chesney, would be hurtful to the public service in times of European peace. What would Sir Harry Smith have done, for example, at the opening of the Caffre war, had the artillery at the Cape consisted of one or more companies of gunners past the prime of life? Whereas, having at his disposal men drilled to the whole duty of artillerists, he not only went forth with his field battery against the savages, but was ere long able to equip a troop of horse artillery into the bargain. And that which has happened at the Cape may happen again at Gibraltar, or in Canada, or in any quarter where we have fortresses which overlook a foreign country or guard our own continental territories. Is not a company of artillery doubly effective which, besides being adequate to work your garrison guns, you have only to mount that it may become a field-battery; or which, as was the case last war, you may embark in a flotilla and send to keep the lakes against an enemy's squadron? Nor will it avail to contend that arrangements which are found to answer in France, Prussia, and Russia, cannot but be expedient for us in the long run. In France, Prussia, and Austria, all strongholds are in the interior of the country or within the frontier lines. Ours are everywhere except in the interior of the country, and cannot, therefore, be entrusted without risk to the care of an inferior order

* Quarterly Review, vol. 82, p. 472.

of gunners. By all means redistribute the regiment so that it shall work by battalions, if the best authorities consent to the arrangement, and construct each battalion on the scale recommended by Colonel Chesney—but do not wilfully create temptations to favouritism, or enable skulkers to earn promotion at the risk of lives better worth preserving than their own.

Are we then to sit down contented with the present inefficient condition of the artillery, and to flatter ourselves that a few changes in the *personnel* of its construction will meet the exigencies of times so little settled as these? Surely not. In addition to the organization of battalions of artillery, we must, if we desire to maintain even a nucleus of future formations, add to the number of our field batteries, and keep men longer at work with them. It has been shown that in all Great Britain and Ireland there are but 52 guns, including the horse brigade, equipped on the peace establishment for service in the field. Taking a proportion to the other branches of the service far below that which is accepted in every other European army, there ought to be at least double that number; and if we look to the sort of infantry which we might be called upon on an emergency to improvise, our ordnance force would be under the just mark even then. For—though a raw militia may do tolerably well, provided there be an overwhelming artillery to cover and support it—the first shock of regular columns, preceded by a few rounds of case-shot and rockets, would scatter it to the winds unless so supported. The sooner, therefore, we begin to augment our field batteries the better, and the more closely we connect the artillery in general with other branches of the service, the more efficient the whole will become. And whether the battalion system be adopted or not, take care that officers shall attain to rank and its responsibilities before vigour of body and mind has left them. The charge of a battery of artillery is in no way less important—it is much more complicated—than the command of a battalion of foot. Why not give to all your first captains the rank of major, if you will not place them on an equality with captains of the Guards? And give us, at least, a set of efficient inspectors, who will see that at all our stations uniformity of system is observed, and our batteries kept in order for active service at a moment's warning.

But why make so much stir about artillery at a moment when its preponderating influence is on the wane—when the progress of science has brought within our reach a weapon in the presence of which no field-battery whatever will be able to show itself? Have we not the Minié rifle, which kills with unerring certainty at the distance of a thousand yards? And do not almost
all

all the 'organs of public opinion' assure us that, when brought into full play, it will change the art of war by rendering both artillery and cavalry well nigh useless?—May we be allowed to suggest a little caution respecting these sweeping statements and conclusions?

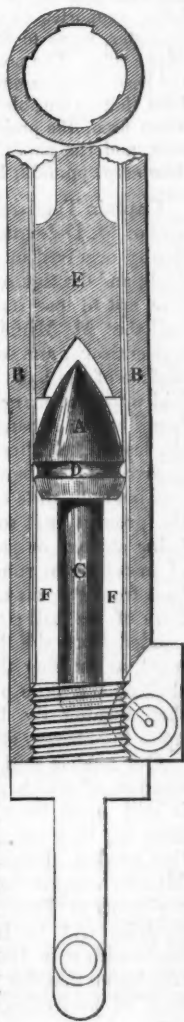
The rifle, or grooved musket, has long been used by sportsmen, and select bodies of light troops, both in Europe and America. Most of the states of Germany can boast of chasseurs so armed; and Austria in particular raises, from among the chamois-hunters of the Tyrol, sharpshooters whom she can match against any in the world. She brought them into play at every stage of the wars of the French Revolution; yet the French, with their smooth barrels, drove her out of the field. For it is a remarkable fact that the French, except in the campaign of 1793, made no use of the rifle, either in skirmish or line-firing; and that the few which they then had were, after a brief trial, laid aside, as too complicated in construction, and too difficult to load, for people so rough and ready as the soldiers of the Republic. But the rifle always had its advocates in France, as it has elsewhere, and, among the rest, M. Delvigne, who, after the Restoration, laboured to bring it into notice, and in due time succeeded. He undertook to deal with the inconvenience of slow loading by giving to the ball increased windage, so that it should pass without difficulty through the grooves of the chamber, and there, by a few smart blows from the ramrod, be moulded into the rifled form. But the experiment failed—because the edge of the chamber did not offer sufficient resistance, and the ball, instead of expanding so as to fill the grooves, went off marred in shape, while the grooves became leaded.

Matters continued in this state till 1828, when Colonel Thouvenin, of the Engineers, undertook to remedy the defect by getting rid of the chamber and screwing into the breech of the piece a cylindrical *tige* or pillar of steel, which receiving the ball upon its flat surface, should hold it there, till by blows from the ramrod it should be sufficiently expanded and forced into the grooves. Colonel Thouvenin's device, however, proved upon trial inadequate. As the *tige* or pillar occupied a large space in the centre of the barrel, and the charge got diffused round the annular hollow, the main force of the powder took no effect upon the axis of the piece and the centre of the projectile, but expended itself upon the spherical portion of the bullet, gave to it an oblique direction, and expelled it with diminished force. Upon this, M. Delvigne again came forward. He made the bottom of the projectile flat, the body cylindrical, and terminated the whole with a conical point. The form of the projectile was thus assimilated to that of
Newton's

Newton's solid of least resistance, and its progress through the air, as compared with a body hemispherical in shape, very much facilitated.

M. Delvigne's pillar-breech, or tige-musket, was first brought into use in 1840. The army of Algiers, after having been a good deal harassed by the Arab horsemen, who, though few in number, managed to fight with their matchlocks at a distance which common muskets failed to compass, was supplied, in part, with tige-rifles, and ten battalions of chasseurs (the Chasseurs d'Orléans) did with them excellent service. Immediately the attention of military men was turned with increased eagerness to the subject. M. Tamisier, captain of artillery, and one of the professors at the ordnance school of Vincennes, obtained in 1841 a patent for his method of giving steadiness to the flight of cylindrico-conical balls, by cutting thin grooves—each 0·28 of an inch in depth—round the cylindrical part of the projectile. These grooves, operating upon the ball as the feathers operate upon an arrow, and the stick upon a rocket, increased the resistance of the air behind the centre of gravity, and kept the axis of rotation more steadily in the direction of the trajectory. We subjoin a description and sketch of the tige-musket, as thus improved, which Sir Howard Douglas appears to have received from Mr. Lovell, her Majesty's Inspector of fire-arms:—

'The pillar-breech musket is loaded at the muzzle with a leaden projectile of the form shown at A; this projectile is 0·657 in. diameter, and weighs 728 grains. The barrel, BB, of the musket is 34 inches long, rifled with four grooves, and has an elevating scale or sight $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches high; the tige or pillar, C, is screwed into the face of the breech-pin. The cartridge, containing $2\frac{1}{2}$ drams of powder, is made of strong paper, which is tied round the projectile at the groove D, near its base. In loading, the soldier breaks the cartridge, when the powder falls into the space, FF, round the pillar, and he throws away the paper of the upper part of the cartridge; the ball, which is nearly of the same diameter as the bore of the piece, is then



made

made to rest with its flat end on the head of the pillar; the end, E, of the rammer being countersunk of the same form as the point of the ball, the soldier gives three or four smart blows upon the latter, which, being supported by the pillar, is shortened in length and widened in diameter, so as to force the lead and paper round it into the grooves of the rifle. The point of the ball is held in the axis of the barrel by the head of the rammer, which is so nearly of the same diameter as the bore, that no sensible variation in the position of the ball can take place: when fired, the projectile is constrained to follow the grooves of the rifle, and the paper protects the barrel from being leaded.'—*Naval Gunnery*, pp. 332, 333.

Captain Tamisier's weapon, though a decided improvement on that of M. Delvigne, was not, however, perfect. Considerable difficulty occurred in cleaning out the chamber, which soon became foul; and the tige or pillar, on the accuracy of which all depended, was apt to lose its shape, or to break off. It was to correct this evil that M. Minié applied his energies. He did away with the tige entirely; and scooping out a conical hollow in the flat or lower surface of the ball, inserted into it an iron cup. This cup being laid upon the charge would, according to his calculation, be driven home by the expansive power of the powder, when exploded, and the leaden ball thereby fixed, regularly and symmetrically, in the grooves of the barrel. Moreover, as this ball in its unrifled state was made to slide easily down upon the charge, he wound about the grooves just so much cartridge paper as might prevent its being shifted, or possibly thrown out of the tube, by any accident of marching or running. It is to be observed that all these rifles load from the muzzle; that the ramrod takes its shape from the form of the ball; that the charge, which in the cartridge is suspended from the ball by a ligature passed round the grooves, must, at entering the tube, be reversed—and that this is done by shaking the loose powder into the barrel, biting off the paper, and then turning the ball in the hand, so that the cylinder shall fall upon the charge, and the cone face the muzzle.

Our readers will, we suspect, be surprised to learn that this weapon, of which so much has been said in England, in France is still upon its trial. The Chasseurs de Vincennes do not carry it; they are armed, as they have been since 1841, with the tige-musket. Indeed, if our information be not very incorrect, M. Minié's weapon has as yet passed into the hands of only four regiments of French light infantry. Probably, however, public surprise will be lessened when we add that the experiments made with it in 1850 at Woolwich led scientific inquirers to the conclusion that the Minié rifle had by no means reached then to a state of perfection. It was found, for example, that the force with

with which the iron cup drove into the bullet, not unfrequently separated the cylindrical from the conical part altogether, of which the consequence was, that, while the shot failed, the hollow lead remained within the rifle and placed it *hors de combat*. Sir Howard Douglas, it is true, tells us that 'in the trials now in progress with a Minié rifle lately brought over, no such failure has yet occurred,' and we are bound to believe him. But that something must still be wrong seems clear from this circumstance—that while our Government are directing 23,000 rifles to be formed, ingenious men continue to cast about for a better sort of projectile wherewith to load them.* You cannot, it appears, depend upon the consistency or even upon the balancing of the lead. The iron cup is apt to damage it; and now we are told that possibly the cup may be dispensed with, and the expansive force of the powder left to force the hollowed ball, without any external aid whatever, into the grooves of the barrel.

Meanwhile in other countries than France frequent attempts have been made to give to the soldier's musket increased efficiency by extending the range and improving the accuracy of its fire. Among ourselves we have had Mr. Lovell and Mr. Lancaster, both successful operators upon the three-grooved rifle, to which they have equally given a spiral process and a belted ball; the latter gentleman adding a tige or hollow breech. At 400 yards the practice with the Lancaster rifle seems to be superior to the French Minié rifle by 29 to 28, though the Belgian, which we take to be an improvement upon the French, carries off the palm, at long odds, from both. But it remained for the northern nations to make a return to the ancient practice of breech-loading; and to add to it a process of needle-priming, of which the principle is likewise old, however novel may be the method of dealing with it. M. Dreyse, the eminent gunmaker of Sommerda in Thuringia, seems to have been the first to strike into this line. He produced a piece, to which he gave the name of *Zundnadelgewehr*, or needle-gun, so early as 1831, and it was subsequently copied, improved upon, and brought into use in Prussia, Sweden, Norway, and even in Austria. A word or two will explain the principle on which this fire-arm acted.

* We have been favoured with the sight of a new rifle-ball which Mr. Purday, the gunmaker, has invented, and regard it as a vast improvement upon all its predecessors. Mr. Purday, we believe, has been directed by Lord Hardinge to construct a model rifle of his own, which is to be loaded with this projectile; and we imagine that it is likely to prove far more effective than any as yet submitted to trial. But do not facts like these more and more urge upon our military authorities the wisdom of pausing, ere they adopt, as a weapon for the army at large, either the Minié or any other rifle of foreign construction? Surely there is skill enough among our own gunmakers to compete successfully with the artisans of Vincennes and Berlin.

The original Zundnadelgewehr consisted, like other muskets, of a barrel, a lock, and a stock. The barrel or tube was fastened, as other gun-barrels are, to the stock. But near the point where stock and barrel met, a portion of the latter was so constructed as to move back and disclose the chamber within. This latter was fitted to receive a cartridge—consisting of a ball placed over a given quantity of powder, but separated from the powder by a wooden wad, into which a portion of detonating composition was inserted. In connexion with the lock was a needle or steel tube, which, *when the gun was at full-cock*, but not otherwise, left space for inserting the cartridge into the chamber; over which, as soon as the cartridge was settled, the marksman pushed the lid, and fastened it by shooting a bolt through rings prepared for the purpose. The piece was then put upon half-cock, shouldered, and made ready for service.

Though far from perfect, the Prussian government was so much taken with this musket, that it ordered fifty thousand stand to be made. These were in small portions issued to the troops, and for a while a discovery of vast importance appeared to have been effected. But experience showed that the same causes which operated long ago to drive breech-loading fire-arms into disuse, operated still. The gas could not be prevented from escaping; and the bolt which held the trap-door down grew stiff and unmanageable by much firing. The government became dissatisfied, as it had reason to be, but it did not persist in an error, only because error had once been committed. The needle-gun was withdrawn, and *carabines à tige*, constructed on M. Thouvenin's principle, took their place. And it was this fire-arm, and not the Zundnadelgewehr, as Colonel Chesney erroneously supposes, which gave to the Prussian light infantry so marked a superiority over the Danes in the battle of Idstedt, fought on the 25th of July, 1850. 'It was in vain,' says the official despatch from the Danish headquarters, 'that a couple of guns threw grenades at a short range on (the enemy's) skirmishers; it was in vain that a body of the cavalry made three separate attacks; in vain it was endeavoured to bring up the infantry from Oberstolk, which was now in flames, while a fierce engagement was going on in it from the house-windows and in the streets. In less than an hour we suffered a great loss.' Have we not then convincing proof, that against a body of people so armed artillery and cavalry are useless; and that infantry itself, unless similarly appointed, fights at a disadvantage? Not quite—so far at least as the Prussians can be said to have trusted to the long-range of their weapons. Their weapons may have carried with a more accurate aim than can be attained with the ordinary fire of regulation muskets. But that the

the Prussians were too prudent to rely on accuracy of elevation the same despatch proves, for it says, 'the enemy's skirmishers, under cover of a hedge, fired with pointed balls (*spitzkugeln*) at a distance of 100 or 150 yards.' Now at a distance of 100 or 150 yards, with a good hedge to cover them, we will engage to say, that a few companies from any of our crack light infantry regiments—from the 43rd for example, or the 52nd, or the 85th—will make either cavalry or artillery, or both, feel extremely ill at ease, even if they undertake the combat with their much abused regulation muskets; and that the Rifle Brigade, or the 60th, will stop infantry too, if they persevere in advancing either in column or in line, having no skirmishers out to clear the way for them. It is one thing, however, to fight guns against rifles thus, the latter being under cover and the former exposed: it is quite another to institute the duel where 1000 or 1200 yards of open plain divide the belligerents.

While the Prussians were thus fighting abroad with muskets of French invention, clever men were exercising their ingenuity at home, in the hope of giving to the needle-prime and breech-loading instrument increased efficiency.

Mr. Mosar, of Berlin, was the first to take the matter in hand. He greatly improved the mechanism of the lock, rendering it safe, which originally it was not, in the process of loading; and then came Mr. Seares, to whom an English patent has been granted, and who is resident in this country, and challenges inquiry into the worth of his invention. He undertakes at once to prevent the escape of gas at the breech, and to diminish the recoil, which more than any other secondary cause induces in every species of fire-arms a deviation in the course of the ball from its intended line of progress. 'The projectile adopted by this artist,' writes a scientific friend who has favoured us with his views upon the subject, 'is cylindro-conical, and consequently is less arrested in its flight by the air than the Minié shot, the anterior part of which is nearly of a spheroidal figure. The mechanism of the firing apparatus, though still complex, presents some important simplifications when compared with the Prussian rifle, and a recess or back chamber is provided to contain air, by the elasticity of which the recoil of the piece is diminished and the expansive force of the powder increased; it also receives the residuum of the fired gunpowder. The nether extremity of the barrel is screwed into the stock-tube, and terminated within the latter, in the form of the frustum of a cone. On the shot with the cartridge being introduced into the barrel, a sliding-tube, the extremity of which is bevelled, is pressed up till it covers the conical end of the barrel, the parts fitting one another so tightly that

that no gas is likely to escape. It remains to be proved, however, whether or not the fittings will preserve such accuracy when the rifle becomes heated by frequent discharges.'

Thus far then science has carried us in the fabrication of improved small-arms. We have the tige and Minié muskets of the French and the Belgians, the breech-loading needle-guns of the Germans, our own Lancaster's rifle with its belted ball, and another of which Mr. Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, is the advocate, but on which we are unable to pass judgment, not having had any opportunity to inspect it. Taken one by one, we are ready to admit, that in the main, they all beat poor brown Bess out of the field. They are constructed, even the most defective of them, on more scientific principles; they ensure a longer range, and a far greater accuracy of fire; and were our soldiers universally mechanicians or gamekeepers, and enlisted for the sole purpose of acting independently against Caffres and wildbeasts, we should advocate their immediate armament with one or other of these rifles, as strenuously as either the 'Times' or the 'Morning Chronicle.' But our soldiers, instead of being mechanicians and gamekeepers, are, in nine cases out of ten, country bumpkins and unemployed weavers, of whom a considerable portion never had a gun in their hands till they enlisted, while the remainder know nothing more of its uses than they are taught in the manual and platoon exercise. Moreover, neither our soldiers, nor any other infantry in the world, are enlisted for the purpose of acting exclusively *en tirailleurs*, whether they take the field against civilized or barbarous enemies. We have been forced at times, having but a handful of troops at our disposal, to use them all as light infantry ought only to be used, and to make the most of it. But when great battles come again to be fought, they will be fought and decided, as they have been fought and decided for a hundred years, by masses acting in column and in line, and by the judicious application of the three arms of war—infantry, artillery, and cavalry. For infantry, however, which is to act in the mass, and to deliver its fire in volleys against masses, every departure from perfect simplicity in the construction of the musket and the cartridge is a mistake. It was the steady, rolling fire of the line which, as French officers have repeatedly acknowledged, gave to our troops their superiority in all the great battles of the Peninsula. And should our military authorities be induced to put into the hands of the successors of the Peninsular troops a weapon which will not admit of this sort of firing, they may live to repent that either the press, or any other influence from without, should have driven them to act in opposition to the dictates of their own
better

better judgment. Let us see what grounds there are for the apprehensions which we now venture to express.

The superiority of the new over the old style of weapon is assumed to consist in this—that, whether the Minié musket or the needle-gun be adopted, you acquire a much longer range, a truer aim, and increased quickness of loading. The first of these advantages is owing, in a great degree, to the form of the ball, which offers the least attainable surface to the atmosphere which it dislodges; the second, except at point blank, will, of course, depend upon the perfection of the stadia, or other means which are adopted to calculate distances; the third arises from the facility with which, in the Minié musket, the ball slides down upon the charge, and, in the needle-gun, from the peculiar method of loading at the breech. If we make an exception against the supposed facility of loading with the Minié musket (and even this we are inclined to do only as a hypothesis), we see nothing to object to in these assumptions. But regarding the weapons as destined for general use, many points on the other side of the question deserve to be considered.

With respect to loading, let us not forget that the peculiar construction of the Minié cartridge will require an entirely new and careful drill, ere it can be put into the hands of British soldiers in general. At present the soldier bites off the end of his cartridge, and thrusts it into his firelock with the ball upwards. The Minié cartridge demands that he shall bite off one end of the paper, then shake the powder loose into the tube, then bite off the other end of the paper, and last of all give the bullet a twist in his hand ere he insert it. If, in the hurry of action, he forget any one of these motions, the chances of the shot are spoiled; if he omit them all except the first, the ball goes down with the cone towards the powder, and comes out when the powder is exploded—bottom upwards. Its flight will in this case be a mere wobble, and its range less than that of the worst description of spherical ball.

Again, in the Minié—indeed in all muskets which require elongated balls and depend upon the action of the charge to rifle them—there is great risk of failure, unless the lead be so cast or otherwise compressed as to ensure in the projectile perfect consistency, with equal power of resistance on every side. The slightest giving in any part is sure to destroy the equilibrium, and the progress of the ball, when discharged, becomes of necessity excentric. But this is not all: an elongated projectile will either effect no ricochet whatever, or its start after each graze must be at an angle more or less obtuse from the point of contact. Now, in firing with spherical balls, there is almost as much chance of execution by the ricochet as by the direct shot.

Hence the caution always given to our men, that they level low—not, as we have heard even military officers say, because every ball makes a curve in passing through the air, but because the recoil of the musket is usually such as to throw up the muzzle while the ball is passing through the tube. Accordingly the soldier who levels at his enemy's knee has some chance of hitting him in the chest, or, failing that, of reaching him by a glancing shot somewhere. In firing with the new projectile, however, this latter advantage is sacrificed; and as the range of the two weapons, both keeping the plane of the horizon—in other words, at point blank—is pretty much the same, the soldier armed with the finer firelock is less likely to kill his man at a moderate distance than he who makes use of the coarser—provided the latter be cured of its windage and rendered sufficiently flexible in the trigger.

But it is not with a view to close firing that the substitution of the Minié rifle for the regulation musket is proposed. We want to be so armed as that we shall be able to open a heavy fire on our enemy's columns being yet 1000 yards distant from us, and to render deployment into line, at any point within that range, a service of extreme danger—if not an impossibility. And we further desire to render his artillery useless against our own columns by peppering each gun with elongated musket-shot as often as it shows itself anywhere within 1000 yards of our skirmishers. These are very reasonable wishes on our part, as are others intimately connected with them: such as to stop all close reconnoitring by staff-officers, and to keep cavalry in such awe as shall prevent their riding down upon our infantry, whether extended or in line, till ample time is given to form. But are our wishes attainable?—and if attainable, wherein would they advantage us—other armies seeking and achieving similar objects? Let us see.

The point is conceded, for experiments have proved it, that the new foreign rifles command a very extensive range; that the accuracy of the flight of their peculiarly shaped projectiles—no flaws in construction interfering to counteract it—is very great; and that a comparatively small object may be struck by them with something like certainty, provided the distance between the marksman and the mark be accurately known. The momentum preserved by them, likewise, and the penetrating power, up to 800 or even 1000 yards, are considerable; they constitute, in fact, an admirable engine for target-practice, deer-stalking, or any other species of shooting which can be conducted leisurely and with deliberation. The same things may be conceded to any of the best descriptions of ordinary rifles, which, with equal length of barrel, and charges of powder bearing the same proportion to the weight of the shot, produce like results in the hands of practised marksmen. But with every sort of fire-arm
the

the chance of doing execution must depend, after you once pass the point-blank range, upon the accuracy of the knowledge which you possess of your distance from the object aimed at; and the greater the degree of elevation which it is necessary to give to the piece, the more uncertain, without this knowledge, your fire becomes. Besides, when you take to very long ranges, to 800 yards, for example, or to 1000, the elevation necessary to reach your target is so great, that not only are all objects intervening between you and it safe, but the target itself cannot be hit, except within a very narrow space of its surface. Take 8° , the elevation required to throw a ball 1000 yards, and what follows? The flight of a ball fired at 8° of elevation carries it to the extreme height above the plane of the tube's axis, of about 150 feet; and the angle of depression, which is 19° , cuts off all chance of a ricochet, even if the ball be spherical. Supposing, then, that your fire is directed at a single man on foot or on horseback, or at a line of men, the individual or the line has only to advance four or five paces (which there will be ample time to compass ere your projectile reach the termination of its flight), and the shot passes harmlessly over him; or if he think better to retire the same distance, it will lob down into the ground at his feet. Of what possible advantage, in a sharp skirmish, which implies a continual passing from point to point of the combatants, can it be to commence firing at a distance which makes certain such results as these? And how are lines to be stopped in their advance, or cavalry checked in their career, by turning against them weapons the very accuracy of whose range ensures that they will do no execution unless the parties aimed at all stand still for the purpose of being killed?

But means may be devised—means indeed exist—whereby intervals of a thousand yards can be very accurately measured; and experience has shown that, when rightly applied, they never fail. This is true, and has been true as regards target practice for half a century or more. In the year 1799 one Catter Raud obtained a patent for what he called 'a military and naval telescope;' of which he explained the construction and the use in a pamphlet dedicated to the late Duke of York. The telescope contained, within the eye-tube, a micrometer, similar to that which is commonly used for astronomical purposes, but simpler in its mechanism. There an object, such as the image of a man or of a ship, being made to occupy the interval between two moveable wires, the subtended angle was read upon a scale; and after reference made to a small table, the distance proved, on multiplying the tabular number, to correspond with the angle, by the height of the figure. Nothing could be more ingenious than this invention, or, in theory, better suited to military purposes;

poses; but when reduced to practice in the field it came to nothing. The telescope could not be used without steadier support than a man's hand; and the estimated height of the object tried by it turned out, in a vast majority of cases, to be incorrect.

So recently as the month of May, 1850, Major Beamish, late of the 52nd regiment, published in the *United Service Magazine* a description of an apparatus of which he declares himself to be the inventor, and of which the object is similar to that of Mr. Raud's military telescope. The similarity between the two machines is indeed so remarkable, that a good deal of faith is necessary to bring us to the conclusion that the gallant Major did not borrow his ideas from Mr. Raud's pamphlet; but however this may be, if they correspond in their excellences, the two instruments are open to the same objections—Major Beamish's telescope being, if possible, less applicable to service purposes than Mr. Raud's. The Major gives us a sort of wire micrometer, provided with a scale; of which the unit is equivalent to the angle ($11^{\circ} 27' 5''$) subtended by the image of a man, six feet high, at the distance of 600 yards. These wires, be it observed, are fixed; and admitting that the image is exactly contained between any two of them, the error of an inch in estimating the height of the object would amount to an error of eight yards of distance in 600. But this is the least serious of the mistakes which would be apt to arise from trusting to this instrument. Supposing that the man can be seen, from the soles of his feet to the top of his hat, it will scarcely ever happen that the image on the telescope is contained exactly between two wires; and as often as it is not so contained, the observer must calculate, with the greatest nicety, the fractional part of the interval between two wires which the image subtends. The most practised eye, however, could scarcely estimate such fractional part within less than one-eighth of the interval between two wires; and, from the unsteadiness of the hand, the error would almost always be greater. But an error of one-eighth of interval would produce an error of about 80 yards in 600; and in a distance of 1000 yards the error would be more than 200.

Besides his micrometer, Major Beamish recommends, for the benefit of non-commissioned officers, the use of a stadia, which he adopts from the army of the Swiss Confederation, and describes. But he may depend upon it, that for practical purposes the Swiss stadia is as little to be trusted as his own micrometer. Think of the difficulty to a soldier—hampered with his knapsack on his back, and rendered unsteady in his grasp by fatigue or excitement—of holding out at arm's length two or three feet of string, and taking an accurate view, through a triangular hole in a piece of brass, of objects removed from him to a distance of

800 or 1000 yards. Consider, too, the effect of rain, or of ordinary wear and tear, upon this string, the slightest contraction or irregularity in the twist of which will at once destroy the accuracy of the measurement. And inasmuch as the brass stadia is marked on one side for infantry, on the other for cavalry, think what the consequences will be if in the hurry of action the soldier should turn the wrong side to the enemy—ensuring thereby the loss of every shot which he shall afterwards deliver: or, supposing him confronted both by cavalry and infantry, against which shall he direct his deadly aim, seeing that he cannot possibly do hurt to both? Nor is this all. Assuming that the exact distance of the object to be fired at may by some process or another be settled, there still remains the difficulty of enabling the soldier to give to his musket the required elevation, which can, of course, be done only by means of some apparatus applied to the musket near the eye. Perhaps the ingenious contrivance recommended by Sir Charles Shaw, in his letter of 20th January last, to the Editor of the ‘Times,’ might serve the purpose. But an iron frame, five inches long, standing on the barrel of the piece, perpendicular to its length, would be so much in the way that it may be doubted whether a soldier, even if persuaded to carry it in his pocket or his pack, would ever think of affixing it to his firelock previously to the commencement of a battle. As to his consulting the sight-piece before delivering each shot for the number expressing his exact distance from the enemy, and then adjusting a slider to the mark, the idea is preposterous. The most intelligent soldier living would not take this trouble, even if he had time to do so, in a skirmish, and in line firing all such contrivances are out of place. To ‘prostrate Sindella,’ therefore, being a thousand yards off, by the mere pulling of a trigger, would require a minuteness and accuracy of calculation much more easily imagined than attained; and if Sindella, instead of standing still, should, after the manner of his tribe, prove a little restless, the shot, however scientifically delivered, would go wide of its mark.*

There

* Our readers will observe that, in thus seeming to depreciate the worth of the stadia, we look only to its capability of being turned to account in the field of battle. Considered as an instrument of drill it may be of considerable use. Something is gained if we so practise the eye that it shall be able, by the mere exercise of vision, to calculate distances within fifty feet in a thousand yards; and this habit is, doubtless, to be acquired by observing objects through a micrometer, and comparing the judgments formed at sight with the results of actual measurement. But, when all is done, constant practice, and nothing else, will make a good shot—that is to say, if the individual practising do not belong to that numerous class in society whom nature has debarred from ever acquiring expertness in marksmanship.—By all means, therefore, give us the stadia as you give the pace-stick and the plummet for the use of the undrilled man; but do not expect more important results from it than you are likely to obtain.

There is yet another and by no means a trivial objection to the substitution throughout the whole army of the cylindro-conical for the spherical ball. Either you must keep your firelocks at their present bore, in which case the new ball will weigh half as much again as the old ball; or if you reduce the bore so as to equalise the weight of the two projectiles, the spherical ball will become far less effective as an instrument of destruction than it is at present. Now we cannot imagine that a ball which tells so well in ricochet will ever be discarded in order to make room for one of which the ricochet must, from the shape of the projectile, tell for little or nothing; and we are confirmed in this opinion by observing that the Minié muskets ordered to be supplied to our army are suited to receive the spherical as well as the oblong shot. What then is the consequence? The soldier, of whom it is already said with truth that he is overweighted, must carry an increased load, to the extent of five pounds at the least; or, with a view to escape this, you must diminish the number of rounds in his cartouch-box from sixty to forty. But here experience has shown that—though in the longest actions the average expenditure of ammunition seldom comes up to thirty rounds per man—sixty, and even a hundred, are often delivered by particular corps. Whatever inconvenience therefore may attend the arrangement, it will never do to subtract from the stock of the soldier's service ammunition—especially since, among other promised advantages, the new musket will enable him to load and fire with increased celerity.

Then why not diminish the bore? Will not a ball weighing one-third less than our present regulation-bullet destroy life as effectually if it touch a vital part?—nay, is not a still smaller bullet, the pea-size, for example, which fits a duelling pistol, calculated, by lodging in the body, to inflict a more troublesome wound than the larger projectile which passes through? Admitted—but let us not forget that troops in the field do not engage in duels. The momentum of their projectiles must be sufficient to carry them, at considerable range, through the different kinds of screens which an enemy may be able to oppose to them in action, and then to kill. Steel cuirasses, slight stockading, banks of earth, gabions inadequately rammed—though all pervious by shot of the weight and consistency of our regulation musket-balls—would stop the bullet of a duelling pistol, or of a fire-arm much more effective. We do not mean to say that the regulation

N.B.—We recommend the curious on this subject to consult the fourth edition of the '*Cours sur les Armes à Feu*,' par M. L. Pannot, from page 99 and onwards. They will find there a full account of every one of the expedients adopted in the French army for the purpose of training the soldier's eye.

bullet might not continue to be very efficient although it were somewhat diminished in weight, and therefore in diameter; but if, as is shown in Article 80 of the 'Naval Gunnery,' the resistance of a material struck by a shot be proportioned to the square of the diameter of the projectile, care must be taken not to carry the reducing practice too far. During the late war the bore of the French muskets was considerably less than ours: and because the barrels were longer, our people got it into their heads that the range of the ball was greater. But this was quite a mistake. The French musket, being less carefully balanced than ours, was apt to fly up after the trigger was pulled—a movement which often gave to the piece a higher degree of elevation than the soldier intended. Hence its apparently long range: but whether at long or short range, the French balls were constantly stopped by obstacles through which the larger ball of the British soldier made its way. We should therefore object to the universal adoption of a bore in our service even equal to that of the carabine used by the Chasseurs de Vincennes: because, though the latter discharge a ball which, with its cap, weighs $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounce, its diameter is only 0.68 of an inch, whereas our spherical ball measures 0.732 of an inch.* On the other hand, if you increase the diameter of the elongated ball till it equal that of our present spherical shot, you will carry the weight to $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces—a difficulty which, apart from the necessity that would arise of rendering the musket stronger and heavier, is not to be surmounted. Unless, therefore, we determine to lay aside spherical balls entirely—an arrangement which, as we have just shown, would be attended with very serious hurt—it seems idle to speak of putting a Minié musket into the hands of every soldier in our service: for the large Minié musket would be too weighty for general use, and the small too insignificant, except when loaded with its own conoidal shot. A spherical ball dropped into the latter, besides being feeble, on account of its minute size, would go forth with a momentum diminished manifold—the consequence of increased windage. You would shoot from a rifle a ball which could not take the rifle shape, and therefore shoot very much at random.

But we have not yet done with our scruples. The Minié shot is so peculiar in its construction, that except in one or two districts in Europe, and perhaps in India, British soldiers will find it nowhere else than at home. From the moment they reach those shores, therefore, they must be dependent for their

* It is worthy of remark that, while we are talking of a diminution in the bore of our muskets, the French have increased theirs. Next to our own their balls were always the largest in use throughout Europe, except, perhaps, the Russian. They have been considerably enlarged since the peace of 1815. See M. Pannot's work.

ammunition on the safe and timely conveyance of supplies across the ocean; and a storm, or a capture by an enemy's cruisers, may reduce them, at the most critical moment of a campaign, to a state of helplessness. And even if all go right in this respect, the slightest carelessness on the part of the home manufacturer, whether arising out of haste, or from any other cause, is sure to lead to mischief. In the Minié projectile the centre of gravity, after the shot has been lodged in the piece, is situated in front of the centre of the figure; and with extreme delicacy in the construction, the preponderance thus produced may allow the resistance of the air to keep the axis of the projectile, during its flight, in the direction of a tangent to the trajectory. But should the preponderance be too great, the shot will certainly tumble over, and all its effect is lost. Mr. Wilkinson of Pall-Mall, we observe, has noticed these and other drawbacks to the Minié musket, in a pamphlet published with a view to recommend a rifle of his own—which he has adopted from the Swiss. But—however good his case may be as regards equal range and greater simplicity of construction—the excessive tenuity of his ball puts him out of court as the advocate of a war-weapon. Balls which measure about a third of an inch in diameter, however shaped or accurately rifled, would make but a slight impression on a half-rammed gabion at a few hundred yards distance.

Finally, we object to the Minié rifle as an arm for the infantry of the line on this ground—that, as at present constructed at least, it has no point-blank range whatever. We admit that the soldier who looks over the lowest term of the sight and covers the bull's-eye of the target will send his shot, at a distance of 200 yards, either through that part or very close to it. And we further allow that, after 75 or 80 yards, a shot delivered in the same way from the regulation-musket almost always fails. But what is the reason? The regulation-musket is so sighted that the line of metal, or point-blank range, does not give an elevation of more than 22 minutes above the plane of the axis of the bore; whereas the lowest term of the flexible sight which is fitted to the Minié rifle gives an elevation of about one degree. What is the consequence? The ball from the regulation-musket traverses its course so nearly in a straight line that, if aimed at the chest of a man of ordinary stature 80 yards off, it must hit any object of similar size which it may encounter between the muzzle of the piece and the target. The curve made by the Minié projectile is such that a direct aim at the chest of a man 200 yards off will carry the shot about two feet and a half above the head of another man standing in the same line at a hundred yards from the marksman. It is impossible to over-estimate the inconvenience,

inconvenience, nay the danger of this; for the new weapon, unless radically altered in the construction of its sight, will fail at that precise moment of battle when correct musketry-firing becomes of vital importance. Consider what the consequences will be when a regiment, armed with Minié rifles, is pressed upon by a line of infantry wielding improved plain-bore muskets. The former, giving their fire eagerly, perhaps accurately, will be astonished to find that the nearer the enemy approach the less fatal their volleys become; while the latter, encouraged by the immunity from danger which they experience, will first shake the riflemen with a telling discharge, then level their bayonets and sweep them from the field. And so it will be when cavalry fall upon squares, of which the fire, though very destructive at 200 yards, is even more uncertain within these limits than beyond them. Such squares will as certainly be broken as they are attacked; for it is the fire from the faces of the square, not the chevaux-de-frize of bayonets so formidable of aspect in Hyde Park, which alone can stay the progress of resolute horsemen who have set their lives upon the die.

We have devoted so much space to the consideration of the fire of these muskets, that we must compress our remarks upon their *loading* within very narrow limits. And the little that we have to say will refer chiefly to the breech-loading rifles. For in truth the Minié weapon has only this superiority over the best of our own, that, as the cartridge requires less ramming, it may be assumed to take its proper place in a shorter time. But the breech-loading musket is recommended by the increased security which it is supposed to give to the soldier in a skirmish; who, in a ditch, or behind a hedge, or lying flat on the ground, will be able to charge his piece without exposing himself, as he necessarily does in drawing his ramrod and returning it. It is also asserted that with a breech-loading rifle, as tried against a regulation-musket, two shots at least can be delivered for one. We are not going to dispute the accuracy of any of these statements—but what then? In skirmishing, especially with rifles, it is not celerity but accuracy of fire which you seek to establish. Your rifleman is ill trained, indeed, if he does not think more of covering his object ere he pull the trigger, than of firing against time; indeed the great complaint against him has always been, that he throws away his ammunition without producing adequate results. What shall we find when you have supplied him with an instrument which enables him to throw it away in a ratio so largely extended? And as to the increased security which he derives from his peculiar method of loading, let us examine the subject in all its bearings before we come to a conclusion on that head.

The needle-gun is loaded with a cartridge which carries within itself the means of its own ignition. A quantity of detonating matter being let into a wooden wad, which separates the ball from the powder, is so placed that the needle, in order to reach it, must pass through the powder; and it cannot be denied that the process of igniting from above ensures a more simultaneous explosion than if the powder caught fire from below. But consider the consequences of such a construction. Not only is every tumbril and ammunition-barrel which you carry about on mules or in waggons, filled with stuff which a transient concussion, whether arising from the progress of a musket-ball, or the upsetting of the carriage, will explode; but every individual soldier is exposed, by a similar accident, to be blown up. For a shot in his pouch will ignite without fail the detonating powder diffused through his cartridges—a result which may likewise attend any one of the many accidents to which all persons running or leaping, or forcing their way through hedges and enclosures, are exposed. And if, through excess of care, all these hazards be evaded, has it yet been shown that even Mr. Seares's chamber will stand the wear-and-tear of protracted firing—that the gas will not, in the end, begin to escape, and the bolt which fastens the slide in its place grow too large for the socket or get out of its proper line? We confess, that on these grounds, not less than on account of the general delicacy of the weapon, we are not by any means prepared to advise its adoption into the English service. For after all, what is gained either by extreme rapidity of firing, or by breech-loading? In the line, *nothing*; in the skirmish so little that it seems to be more than counterbalanced by attendant evils. And in regard to the general question we are free to acknowledge, that any sort of armament which shall tempt British troops to waste time in distant and uncertain fusilades will receive our hearty opposition. Other nations begin their battles long before their shots can tell, except by accident. The French, the Germans, and most of all the Spaniards, blaze away as soon as they can well see an enemy. British troops shoulder and slope their muskets, and march on till 60 or at most 80 yards divide them from their antagonists—then halt, give their fire, and charge. We can answer for it that their tactics are at once more sparing of life to themselves, and far more effectual in routing the enemy, than those of any other army in the world. We have no wish to see them changed.

And now for a few words, and they shall be very few, as to the probable effect of this improved rifle-shooting on the agency of great guns and cavalry. That it must tell to a certain extent no one is likely to deny. Guns must always be stationary objects;

objects; and if you once take an accurate measurement of the distance, your skirmishers at 800 or 1000 yards may commit severe havoc among the gunners and their horses. In a siege again—from every trench you will be able to keep up such a fire upon the embrasures as shall render it impossible for the gunner to stand to his gun and live. Recollect, however, that whether in the field, or during siege-operations, both parties can play at this game! Guns are always supported in the field by infantry or cavalry on their flanks. Hereafter the duty must devolve on infantry alone—who must be armed with muskets of long range, so as to meet the assailant with equal weapons. And should the enemy crowd their line of skirmishers, and the cover prove indifferent, the guns will help to fight their own battle at no serious disadvantage. The Shrapnel, or spherical case shot, is a terrible implement. Fired from a six-pounder, with proper elevation, it ranges with perfect accuracy from 1000 to 1200 yards; it then bursts, and throws forward to the extent of 400 yards farther, with all the momentum of its own force, 27 musket-balls, besides splinters of the shell. A 9-pounder is still more effective, both because its range is greater and it contains 41 balls; a 12-pounder throws 63, and a 24-pounder 128. How long could a crowd of skirmishers, however armed, much less a brigade, a line, or a column of infantry, stand against a sustained fire of this sort kept up from a dozen or two of well-guarded guns? And as to the beleaguered place, care must be taken to stock its armoury in good time with rifles constructed on the newest and best principle. They will prove even more important as weapons of defence than as a means of annoyance on the part of the besiegers.

As far, therefore, as artillery is concerned, we are satisfied that neither the Minié musket, nor any other weapon which an infantry soldier can carry, is likely to produce any important change in the general art of war. On the contrary, we are of opinion, that every fresh improvement in small arms will force nations like our own, who cannot afford to keep on foot large standing armies, more and more to increase their artillery, and by bringing, if possible, guns of larger calibre into the field render it, when massed, more decisive of battles than ever. Nor can we see that the power of cavalry will be seriously shaken, in countries suitable for that arm. Detached squadrons will still sweep down upon unsupported skirmishers and destroy them. And if the fire of squares begin hereafter somewhat sooner than in the late war, it will probably be as little destructive till the horsemen come within point-blank range. And then—with sights so defective as those now in use—of what value is it? No doubt

Generals

Generals will take care not to mass their squadrons within reach of the new arm. And occasions may arise when this shall produce inconvenience—as, for example, when a rush is meditated with a view to secure some commanding position, or an opening in the enemy's line suggests a rapid movement of penetration. But for charging a column not upon its guard, or a broken line, or tirailleurs retiring across an exposed plain, the cavalry will be as formidable as it ever was, or more so.

In conclusion, we must take leave to remark that—in contrast to so many bold opinions put forth by unprofessional scribes—the greatest reluctance prevails everywhere among scientific men to pronounce judgment on the perfect adaptation of any one of the new muskets to purposes of war. How, indeed, can the case be otherwise? Scarcely a week passes without bringing into public notice some invention later, and therefore better, than those which went before; and each inventor, while he praises his own weapon, points out undeniable defects in those of his rivals. We ask, with all humility, whether, under such circumstances, it would be prudent to decide in a hurry among the several arms that are pressed upon us? And, above all, we deprecate the adoption, as a general arm, of any musket which shall either deprive us of a most efficient spherical ball, or materially reduce its diameter. By all means give us more rifle-corps—and arm them with the best weapon, whether foreign or domestic, which you can find. We shall thus have a number of light regiments adequate to cover our formations, and to protect both guns and columns in their advance and retreat. But all beyond this would be a grievous mistake; for, even in the Caffre war, it is impossible to doubt that a more frequent use of spherical case-shot would have saved some valuable lives, as well as driven the enemy from their fastnesses. Sir Howard Douglas must needs be about the best possible authority on this subject; and we shall close with a quotation from the *Treatise on Naval Gunnery*, which seems to us as just in sentiment as eloquent in language:—

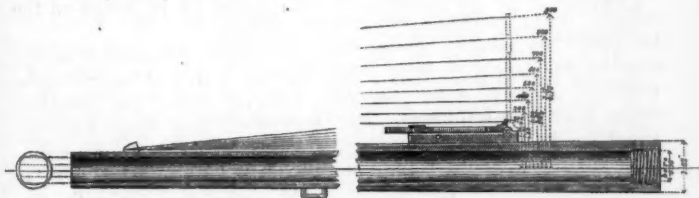
‘ Under the powerful effect of spherical case-shot, together with the menaces and charges of cavalry, clouds of infantry, acting *en tirailleur*, will either be compelled to rally into masses, or retire upon their supporting bodies, columns, or lines, where round shot will exercise its wonted power; and thus the battle will become general in the ordinary way. The three great arms, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, combined, will act according to their distinctive faculties; and the general who, according to the proposed scheme, had hoped, by infantry armed with rifle-muskets, to drive artillery out of the field, and overpower infantry and cavalry in a general skirmish, will only commit the serious error of bringing on a general action under circumstances highly disadvantageous to himself; since a commander, forced to fight
in

in a manner different from that which he had intended, and from which he had proposed, is always, as has been well said, more than half beaten. The opponent following up with all his arms the advantages which well-combined movements must produce, the army, which should rely on the random range of the new rifles, would be penetrated, thrown into confusion, and even driven off the field.'

If proofs were needed of the wisdom of delay before any change is effected in the armament of our infantry of the line, the results of experiments made at Woolwich since the preceding pages were made up would alone supply them. Already a new and flexible sight has been applied to the rifle, of which we have only this to observe, that it seems to render the weapon quite unfit for all except select corps. We subjoin a sectional drawing of the barrel, and of the implement by means of which a soldier is expected, in the hurry of battle, to regulate his aim ere he deliver each shot; and we append to it an accurate statement, in degrees and minutes, of the inclination which is necessary for each range.

Dimensions.

	Inches.
Length of barrel	59
Do. between the sight and muzzle	34.3
Do. grooved	58.50
Bore	0.10
Thickness of metal at muzzle	0.9
Do. at breech end	0.26



The inclination of the axis of the bore to the line of				°	'	"
metal (without any sight) in this rifle is				0	16	3
To the line of sight for 200 yards				0	58	37
Do. for 300	„	1	19	40
Do. for 400	„	1	16	42
Do. for 500	„	2	21	58
Do. for 600	„	2	59	20
Do. for 700	„	3	42	45
Do. for 800	„	4	31	44
Do. for 900	„	5	28	40

The

The angles of descent thereby produced are,—

For 200 yards	.	.	.	°	'	"
300	„	.	.	1	17	0
400	„	.	.	2	7	0
500	„	.	.	3	0	20
600	„	.	.	4	50	0
700	„	.	.	6	40	0
800	„	.	.	8	45	0
900	„	.	.	10	50	0
	„	.	.	13	27	4

A calculation of these tables will show that the height of the trajectory, above the line of aim, in the middle of the 200 yards range, is $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet; and that in the middle of the 900 yards range it is 110 feet.

A man, 6 feet high, standing 25 feet in front of the longer of these two ranges, would not be touched; the shot would pass over his head. Let him be removed by an equal distance to the rear, and he will likewise escape—for with such an angle of declension there can be no ricochet, even if a spherical ball be used. Indeed, with respect to ricochet in general, the form and rotation of a conical ball are so unfavourable to it that, except at some of the smallest of the above angles, few pointed shot striking the ground would ever rise again; and such as did would have their rotation so much reduced (it might be stopped entirely) by a deep and long graze, that they would inevitably tumble over. On the other hand, if the rotation survive the graze, the shot will be deflected in the direction of the rotation by its action on the medium grazed, whether it be land or water.

It is evident from all this that we have no business to accept the new arm as more than a step in that march of improvement on which our military authorities have recognized the propriety of entering. While the service effect of the long range has been grossly and extensively overrated, there is positively no point-blank range, nor any approximation to it, in the Minié rifle as now constructed. Its lowest, or 200-yard sight, carries the line of the trajectory so far above the line of sight that in order to hit a man in the chest or head, at 100 yards from the muzzle, you must aim at his ankles; and if he be 150 yards off, you must fire at his knees. Now, the line of metal range of the musket, which is 22', will carry, if the windage be small, a well-cast spherical ball 150 yards with great accuracy. Reduce both weapons to a real, not a fictitious, point-blank range, and the one will give you 85 yards, the other 75 yards. Is it worth while, for the sake of ten yards gained in point-blank firing, to arm any except special corps with weapons requiring, to render them available,

able, such a machine as the rolling-sight here described—and on which you cannot count with any certainty, unless you know within a yard or two the exact distance to which your enemy is removed?—In the navy they have begun to observe that vertical firing is comparatively useless. Are we going to adopt it in the army just as our seamen are getting rid of it? At least let us take time to consider.—In like manner we must suggest that it will never do to form a judgment in regard to the effect of spherical case-shot in action, with the long-range rifles, from the late trial at Woolwich. The artillery practice was, we understand, very bad; but this can easily be accounted for. Old and defective fuzes were used, which either burned so fast as to explode the shell prematurely, or did not burn at all. Besides, how can artillery improve in good practice in a country like this, which has not provided one solitary field on which gunners may learn how to open their fire with sudden and overwhelming effect, at every known and unknown point of range? We do not doubt that Lord Hardinge will see to this; and we have reason to believe that he has already discovered the defect in construction, which, if it be not removed, will render the new rifle useless in the very crisis of a battle.

P.S.—Already has the prediction, hazarded in the preceding paragraph, entered upon its fulfilment. Lord Hardinge's vigilance and activity seem to have outstripped the course of time;—at least, after the lapse of only one week, difficulties which appeared insurmountable are melting away. An improved sight has supplanted that which we took the liberty to condemn. A new ball, dependent on no secondary operation for its consistency, has been invented; and a fire-arm, which weighs little more than eight pounds, throws its shot with increased velocity, so as to scour the whole interval between the muzzle and the object at a hundred yards distance. If these things, after careful trial, fulfil the expectations formed of them, there will then remain only the objection, that no elongated ball can ever be so fully depended upon in the ricochet as a sphere; and even this we may expect that mechanical genius will, in some measure, overcome. At all events, the care of adjusting this point has fallen into most able hands—and on the whole we doubt not that our infantry will take rank ere long as the best armed in the world. Let us add, that it may be advisable to look next to the clothing and general equipment of the men.

ART. VIII.—1. *Conservative Principles and Conservative Policy—a Letter to the Electors of Tewkesbury.* By Ed. W. Cox, Esq. 1852.

2. *Speech of C. N. Newdegate, Esq., M.P., in the House of Commons,* March 15th, 1852.

IT was Marius, we believe, who, when insolently challenged to battle by an army of barbarians, replied, that it was the part of a good general not to fight when his enemies chose, but to make them fight when he chose.

Even were there a probability that the New Ministry could succeed in giving full effect to its own views on Protection, there are considerations which should induce it to act with great caution and forbearance. It is not the part of a prudent Premier to lightly set aside the great controlling and superintending power of the State, and to show that not single statutes only, but systems of policy, are to be completely changed with a change in the persons of administration. We have heard that doctrine proclaimed from Manchester, but we are not among the converts. We think it may often be better to counteract an erroneous course of policy by modifying and compensatory measures, than to retrace our steps for years back, and sweepingly annul their legislation. Such a course—as it is to be supposed there is always a party in opposition aspiring to office—would be to keep up for ever old subjects of dispute—to introduce a principle of perpetual fluctuation and uncertainty, inconsistent with all good government—and in fact to render real progress impossible. It is true there is nothing irrevocable in the letter of our laws; Parliament does not profess infallibility. The interests of the country are, or should be, its rule, much rather than dogged adherence to its own decisions. But those interests would be the first to suffer were our legislation to assume a purely experimental character. The exclamation of the old barons at Merton, ‘*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*,’ was the voice of a truly English spirit. All those forms with which the Constitution has jealously guarded the passage of bills through both Houses, even to the steps of the throne, affording time not only for their full consideration in those assemblies, but for the sentiment of the nation at large to be pronounced on them, suppose the enactments to be generally of no transitory character.

It is very easy to imagine cases in which a statesman should rather decline the task of framing a Government than afford any sort of tolerance to a policy not in harmony with his opinions. If that policy, for example, were clearly ruinous—and of such a nature as no modifying or compensatory measures could amend—and if there were well-grounded reasons for believing that a continued

tinued and energetic opposition to it would ere long open the eyes of the nation at large to its evils—it would then, we apprehend, be his part to decline making any attempt to better adapt that policy to the actual circumstances of the country. Considerations of this kind no doubt influence such Conservatives as adopt *Protection* (in the common meaning of that term) for the whole sum and substance of their political creed. We certainly do not go with them so far. We think there are other and even greater objects to be contended for—that *Protection* is urgently wanted for still higher interests than those in question.

We retain now the same opinions which we held when Sir Robert Peel first brought forward his bill for the abolition of the Corn-laws. We think that measure was most directly calculated to depress and burden the industry of the country, and to sap the foundation of our existence as a great independent State—that it was no less menacing in its consequences than treacherous in its character. But we are bound to confess—and our opponents may make the most of the admission—that it has not effected all the evil we anticipated from it. We have nothing to retract, but we have something to explain.

With the development of Free Trade an action has been proceeding *pari passu*, which, though it could in no degree be foreseen by the most sagacious, and least of all by the bold heralds and popular champions of that policy, has very materially counteracted its effects. We allude to the new gold-fields, which have already had some influence in upholding prices, and consequently in stimulating industry—and which will, as most merchants foretell, produce much more decisive effects when the mining operations are conducted, as they soon will be, on a more systematic and extensive scale.

The produce of gold from California during the year 1851 cannot in sterling value, we suppose, be set down at much less than 20,000,000*l.*—and this yield, fabulous as it appears when it is remembered that the existence of gold in that soil was only ascertained a few years since, will in all likelihood be very greatly augmented in future. The intelligent correspondent of the *Times* in New York tells us that, in consequence of the large arrivals of gold, 100,000 people will start for California in the next six months. The same communication thus describes the effect of the influx of ore:—

‘Our foundries are overloaded with work. Our manufactured goods, bread-stuffs, provisions, and even our importations from abroad, are seized hold of with an unheard of eagerness. Money is becoming abundant; the countenances of merchants look cheerful; an electric

impulse has been given to our entire business world.—*New York*, Feb. 17, 1852.

In this country the same effects are in degree experienced. The bullion in the Bank very far exceeds the quantity it has held at any previous time. It approaches 20,000,000*l*. The excess, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, is upwards of four millions sterling. As a natural consequence, money is abundant for all the legitimate purposes of trade; the value of real property, after a period of depression, is again rising to about as high a price as was ever known; the commercial markets are 'looking up;' all branches of manufactures are in marvellous activity; even agricultural produce seems to be slowly rising; and men no longer go to bed with the uncomfortable apprehension that when they rise in the morning they may find that, by some action beyond their control, their property has been depreciated while their debts and liabilities remained at the same figure. It is the contrary action which is now taking place; and hence the general prosperity of the producing classes.

We bear our testimony to this prosperity with unfeigned joy. We share in its effects, and thankfully acknowledge the bounty of Providence. But when we are told that it is owing to Corn Law Repeal and our other late enactments of that class, we point to the above extract describing the state of things at New York, and ask to what are we to attribute the prosperity of America? America, as Lord Derby justly states, retains her protective duties:—

'The tariff of the United States levies on almost all articles of importation duties more or less extensive—duties which in some cases reach to an extravagant and almost oppressive amount, but which in almost every instance are levied avowedly on those articles which come into competition with the produce of their own soil and industry.'—(*Speech*, Feb. 27, 1852.)

Yet we see that America is increasing in every element of wealth—in numbers, in commerce, in credit, in manufactures, in money even—beyond all former precedent. She receives on her shores a thousand souls daily of the surplus population of Europe, and, cherishing them in her bosom, makes them minister to her opulence and power. If the present activity of industrial pursuits in England is owing to *free trade*—to what is it owing in the United States? May not the well-doing of both countries—but especially of our own severely and, as we think, most unfairly tried one—be mainly referred to that increased production of gold, which, as the great circulating medium of the world, has

has always had the effect of stimulating industry in proportion as it became more abundant?

On this point we are not left to conjecture. In the Introduction to Holinshed's History there is a remarkable description of the progress of—what the worthy old writer terms—'luxury' within the memory of people then living. Owing to the discovery of Mexico and Peru, and the vast influx of the precious metals, a great alteration was made in the money value of commodities. In the reign of Elizabeth it may be said in general terms that prices were doubled; but this rise, so far from producing distress, which, according to the doctrine of the Manchester economists, must have been the result, had a very marked effect in promoting the comfort and welfare of the people:—

'I do rejoice,' says the ancient chronicler, 'to behold how that, in a time when all things are grown to most excessive prices, we do yet find the means to obtain or achieve such furniture as heretofore has been impossible. There are old men yet dwelling in the village where I remain which have noted three things to be marvelously altered in England within their sound remembrance. One is, the multitude of chimneys lately erected, whereas in their young days there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realm (the religious houses and manor places of their lords always excepted, and peradventure some great parsonage), but each made a fire against the reredosse in the hall where he dined and dressed his meat. The second is the great amendment of lodging; for, said they, our fathers and we ourselves have lain full oft on straw pallettes, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets made of dogswaine or hop-harlots (I use their own terms), and a good round log under their head instead of a bolster. Pillows, said they, were thought meet only for women in childbed. As for servants, if they had any sheet above them, it was well—for seldom had they under their bodies to keep them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvass and rased their hardened hides. The third thing they tell of is the exchange of treene platers (so called, I suppose, from treene or wood) into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver or tin. For so common were all sorts of treene vessels in old time, that a man should hardly find four pieces of pewter (of which one was peradventure a salt) in a good farmer's house. In times past, men were contented to dwell in houses builded of sawlow, willow, &c., so that the use of oak was in a manner dedicated wholly unto churches, religious houses, princes' palaces, navigation, &c. But now sawlow, &c., are rejected, and nothing but oak anywhere regarded: and yet see the change;—for, when our houses were builded of willow, then we had oaken men; but now that our houses are come to be made of oak, our men are not only become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration. Now we have many chimneys, and yet our tender limbs complain of rheums, catarrhs, and poses; then had we none but reredosses, and our heads did never ache. For as the smoke in those

days was considered a sufficient hardening for the timber of the house, so it was reputed a far better medicine to keep the good man and his family from the quack or pose, wherewith, as then, very few were acquainted.'

Should the historian of England under Queen Victoria have to record a similar improvement in the condition of the people—that they are better lodged and clothed, and have greater command over the comforts of life—it will little matter though he should lament the degeneracy of the men and the spread of luxury. This amelioration of our ancestors' social state took place together with the growth of 'most excessive prices.' With that forced and unnatural depression which it was the object of the Peel policy to effect, we had reason to fear that all classes—all our producing classes at least—would be greatly (and swiftly) impoverished; and we must repeat our entire conviction that, if the result has not answered our fears, it has been not from any error in the reasoning which guided our judgment, but from the introduction of an element—wholly unforeseen in 1845*—which has greatly and most beneficially altered our commercial and monetary state.

Price is not an arbitrary term. It is the relation which one commodity bears to another—as regulated mainly by the amount of labour which each kind represents. As gold in this country is the standard by which all other commodities are measured—as it can know no fluctuation itself, remaining at its fixed price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce, whatever the supply of it may be—it follows that the price of all other things rises or falls with its abundance or scarcity. With wheat so low as 40*s.* per quarter, a little consideration will show that it must be as easy to raise two quarters of wheat from the earth (we speak in round numbers) as to procure from it one ounce of gold. But if from new gold-fields being discovered, and from improved processes being applied to the extraction of the ore, it should be as easy to procure one and a half ounce of gold as two quarters of wheat, then the grain would surely rise to sixty shillings a quarter; or should it be as easy to raise two ounces of gold as two quarters of wheat, then, the ounce of ore and the quarter of grain balancing each other, we should have wheat at 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per quarter. And of course all other commodities would rise in the same proportion.

Without doubt the level is not likely to be very speedily

* See our note *ante*, p. 427. The gold from our own Australia now bids fair to turn out another very important feature in the case. It is, we believe, the opinion of the best judges that the import from that quarter will not, by the close of 1852, fall under *three millions sterling!*

attained. These proportions in the general commerce of the world have a *tendency* to equalize themselves—but for some time they may remain very unequal. In California the relation between gold and wheat—as estimated by the labour each represents—would seem to be about four ounces of the ore to one quarter of the grain. Able-bodied miners were receiving by the last accounts 100 dollars per month (something over 20*l.*), with ample rations—which is about eight or ten times as much as labourers can earn in most other parts of the world. This disproportion must be lessened as more labour flows into the country; but from what is now known of the extent of these gold-fields, and of the richness of the quartz, we can hardly escape the conclusion that a general rise in prices is about to take place.

Had not these supplies produced some practical effect already, we believe that the rate of agricultural produce would be very much lower than it is. The harvest of last year was an abundant one—those of 1849-50 of a fair average. With the three good harvests of 1833-34-35 wheat sank to a much lower figure than rules in our markets now. Mr. Newdegate, we can believe, is not extravagant in his surmise, that had matters remained in *statu quo*—that is, had there been no removal of protection on the one side, and no increased supplies of gold on the other—prices would not have ranged materially higher than the present average. For the whole year 1835 the price was only 3*9s.* 4*d.*

It suits the factious purpose of the Manchester confederacy to represent the home-agriculturist in the odious light of wishing to keep out food from the people, and to stint them in its consumption. Nothing can be more false. All he desires is—being in this respect neither better nor worse than other producers and traders—such a price as will enable him to exercise his industry with a fair prospect of advantage to himself. With such fiscal arrangements as were imposed on this country by a high range of prices, he knows that he cannot prosper—more, that with a very low range he cannot live. In what way the low or the high rate is brought about is of very little consequence to him. Though he was secured from foreign competition on the return to cash payments in 1819, yet the sudden depression of price resulting from that measure occasioned him great distress; and so, now that he is exposed to the competition of the world, he would very cheerfully face it, and, we believe, in the end fairly beat it, should an action of another kind proceed. Supposing that the increased supply of gold should continue to give an upward movement to rates, he would soon be as independent of Protection as could be desired, and, with the greater encouragement afforded to his industry, would

would probably render this country to a very great extent—if not wholly—independent of foreign corn.

The supply of the precious metals, after having been stationary for a great number of years, was increased about the middle of the last century by the greater productiveness of the mines of South America. The result was fairly stated by Mr. Huskisson in his speech (May 1, 1818) on the resumption of cash payments:—

‘He remarked on the great stimulus which the increase of the circulating medium had given to the arts and industry of the country. To show the improved condition of the country he stated that from the year 1658 to the year 1754 there had not been a single bill of enclosure, and corn was imported. From 1754 to 1796, during which period there had been a rapid increase of the circulating medium from the mines of America, the enclosure bills amounted to 3500, and we became an exporting country.’

Mr. Huskisson was no loose talker. The rise in prices caused by the increase in the precious metals so stimulated the growth of agricultural produce, that in the ten years 1760-1770, with wheat at the then almost unprecedented price of 45s. 10d. per quarter, we not only fed our own people abundantly, but exported 1,384,561 quarters of wheat. We need not insist that like causes must produce like effects.

The probable effect of the increasing production of gold has not escaped the attention of our monetary men. Some letters in *The Times*, and some remarks in the City article of that journal, have directed attention to the advance in prices now taking place, and a few of its correspondents go so far, if we understand them rightly, as to advocate an *appreciation of our standard*. For our own part, we very earnestly deprecate discussion on that point—and for several reasons. In the first place, prices—we adhere to grain as the rule of other commodities—must advance considerably before they attain the range of the last forty years of the eighteenth century, and must become double what they are at present before they reach the average of the first twenty years of the present century, when the greater part of our burdens was contracted. Evidently, then, there is a wide margin for advance before any single class of the community would have a title to complain; and therefore even a call to consider the subject is plainly premature.

But, further, the return to cash payments, and the restoration of, or adherence to, the old standard of the country, was as much in the nature of a solemn national compact as any legislative enactment could be. It was admitted that the arrangement must be greatly to the advantage of the national creditor who had lent his money

money during the war :—but adherence to the standard—certainly as old as the reign of Elizabeth, and deliberately restored in the reign of William III.—was, though at great cost to the indebted nation, urged as an act of faith and honour, and as a settlement of the much-vexed currency question for ever. The language held by the adherents of the bill of 1819 was conclusive as to the final character of the measure. In the debate on Mr. Western's motion in 1822, Mr. Huskisson proposed as an amendment the memorable resolution of 1696,—‘That this House will not alter the standard of gold or silver, in fineness, weight, or denomination;’—and carried it by an overwhelming majority. In that, the ablest of his speeches, he stated the grounds on which the standard was to be maintained, whether gold became thereafter more or less plentiful :—

‘In this country, where gold is the standard of value, what is it which the parties stipulate for, and the State guarantees, in every contract for a money payment? Why, that the sum tendered in satisfaction for such payment shall not be less in weight and fineness than is required by the standard; but the contract does not stipulate, neither does the State guarantee, that the quantity of gold contained in that sum shall bear, at all time to come, the same value in relation either to land or to other commodities as it did at the time when the parties contracted together. *It is among the highest and first duties of the State, in relation to property, to maintain that standard inviolate and immutable*, and it is because we have neglected that duty that we are now suffering all the evil consequences of our neglect. . . . Inasmuch as any diminution in the value of the precious metals, —either from *natural* causes, such as an abundant supply from the mines, or from *legitimate* causes, such as the substitution of paper really payable on demand, or the other contrivances of credit,—involves no breach of a pecuniary contract, however prejudicial to the creditor—so, on the other hand, an increased demand for the precious metals in this or any other country (for the effect would be the same should the demand arise elsewhere), or a diminished supply from the mines, affords no ground for the interference of the State with the conditions of that contract, by which it would be violated for the benefit of the debtor.’

Considering what it has cost this country in times past to maintain the existing standard, it is hardly likely that any *party* will ever seriously propose an alteration of it. Should such a proposition be made, the money interest would, we are satisfied, stand alone in its support; and, with nearly every other class of the community arrayed against it, we need not doubt the result.

While we anticipate a rise in prices, we do not anticipate that it will be so great or so sudden as to lead to any practical inconvenience.

venience. We abandon all speculations of what would ensue, were gold to become as plentiful as iron, to that limbo—

‘large and broad, since call’d
The paradise of fools.’

We see how great an amount of gold may be absorbed merely by banking corporations, without any very decided or perceptible effect. Should it be produced in still greater abundance, a larger proportion than hitherto would be used in various kinds of manufactures; and it would doubtless penetrate to countries where now it is little known, and enter more extensively into their circulating medium.

Looking, then, only to natural causes, we conceive that the prospects of the British agriculturist are not of a nature to lead to despondency. But even though there may be no distinct and formal return to protective duties, it may make a great difference to him whether he lives under a friendly or an adverse government. In all late financial measures he has been wholly overlooked. Mr. Cobden proved, in one respect at least, a hard taskmaster to the Russell administration. He seems to have made it the condition of his support, that the landed interest should not be equally favoured with other interests in the remission of taxation. Thus, for example, when last year the window-duty was repealed and a house-duty substituted, farm-houses were not as before exempted, and the consequence is that the better sort of rural tenants find themselves now rated to a tax they had not paid previously by the very act which was a great boon to residents in towns. So, while various classes of duties have been remitted or reduced, those which especially press on agriculture have been retained.

In Lord Derby’s great speech of February 17 there is one profound reflection which those who call themselves free-traders might do well to ponder:—

‘While we admit with entire freedom such articles as come into competition with our own produce, we load with extensive taxation a certain small number of articles which enter to an immense extent into the necessary consumption of the masses of our community.’

The Manchester gentlemen are bound to tell us how they reconcile their practice with their profession. Free-trade in its primary meaning, of which its modern disciples have strangely lost sight, signifies the exchange by different countries of those commodities which are peculiar to the growth of each, or for the production of which each has particular aptitude. England is a corn-growing country, and one of the best adapted in the world for that purpose, but it is not a tea or a sugar-growing country.

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It would be free-trade for us to receive the wines of France, the teas of China, the sugar of Jamaica, the tobacco of Virginia, clear of all duties ; giving them in exchange the produce of our mines and our workshops. This would be the free-trade which Nature has designed to promote intercourse between the different populations of the globe, and to bring all its best products—as necessities, or comforts, or luxuries—within the reach of civilized man. But as there must be import duties for the sake of revenue, the rational rule would be, one would think, to impose duties on those commodities which can be produced at home, rather than on those which cannot. A duty on imported corn, and on agricultural produce generally, is justifiable on free-trade principles, rather than duties on products which are wholly foreign to our clime.

But whether such duties are now possible or advisable, and if so to what extent, are among those questions of practical statesmanship which the agricultural community must be content to leave to Lord Derby. They may be satisfied that their claims to fair consideration will not, under that Government, be overlooked. There is the desire—of this surely they cannot be doubtful—to befriend them to the utmost extent consistent with justice to the other classes of the community—on which point the voice of those other classes must be deliberately heard. In the Whig adjustment of interests one scale has been unduly depressed that the other might be unduly exalted. It will, we feel assured, be Lord Derby's aim to restore the balance rather than to set the inequality the other way.

Circumstances may occur—we say this very advisedly—which may render it prudent to refrain from the reimposition of protective duties, though the next Parliament should seem favourable to them, as circumstances may emerge which would render it necessary to afford relief in some shape to the agriculturist, though the elections may appear adverse to his interest. Positive declarations of conduct in respect to purely political measures may perhaps be allowable ; but when the safety and welfare of large classes of the people are in question, and when no one can possibly tell what circumstances may arise to influence legislation affecting them, we incline to the opinion that any absolute resolves of what shall or shall not be done, founded as they must be on purely abstract grounds, and in profound ignorance of what the future may bring forth, are not only impolitic but wicked, and unlikely to have any other consequence than the most odious one of substituting new wars of classes for the old wars of parties. We hope other electors besides those of Tewkesbury will attend to Mr. Cox's sensible letter :—

'If (says he) the Conservatives will make it their *first object* to maintain the

the *principles of Conservatism*, leaving fiscal questions to be dealt with as circumstances may arise, without pledging either their Government or their representatives to any other course than *to do the best they can*, they will secure for their *principles* a long and prosperous ascendancy, because they *are* principles that recommend themselves to the good sense of the vast majority of the intelligent portion of the community.'

We regret that we have not room for strengthening the same views by copious extracts from the candid and vigorous speech of Mr. Newdegate on the 15th of March. Long distinguished as the steady opponent of the Peel Policy of 1846, that independent Member in no respect shrinks from his old opinions as a financier—on the contrary, he gives to them most emphatic expression: but we think we may safely say, nevertheless, that he defers to the general sentiment which dictates the wisdom, the necessity, of leaving to Lord Derby the choice of means towards a counteraction or modification of that system. What we, however, should have been most delighted to quote in full, is the manly passage in which Mr. Newdegate, rising above the questions hitherto most identified with his name, asserts the right of his Party in Parliament to their title of *Protectionists*, as the sole and already proved upholders of our real interest, as well as honour, in reference to far higher matters. Our limits admit only a few sentences:—

'—They had proved themselves *Protectionists* of the interests of the poor. Would honourable gentlemen deny that the members of this party had formed the bulk of the majority which had carried Mr. Etwall's motion and Mr. Christie's amendment for the inquiry into the abuses which had taken place in the Andover Union—the result of which was the revision of the New Poor Law? No one could deny that they had carried those motions. The party had proved themselves *Protectionists* of the labour of young people employed in factories—for the members of that party had formed the strength of the majorities which carried the Ten Hours Act. They had proved themselves *Protectionists* also of the Christian character of the State—that Christian character which constituted the guarantee given by the State to the people of this country that the laws which passed Parliament, and the administration of them, should be based upon the morality of the gospel, while it secured for the laws thus passed the sanction of religion. The party with whom he had the honour to be connected had, moreover, proved themselves *Protectionists* of the Protestant character of the Constitution, and of the national independence; for they had for years protected the laws which guard the Protestantism of the Constitution against the assaults of honourable gentlemen opposite; for years they had defended those laws, before their quondam opponents had become aware of the reality of the danger and consented to extend and declare those laws by the Ecclesiastical Titles Act.'

- ART. IX.—1. *The Grenville Papers ; being the Correspondence of Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, K.G., and the Right Hon. George Grenville, their Friends and Contemporaries.* Edited by W. J. Smith, Esq. Vols. I. and II. 8vo.
2. *Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries, with Original Letters and Documents now first published.* By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. 2 vols. 8vo.
3. *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.* By Lord Mahon. Vols. V. and VI. 8vo. 1852.

THERE are periods in history on which the calm of impartial opinion never settles. The passions evoked by the conflict of great principles have an enduring vitality, which descends to influence and animate future ages. The grave softens no animosities—time clears away no prejudice. There is little less of the spirit of party at this day in discussing the character of Cleon than when he recommended to the Athenians the massacre of the people of Mitylene ; or in estimating the policy of the Gracchi than when they divided Rome on the Agrarian law. We have still Cavaliers and Roundheads as hot in argument, at least, as when they met before Whitehall to cheer or hoot Charles I. and Maria-Henrietta. All the merciless fanaticism and devoted loyalty of that time—even to the exultation of the Regicide judges when the ‘man Charles Stuart’ was brought to their bar, and the grief and pity of the wailing multitude when the head of ‘the martyr’ was ignominiously held forth by his executioner—are faithfully reflected among us at the present day.

Nearly a century has elapsed since the accession of George III., yet misrepresentation is as busy with his name now as when the mob chalked 45 on every wall in London, and Wilkes, Horne, and Junius propagated their calumnies. This cannot be from ignorance—for the most secret events of the early years of his reign are disclosed ; still less can it be from personal feeling, for the men of those days are now represented by their grandchildren and great-grandchildren ; we must look deeper for the cause, and refer it to those political sentiments which, descending almost unchanged from age to age, are unconsciously associated with dislike or admiration of individual characters.

The personal qualities and motives of the young king have been illustrated so authentically by recent publications, that we imagined intelligent writers—to whatever party in the State they might lean—would be forced into a show of candour when discussing his actions. But we were deceived. That Lord John Russell, indeed, in editing the Bedford Correspondence, should write of the ‘foolish prejudices,’ the ‘narrow intellect,’ the ‘brooding sullenness,’

ness,' and the 'uncharitable temper' of George III. might not excite much of our surprise, considering that he had to support the credit of family tradition, and to maintain in full force that antipathy to the king which, strange as it may seem, forms a very important part of the regular Whig stock-in-trade. But that Lord Albemarle—with all the Rockingham papers which he has printed before him—and especially with the letters of the king himself, which, on any fair construction, establish beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil his firm good sense and undeviating honesty—that a man of obvious ability and not, to our knowledge, much mixed up hitherto with the movements of faction—that he should endorse all the wretched inventions of old malignity, does really move our wonder. We may often feel doubtful whether we should refer to deliberate purpose or thoughtless unconcern the glaring frame-work of misrepresentation in which he has set nearly every one of the documents entrusted to his skill. That we may charitably give him credit for knowing very little of the transactions on which he writes, is, however, evident from his numerous errors when no end is to be answered by perversion.

Thus, for example, he asserts that Charles Townshend was Premier at the time of his death, and on the point of giving the Great Seal to Charles Yorke (vol. ii. p. 157)—when in fact the Duke of Grafton was at the head of the Treasury, and Townshend's hold of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer was very precarious. A single passage, early in the first volume, will show how little he is to be trusted even in the relation of well-known incidents:—

'When Mr. Pitt quitted the government [in 1761] *the Court resolved he should leave his character behind him.* Unconnected by birth with any of the old Whig families, the source of his power lay in the affections of the people. *His haughty bearing towards the late Sovereign* had long excluded him from that place in the administration which in public opinion he was entitled to fill. This proscription had obtained for him a high reputation for independence, while his refusal to appropriate, when paymaster of the forces, the emoluments of his office, had produced an opinion highly favourable to his disinterestedness. To destroy his character for these two qualities, *the Court persuaded him to accept* the barony of Chatham for his wife Lady Hester Pitt, and an annuity of three thousand pounds a-year for three lives for himself. *In the first instance he appears to have been duped by these insidious boons*, for in his interview with the king to give up the seals he was so overcome by the apparent graciousness of his reception that he burst into tears.' &c.—vol. i. p. 47.

The 'haughty bearing of Pitt' towards George II. will call forth a smile from those who have read to any purpose the history of that reign. From policy, no less than from temper, Pitt acted

acted on the principle of storming the royal closet—but when once he had gained admission to it no minister was more humble or more complaisant. When he was out of office, ‘the veil was to be stripped which covered the treachery of the Court;’ when he was in, ‘a most benignant sovereign, pursuing nothing but the welfare and happiness of his people,’ was to be protected ‘from the preposterous union of clashing factions.’ His courtliness in power, contrasting so curiously with his violence in opposition, excited many a sneer from contemporary critics—as Lord Albemarle will see on reference to his own work (vol. ii. p. 83). His old friend Lyttelton characterised him as ‘a skilful courtier.’ Chase Price, a shrewd and graphic humourist, said that ‘at the levee he bowed so low you could see the tip of his hooked nose between his legs.’

The charge against the Court, of hoping to destroy his character by conferring on him honours and rewards, is tainted by that traditionary spleen which we are sorry to trace throughout Lord Albemarle’s narrative. Here the plea of ignorance will hardly avail him. Can it be possible that he never took up the ‘Chatham Correspondence’ or the ‘Annual Register’? The peerage for Lady Hester and her descendants, and the pension for three lives, were notoriously the choice of Pitt himself. He was not so enlightened as Lord Albemarle; he at least *was* duped by these *insidious boons*; for he received ‘with veneration and gratitude those unbounded effects of beneficence and grace which the most benign of sovereigns condescended to bestow on him.’—(*Chat. Corr.* ii. 152.)

What is meant by the cool statement that the Court resolved he should leave his character behind him? Will Lord Albemarle say that those tokens of the king’s approval of his ministry were not deserved? In what respect could they be insidious, since they were honourably earned, freely given, and have been universally approved from that hour to this? Had the king allowed Pitt to quit his service unrewarded, would not those who now cry out against the ‘insidious boons’ have been loud in denouncing the royal ingratitude? Men with pretensions to character in that day put a more gracious interpretation on the liberality of the king. There is a sentence by Burke, for example, which we commend to Lord Albemarle’s attention:—

‘With regard to the pension and the title, it is a *shame that any defence should be necessary*. What eye cannot distinguish, at the first glance, the difference between this and the exceptionable case of titles and pensions? What Briton, with the smallest sense of honour and gratitude, but *must blush for his country if such a man retired unrewarded from the public service*, let the motives to that retirement be what they would?’—*Ann. Register*, 1761.

No one will think that there was too much of the courtier in the disposition of Earl Temple—yet he writes to Wilkes:—

‘I found the King, upon Mr. Pitt’s resignation, had not only acknowledged his great and eminent services in the highest terms and most gracious manner, but insisted likewise on rewarding them, which was finally done in the way the Gazette sets forth—thus confirming by the testimony of the sovereign all those honours which the public had heaped upon him with such unanimous approbation. The Duke of Marlborough, Prince Ferdinand, Sir Edward Hawke, &c., did not disdain to receive pecuniary and honorary rewards for their services, perhaps of a very inferior kind to the deserts of Mr. Pitt; and *I think he would have been the most insolent, factious, and ungrateful man living to the King, had he refused an offer of this sort*, which binds him to nothing but to honour and love his Majesty.’—*Gren. Pap.* i. 404.

We have dwelt on this passage as it occurs at the threshold of Lord Albemarle’s volumes, and exactly indicates the style in which he has performed his part in them. Nor, as to mere compilation, are they very fairly made up. A portion of the first is composed of letters which had already been printed in N. Harris’s ‘Life of Lord Hardwicke.’ We recognize them as old friends, but as they are not acknowledged, except in one instance, the reader is left to suppose, from Lord Albemarle’s title-page, that they are ‘original documents, now first printed.’* He would have acted more wisely had he published his really new correspondence in a single volume, free from the apocryphal narrative with which he has encumbered it. We object very decidedly to such ‘cooking’ of historical papers as he has resorted to. It is not fair either to the dead or the living. Every man has a right to exercise his talent for composition in what manner he pleases, but he should stand on his own bottom. It is an intolerable nuisance when he takes advantage of the chance which has placed some valuable papers in his hands to foist his own crudities on the public under shelter of them.

In the Grenville Papers we have a fairer example of what such publications should be. The information they supply on all those public transactions in which the Grenvilles—and especially Lord Temple and his brother George—took part is full and complete. The two volumes now before us commence in 1742, when the elder brother was 31, and extend to the close of 1764; but they are most valuable as respects the closing years of George II. and the commencement of the next reign. The letters of both brothers are numerous, and there is besides a copious

* We do not pretend to congratulate the Hardwicke family on their choice (if it was theirs) of a biographer for their great ancestor. Mr. Harris performed his task in a very clumsy style; but, however his book may have deserved its fate as a popular failure, its documentary materials are far too important not to have secured for it a place in every historical library.

diary kept by George Grenville during the whole period when he was, as Prime Minister, in confidential communication with the king. The notes of the editor are somewhat meagre and not always correct. Mr. Smith quotes Lord Mahon's 'Forty-five' in apparent unconsciousness of the History whence the fragment is extracted, though containing by far the most authentic account we have of that very period which it is his business to illustrate. Nor can we say much for his discretion. The covert sneer at the King in vol. ii. p. 144, for example, has no ground whatever but one of the lying rumours of the day.

Lord Mahon's laborious work approaches its close. He means, it seems, to end it with the American War, and one volume more will, he thinks, bring him to that point. According to his Lordship's judgment, then, a period of something like seventy years should elapse before events come fairly within the province of the historian. The term cannot be arbitrary; it must have some foundation in natural feeling. So long a time it has taken to overcome that honourable reserve which respects the secrets of the tomb. There is something resembling common consent in the publication, within the last few years, of the papers of those who played the most conspicuous part in that drama which began with the fall of Walpole and ended with the rise of North. The collection is nearly complete, and perhaps will be quite so when the papers of Lord Bute are added to the number.

It is not necessary that we should discuss Lord Mahon's merits: the public has already pronounced judgment on them. His diligence and impartiality are universally recognized. When he is quoted as an authority, the epithet 'judicious' is seldom withheld. His pen is always under guidance of conscience. A fine sense of justice and scrupulous regard for truth are perceptible throughout, but in no degree impair the freedom of his style. The salutary restraints which guard the approach to excellence in every intellectual pursuit impede the advance of a weak or undisciplined mind:—they give grace to the vigour which can master them. The unwearied research of Lord Mahon, and the caution with which he weighs conflicting testimony, are visible only in their results. That easy lucid flow of his narrative, which gives at first an impression almost of carelessness, is in reality derived from the certainty of his knowledge.

We have turned, after some lapse of time, to various passages relating to periods where the transactions were not only complex in themselves, but obscured by conflicting testimony—and have been, on reconsideration, the more surprised to find how easily he guides us through the labyrinth. In his research he insinuates no claim for extraordinary industry, and in his impartiality
there

there appears nothing severe or rigid. He rightly decides that controversy and history belong to essentially different departments of literature. If we accept an historian as a teacher, we must place confidence in his integrity; it is his part to show that he deserves our confidence, not by particular proofs and instances, which after all may be specious rather than real, and may subsist with great dishonesty, but by a spirit of genuine fidelity pervading every page of his work. To himself alone must he be accountable; having satisfied his own judgment, he must commit the results of his labour to the fair construction of the world. This is the principle on which Lord Mahon proceeds; and we are bound to say that he well deserves the confidence he claims.

His portraits are quite equal in excellence to his narrative, and for a similar reason—the simplicity with which they are drawn. We can detect no effort to heighten lights or darken shades. They present the subject so perfectly that we rarely think of the artist. We believe that a slight degree of exaggeration may be defended. Every character contains in it some salient points, and by seizing these and throwing them into strong relief—which is the art of every kind of caricature—a striking resemblance is obtained by a few bold touches. This, in some cases, is to raise nature rather than to sacrifice it. But even to this allowable degree of exaggeration Lord Mahon will not lend himself; his taste leads him to soften not obtrude peculiarities, and the effect which others produce by the bravery of their strokes and the brightness of their colours he attains by delicate marking and sober tones. The characters of Thurlow and Wedderburn, in the fifth volume, are true masterpieces. Such particulars—we only regret that there are not more of them—impart vitality to narrative—giving us the very form and features of the men who most influenced their generation.

But, as different kinds of excellence are usually incompatible with each other, there are historic qualifications, or adjuncts rather, which find no place in Lord Mahon's mind. To that profound reflection, so conspicuous in some ancient masters, which springs from a thoughtful survey of great characters in action, and great events in progress, he lays no claim. He relates for us—it is his part; but he leaves us to think for ourselves. When, occasionally, he does fall into reflection, he seems to go out of his way for the purpose, and we must frankly say that we recognize not a beauty but a blot. His thoughts on such occasions take rather awkwardly the form of ejaculations, and have a commonplace air, at variance with the manliness of his usual style. The historian, of all writers, should be most on his guard against notes of admiration.

These

These volumes commence with 1763, and trace events for the sixteen years succeeding. A considerable portion of them is devoted to the American war, the whole story of which is told with ease, animation, and admirable candour. The reader will be amused by some specimens which are given in the Appendix of the manner in which Mr. Sparks has dealt with the letters and despatches of Washington. But this theme, and others equally tempting, we must not suffer to detain us at present. Lord Mahon has had to contend with the great difficulty of all modern historians—the multiplicity of incidents and documents. We bear willing testimony to his general mastery over the mass of material which presses upon him from every side, yet we almost doubt the prudence of omitting all mention of Indian affairs—which certainly exercised some influence on our home politics—during the long period comprised in these volumes.

As the Grenville and Rockingham Papers relate almost exclusively to our ministerial history, it is to that branch of Lord Mahon's labour that we shall now confine our attention. By the light these publications afford much of the obscurity is cleared away which has long hung over the changing politics of the early years of George III.

'The first ten years of the reign,' says Lord Mahon, 'are marked by frequent change of ministers and intricate revolution of parties. To thread the maze which these afford is not always a pleasant nor always a profitable task.'—v. i.

With Pope we say—

'A mighty maze, but not without a plan.'

In those ten years a revolution was proceeding not assuredly less worthy study than those political convulsions which, presenting, by reason of the blood and strife which has attended them, a more imposing aspect, have been far less lasting and beneficial in their effects.

It is not often in great affairs that any man can fix his mind on a definite object, to be attained only after years of struggle and the conquest of innumerable obstacles. Still less frequently is it permitted him to march straight forward towards his design, and accomplish it by the very means he had projected. But this is what George III. did. On his accession to the throne it was scarcely a secret that he contemplated the overthrow of that Whig domination which had enthralled his two predecessors, and made the legitimate head of the nation the slave of a party. The courtiers most eager for royal favour soon learnt the leading idea in the King's mind, and adopted it with more zeal than discretion.

They put it forward in an offensive shape, and thus aggravated their master's struggle. 'To recover monarchy from the inveterate usurpation of oligarchy,' wrote Doddington to Bute just two months after the King's accession, 'is a point too arduous and important to be achieved without much difficulty and some degree of danger.' True; and had not the King possessed far more sense and nerve than any of those who ostentatiously ranked themselves among his friends, the enterprise must have been abandoned almost as soon as commenced.

The character of the King well qualified him for the work he had undertaken. Whether merely 'firm' as represented by one party, or 'obstinate' as urged by the other, it is unquestionable that he possessed a strong will, decided ideas, and that nothing could deter him from carrying into action his own conception of right and duty. In principles he differed from his two predecessors as widely as in morals. Hanover to him was nothing—or nearly so—England was all in all. As he had not to make concessions to his ministers for the sake of gratifying personal predilections in foreign policy, he felt the less disposed to give up to them that share of discretionary authority which the constitution has lodged in the hands of the monarch to secure the harmonious and healthy action of the several powers of the state. Still less was he likely to be influenced by any pandering to low and sensual passions. He had no mistresses whose ear was to be gained; his tastes were simple; his desires virtuous. Franklin wrote of him in 1769:—

'I can scarcely conceive a King of better disposition, of more exemplary virtues, or more truly desirous of promoting the welfare of his subjects.'—*Mahon*, v. 82.

Fortunately for the success of the King's project the Whig party at his accession was broken up, as Lord John Russell has stated, into a number of 'small factions'—each fighting for its separate interest under a distinct banner, and agreeing on no point, except perhaps that the sovereign should be allowed no will of his own. That mischievous principle, from which France in our own day has reaped such infinite misfortune—*le roi règne, et ne gouverne pas**—had been uniformly acted on by English

* This phrase, though commonly ascribed to M. Thiers, and adopted as the 'dogma' of his Cabinet of 1832, is of much older date. There is an elaborate exposition of it in Benjamin Constant's 'Cours de Droit Constitutionnel.' In the *Assemblée Constituante* of the last century it was much dwelt on by Lally Tollendal and Clermont-Tonnerre; and as they agreed that the maxim was of the 'école Anglaise,' there can be no doubt that it originated with our Whigs, and was transplanted from this country to pave the way for the triumph of republicanism in France. It is a pity that our neighbours will borrow from our constitutional system only the evils which are incident to it.

ministers from the death of Anne; and as the result of the absolute authority intrusted to the Whig ministry formed by George I. on his arrival, the government remained for nearly half a century in the hands of men who scrupled not at the most shameless corruption to maintain themselves in power. During the whole, or nearly the whole, of that period, the principle of popular representation may be said to have remained in abeyance, so completely was it overlaid by that system of management which enabled the government to gain a majority and to keep it together by open and direct bribery of the members. Votes were openly trafficked for in the House of Commons, the price of them varying according to the ministerial necessity and the importance of the question. At Walpole's parliamentary dinners it was a common thing for each guest to find a 500*l.* note folded up in his napkin. To support this infamous profusion, copious drains were made on the public purse. For the ten years previous to his ministry—that is, from 1707 to 1717—the secret-service money amounted to 337,960*l.*, while in his last ten years it amounted to 1,453,400*l.* This fourfold increase is the more remarkable as Sir Robert prided himself on his pacific policy. Nor is it likely that in distributing this plunder Sir Robert forgot himself. A Norfolk gentleman, with an inherited estate of not 2000*l.* per annum, lived in a style of regal magnificence, and during his tenure of office expended a quarter of a million sterling in the purchase of lands, on buildings, and on pictures. The reluctance of the Legislature to inquire into his practices on his fall is far less a proof of his innocence than of the general enormity of the system by which he governed. Of the application of the secret-service money no account could be gained; there were too many members of both Houses deeply implicated in his criminality to render a fair inquiry practicable.

After the Septennial Bill it became the great business of Walpole and his successors to carefully pack the House of Commons, and it was a common phrase that a minister carried his majority about with him, and could transfer it to whomsoever he pleased. The great Lord Hardwicke, in a letter to Pitt on the death of Mr. Pelham, frankly states that the principal object which he endeavoured to fix on the attention of the King was 'to secure a good House of Commons on the plan Mr. Pelham had left unfinished, and thus to preserve and cement the Whig party.' The 'pocket list' of the one brother went over to the other, who thus acquired the mastery, not only over his colleagues but over the King. So potent was this pocket list, that at a later date we find Mr. Pitt expressly stating that 'he borrowed the Duke of Newcastle's majority to carry on the public business.' The

'management' of the Commons became a regular and, next to the interior management of the Whig Magnates, by far the most important branch of ministerial duty.

Nor was this direct and flagrant bribery the only abuse of Walpole's system. His Chancellor, with all his merits, was not over scrupulous in political matters; but when his chief went so far as to delay the appointment of a judge that he might more conveniently perpetrate some job he had in view, Yorke earnestly remonstrated, advised the vacant place to be immediately filled up, and pleaded in a constitutional manner against tampering with the justice of the country.

Less hesitation was felt in turning Church preferment to good account. Archbishop Herring was not a bad specimen of Whig prelacy. George II. was naturally humane; and it has puzzled writers to reconcile his aversion to bloodshed with the numerous executions which followed the rising of '45. The explanation may be found in the course which Divines like Herring thought it consistent with their Christian profession to adopt. When the King's intention of pardoning Cromartie was announced, this worthy metropolitan was in an agony of alarm. 'The reprieve of a noble Earl,' he writes to the Chancellor, 'gives prodigious uneasiness;' and he exerts all his powers of persuasion to keep the axe in full play. 'Here,' he writes from York, 'are great and general apprehensions expressed that the King's mercy may give spirit to his enemies, and dishearten his true friends.'—*Harris's Hard.*, ii. 269.

At a later period we find this consistent Whig expressing alarm lest the youthful Princes should be tainted by their preceptors with the Jacobite principle of Bolingbroke, that 'a King of England is a King of his people, not a King of Whigs and Tories.' It is true he admits that this principle in itself is unobjectionable; but then, he dolefully adds, that, if made the vehicle of Jacobitism, it must tend to overturn a government which began and can only be supported on Whig principles.—*Ib.* ii. 473.

Unfortunately, England was not wide enough for the profusion of Walpole. The Irish establishment groaned under his jobs, and that resistance to our rule which subsequently broke forth may be traced to the vile abuses of the system he founded. Our transatlantic possessions fared still worse. General Huske, writing towards the close of George II.'s reign, notes with sorrow that—

'Most of the places in the gift of the Crown have been filled with broken members of parliament, of bad, if any principles, pimps, valets-de-chambre, electioneering scoundrels, and even livery servants.

In

In one word, America has been for many years made the hospital of Great Britain for her decayed courtiers, and abandoned worn-out dependants. I can point you out a Chief Justice of a province appointed from home for publicly prostituting his honour and conscience at an election. A livery servant that is secretary of a province. A pimp, collector of a whole province, who got this place of a man in power, for prostituting his handsome wife to his embraces. Innumerable are the instances of this sort in places of great trust.'—*Phillimore's Lyt.*, 604.

We cannot wonder to find him winding up his complaint by dwelling on the 'weak and wicked management of our colonies, and of the weakening the authority and superintendency of the mother country.'

George II. had sense to perceive the tyranny of his ministers, but had not force to resist it. Whenever it was necessary to humble him, and make him feel himself the cipher that he was, the Chancellor Yorke was deputed to wait on him and read him a lesson of humility. The great lawyer was admirably fitted for the mission. His high office, his dignified manner, his serene temper, and his authoritative and commanding eloquence, inspired the King with greater respect than he felt for any other of his counsellors. There is preserved in Yorke's own hand an account of one of these conferences held with the King in 1745, its object being to remonstrate with him for not supporting his servants with sufficient warmth—for not wearing his bonds, that is, as if he enjoyed their restraint. This remonstrance, judging from the recorded dialogue, appears to have taken the King by surprise.

'*King.* I have done all you asked of me. *I have put all power into your hands.*

Chancellor. *This disposition of places is not enough*, if your Majesty takes pains to show the world that you disapprove of your own work.

King. My work! I was forced—I was threatened.

Chancellor. I am sorry to hear your Majesty use those words. I know of no force—I know of no threats. . . .

King. Yes, I was told that I should be opposed.

Chancellor. Never by me, sir, nor by any of my friends. . . . Your ministers, sir, are only your instruments of government.

King. (smiles.) Ministers are the King in this country.'

The extent of the influence of 'the great Whig families' at that time may be seen by a glance at the constitution of the Cabinet. Of the fourteen persons who composed it eight were of ducal rank—Newcastle, Argyll, Bedford, Devonshire, Grafton, Richmond,

Richmond, Montague, and Dorset. Mr. Pelham, the brother of Newcastle, was the only commoner in this Cabinet. Its other members were Lords Harrington, Sandwich, and Gower—all born in the purple—with the Earl of Bath (who had no office), and Hardwicke himself, the one man risen from the people. Can it be doubted that, under this system, our government was degenerating into an oligarchy of the worst kind?

The first acts of the King were decisive of his intention not only to reign but to govern. In the draft of the royal speech for the opening of Parliament he inserted, in his own hand, those memorable words, 'I glory in the name of Briton,' which afterwards excited so great a clamour. There was nothing in the paragraph for any faithful servant of the Crown to object to, but it roused the jealousy of Newcastle. For his sovereign to think for himself seemed to him most revolutionary and dangerous. 'This method of proceeding can't last,' he wrote to Hardwicke, 'though we must now, I suppose, submit.' It is probable that from this hour the Duke worked hard in the cause of faction. His enmity to Bute was returned with interest. The Earl wrote to George Grenville of Newcastle, as a 'crazy old man,' and, particularizing the conduct which rendered him odious, dwelt on 'his pusillanimity in the closet, foreign system, foreign ideas, sole access, power of calling people rascals and Jacobites'—(*Gren. P.*, i. 396)—traits sufficiently characteristic of the veteran Whig.

The first serious business for the Cabinet was the question of peace. It has generally been supposed that Bute was at this time for peace on any terms, and that he was opposed by Pitt. The Grenville Papers do not bear out that view. Mr. Jenkinson, then private secretary to Bute, writing to George Grenville (July 14, 1761), says—

'Lord Bute has written a very fine letter to the Duke of Bedford, and has declared in it that he will not consent to a peace which shall leave to the French any, even *civil possession*, on the shores of Newfoundland.'—*Gren. P.*, i. 375.

The letter here referred to is printed in the Bedford Correspondence (iii. 29). Bute very decidedly objects to granting the French any station in Newfoundland; as he says it would 'soon grow into another Louisbourg, and be the loadstone to attract all our French subjects in Canada.'—Later (July 28) Jenkinson writes—'Mr. Pitt thinks that the peace is made, but Lord Bute is of a very different opinion.' And again (Aug. 6), 'The Duke of Newcastle has already been with Lord Bute to beg that we may
not

not lose sight of peace; and, take my word for it, that Mr. Pitt is almost as unwilling, though he is too wise to show it. If on this occasion we act firmly and reject these proposals, it will be owing to Lord Bute.'—So in the end it turned out. Bute was 'heartily for a peace;' but 'a peace such as the bulk of the nation have a right to expect from such a triumphant war.' (*Bedford Cor.* iii. 33.) And he carried his policy against Newcastle and Bedford.

The British Plenipotentiary was recalled from Paris; and at the same time Pitt and Temple, who had received intelligence of the Family Compact between France and Spain, laid before the King a proposal in writing for declaring war on the latter power. After long debates in the Cabinet, all the Ministers, save its authors, decided against it, and the brothers resigned.—This proposal seems to have originated with Temple. The paper in his hand has been found among the Stowe MSS., and the project bears the stamp of his imperious temper. It is likely that he was already tired of Lord Bute's ascendancy in the Cabinet; and eager either to expel 'the Favourite' from the King's councils, or to head the opposition against him.

The character of Temple was made up of singular contradictions. Most amiable in his private life, he was most factious in his political career; ambitious of distinction, he was indifferent to office, and would almost contemptuously reject the power which, to judge by his conduct, he eagerly coveted; aristocratic in all his tastes, he loved the shout of the rabble; and though scrupulously careful of his honour, he mixed himself up in the dirty politics of the city, and in the disgraceful brawls of Wilkes. But in his nature there was no taint of the perfidy which alloyed the higher genius of Chatham. He never licked the hand of a minister one day to bite at it the next; nor did he grovel at the feet of his sovereign, and make professions of life-long devotion, while in his heart meditating the bitterest attacks on his policy and even his person.

His name is rarely mentioned in connexion with the glories of Pitt's ministry; yet it is probable that to him a share of them is fairly due. To the masterly disposition of the navy, during the five months he was at the head of the Admiralty, must be in part attributed the great successes of the war. Under the timid and feeble rule of Newcastle our ships were crowded round our coast to guard it from invasion. With Temple's appointment there came a total change of system. Our ships were despatched in squadrons to different parts of the globe, and preparation made for those great victories which were soon after achieved.

But

But not even office could abate the propensity to faction, or soothe the pride, of this impracticable man. His conduct to George II. was so haughty, that the blood of Brunswick was at last roused, and he declared he would rather resign his Crown than submit to it. From his resignation in 1761 to the death of his brother Grenville in 1769, Temple was the soul of the Opposition: never more dangerous, not to the Court only but to the Throne, than during those eight years. The popular triumphs of that period are due mainly to him. While Pitt, Rockingham, the Yorkes, and the other leaders of opposition, prudently stood aloof, fearing to compromise themselves by any encouragement of Wilkes, Temple took him by the hand, and provided funds not only for his private expenditure, but for all those costly law proceedings in which he was engaged. In reality, it was he who procured the decision against General Warrants.

At the same time that he supported Wilkes he strongly remonstrated against the scurrility of the North Briton and against 'attacking at once the whole nation of Scotland by wholesale and retail, in so very invidious a manner' (*Gren. P.*, i. 457);—more-over, 'the sooner this scene of indiscriminate and excessive *personality* is closed the better.'

He was undoubtedly very violent in his resentments, yet that arose not from any native malignity, but from the warmth of his temper, and was balanced by the zeal of his friendships. In early life he had assisted Pitt by his influence, and had freely opened his purse to him. His liberality was boundless. When Pitt was dismissed from his post of Paymaster, Temple in the most delicate manner, and as the greatest obligation that could be conferred upon himself, entreated his sister Lady Hester, then the wife of Pitt, to accept a thousand a-year till better times (*Gren. Papers*, i. 149). When his brother, James Grenville, followed the example of Pitt and himself in 1761, and resigned his office of cofferer, Temple charged his estate with a bond of 5000*l.*, to be paid to his two sons at his death, and in the mean time settled on them annuities of 100*l.* a-year each (*ib.* i. 408). The numerous applications of Wilkes for pecuniary assistance were always liberally met. In June, 1763, he is asked for 'a last sum of 400*l.* or 500*l.*,' and in the October following for a loan of 500*l.* more. He instantly sends a promissory note for the latter sum, as he 'had not sixpence at his banker's.' He entertained a passionate affection for his brother George, and, though he had grounds of resentment against him, he could not bring himself to oppose his ministry. With Grenville's death his interest in political affairs almost subsided; no persuasion could afterwards induce

induce him to take part against the general principles of his brother's policy.

In private life he seems to have been easy and unaffected. His correspondence with his wife, though scarcely fit for publication, shows the playfulness of good temper. She is his 'little woman,' and he is her 'dear long man.' But for his inveterate prejudices against the power, if not the form, of monarchy, he might have played a much more considerable part in political history. Less honest men of his party had the art to decently veil their jealousy of the throne; but he scorned disguise, and he is now, as we see, contemptuously remembered, even by Whig writers, only for his skill in the 'most ignoble arts of faction.'

Newcastle hoped to rise on the fall of Pitt. He could not forgive the lofty contempt of the Great Commoner. His faith in the power of corruption was unabated. Never in his experience had the King been able to contend with his minister. Believing himself secure in his Parliamentary influence, he confidently demanded a subsidy of two millions for Prussia; the alternative was his resignation. The King took him at his word, and with him there tumbled down in confusion, like a house of cards, the system he had been so careful to sustain. The bishops were his; the judges were his; the majorities in both Houses were his; all the departments in the state were filled with his creatures. The young King would not allow the devotion which was due to the Crown to be paid to a subject. Some adherents of the Duke were dismissed, as an intelligible hint that his favour was no longer the road to preferment. The signal was understood; the great house in Lincoln's Inn Fields was deserted; and the parliamentary majorities quietly went over to the side of Lord Bute.

The consternation of his Grace was intense. Some actors excel in the delineation of ludicrous distress, and have the art of exciting opposite feelings so equally as to maintain a continual struggle between pity and merriment. The Duke's misery was of this kind; and, had he been a master of drollery, he could not with a face of more comic gravity have claimed sympathy for sufferings only calculated to excite derision. Sometimes he pretended to weep for his friends, sometimes for the dear Duchess, sometimes for the ingratitude of the human race; but the 'contemptible figure' he made himself is always in the foreground. 'Never was man,' he writes, 'who had it in his power to make, to choose, so great a part of the members of both Houses, so abandoned as I am at present.' He called on Lord Mansfield and the bench, he called on the bishops and the church, to rise in
his

his behalf, and stop these villainies. But his great theme was the corruption which prevailed. He, the grossest jobber and corrupter of his day, affected astonishment at witnessing his adherents drop off when he was no longer in a condition to bribe and serve them. This was too much for the philosophy of Lord Hardwicke. He gravely reproved his Grace for the violence of his grief—reminding him with exemplary candour that one who had been so conversant with parties these fifty years should not affect surprise at finding that *interest* (*i. e.*, cash *in esse* or *in fore*) was the grand hinge on which the conduct of politicians turned.—*Life of Hard.* iii. 326.

The first ministry of the reign may be considered as ending with the retirement of Newcastle. Lord Bute succeeded to the Treasury, deeming the government of a kingdom an easier task than he found it. Pompous but prudent, he had little taste for the fierce warfare of public life. He was proud of his credit with the King, yet fearful of the consequences. Equally vain and timid, the opposition of those qualities gives us the key to all his inconsistency. He resigned power to secure his safety, and he desired the reputation of it to gratify his pride. Hence his flirtations with parties, when he had no longer any real influence. It is probable that the King felt for him at one time, as he afterwards did for North, the affection of a friend. But timidity was a fault he was not likely to forgive, and his regard once forfeited was lost for ever.

Newcastle first fell sick under his troubles; and then, to divert his grief, got up an active opposition to the Government. Elements of hostility were not wanting. When Lord Hardwicke was solicited to join Bute's ministry, he declined on the ground that 'the great Whig lords with whom and their families he had acted for forty years were now displaced;'—as if the forty years' prescription had given to these great Whig lords and their families an indefeasible right to the government of the country for ever. These men were not of a character to bear their exclusion patiently. They were accustomed to consider the honours and emoluments of office as part of their patrimony;—they resented the idea of the personal independence of their sovereign as an injury to themselves, and as a violation of the compact which had seated the House of Hanover on the throne. As a party they have never been remarkable for the moderation of either their language or their measures. Their great minister, fearing that the death of George II. and the accession of Prince Frederick would result in a loss of his power, concocted a scheme for changing the succession, and bringing in the Pretender on
Whig

Whig principles. To do them justice, they have never, when in opposition, wanted courage to menace the throne, nor art to cajole the people. The mob has always been a favourite weapon in their hands. 'What a cunning man might do with these mobs!' said the first Lord Holland, when the weavers attacked the house of the Duke of Bedford in Bloomsbury. Lord Royston, when the mob gathered round Wilkes, shrewdly asks Dr. Birch whether 'it was thought that any art of management was used to bring down such great crowds to Westminster Hall?' (*Rock*. i. 148), and relates a current saying of Wilkes, that, though the opposition would not admit him to their dinners, they encouraged him to blow the coals. Lord Bute seemed a fit object to excite popular hatred, and the storm was first directed against him. Countess Temple gleefully relates to her lord a good story of the mob, and anticipates that 'a great flame will rise soon.' If we read the first Lord Hardwicke's language correctly, even he, the discreetest partisan of his time, looked for some violent explosion of vulgar animosity against the Northern Earl, as an aid to opposition:—

'The unpopularity of the Scotchman,' he writes September 9, 1762, 'could not in form be taken up till it broke out and was exemplified in material instances of conduct, which were not yet ripened.'—*Life* iii. 12.

The tumults at the Exchange, and the burning a *jack-boot* and *petticoat*, must have hugely delighted politicians of this order, though the violence did not, in extent and consequences, correspond to their hopes.

The treaty of peace was the sole work of Bute's ministry. It was violently assailed, and to Fox was intrusted the task of carrying it through the Commons, in opposition to Pitt. Well versed in Whig tactics, he buckled heartily to the work. The King, besides disliking him personally, had the strongest objection to the system on which he acted, but it was too deeply rooted to be overthrown in a day. Grenville has preserved in his Diary a conversation he had with the King on this subject. 'He must employ bad men, he said, to govern bad men; but he repeatedly said it was but for a time—the expedient of the moment only.' We have direct evidence that the King decidedly set his face against bribery as an engine of government. When writing to Lord North on the impolicy of securing the alliance of Sweden by a considerable subsidy, he gives his reasons against incurring the expense:—

'As there is no public mode of obtaining the money expended in that corruption, it must be taken from my civil list, and consequently
'new

new debts incurred ; and when I apply to Parliament for them, an odium is cast upon me, as if the money had been expended in bribing Parliament.'—*Mahon v.*, App. xlii.

In fact, though the King might be forced, from the necessity of his situation, to the old Whig mode of securing majorities, he soon succeeded in establishing a purer system. Lord Mahon notices the decline of venality at general elections as the reign advanced (vi. 27), while the vile plan of purchasing majorities on particular occasions fell altogether into desuetude.

Bute had declared he would retire when the peace was made, and he kept his word. It is one of Lord Albemarle's errors that his motives for resignation still remain a mystery. The mystery has long since been cleared up by the publication of some of his letters. He dreaded the storm which was howling about him. 'I am afraid,' he wrote to one of his friends, 'not only of falling myself, but of involving my royal master in my ruin.'

Grenville was the third Premier of the reign. On the retirement of his relatives he saw a prospect of advantage to himself, and eagerly seized it. He adhered to Bute, received the Secretary's Seals, and some weeks before the Earl resigned was taken into his confidence and recommended as his successor. The King regarded him favourably ; he was alert and punctual. He had great experience in public affairs—and was of unexceptionable character. He loved labour. After attending a debate in the Commons till morning, he would write out a lengthened account of it for the King before he thought of repose. Practical people had faith in him ; the Commons, though not liking the man, respected his ministerial reputation. They laughed both with and at Charles Townshend ; they prostrated themselves before Chatham ; but they put on a considerate air and puzzled brows when Grenville rose to explain his savings, and to insist on the wonderful virtue of economy. Of the loftier qualities of statesmanship he had not one. His nature was essentially calculating. He made a calculating marriage. He calculated his income, his gains, his prospects ; what he might lose if he broke with his family, what he was sure to get if he held with the Court. He brought into the highest offices of the State the spirit of the countinghouse, and inflicted on his country the consequences which almost invariably attend that unluckiest of combinations. He could not be persuaded to sanction the expenditure of a few hundred pounds for the establishment of a horse-patrol, though daring robberies and murders were of nightly occurrence in the purlieus of the town ; and to grasp a petty revenue from America he laid the foundation of that quarrel which resulted in the most disastrous

disastrous war England has ever known, in an addition to her debt of seventy or eighty millions sterling, and in the loss, after all, of her most important colonies.

Not often has a man filled so high a station, of whom so little to his credit can be told. He was cold but implacable—not often fired to resentment—never warmed to generosity. To impulse—sometimes the inspiration, and sometimes the weakness of great minds—he was a stranger. To his brother Temple his conduct was singularly mean, though he had the art to disguise it. When he accepted the Treasury he owed his re-election for Aylesbury to Temple's forbearance; yet he laboured with his colleagues to fix on him some signal mark of royal displeasure for presuming to visit Wilkes in the Tower. '*We* have carried the point *we* talked of yesterday,' writes Lord Egremont to Grenville, '*nobody* is to be forbid the Court'—and over the word nobody in the original MS. is written in Grenville's hand 'Lord Temple.' (*Gren. P.* ii. 52.) As his hold of office became insecure he sought a reconciliation with his brother; Temple was always ready to forgive and forget, and from the moment of their re-union thought only of Grenville's interest.

Following the example of Walpole and Pelham, Grenville took both the Treasury and Exchequer. From this point the Stowe Papers give most full and explicit information on all public transactions; and it heightens their interest and value, that, while Grenville was at the head of the ministry and in constant communication with the King, Temple was the most active leader of Opposition, and deep in all their schemes and hopes.

The arbitrary temper of Grenville at once led him into that contest with Wilkes which a more prudent statesman would have shunned, or a more dexterous have conducted far differently. The ministry, feeble from the first, was greatly weakened by the success of the popular champion, and by the increasing compactness of the opposition. The reins of authority began to get relaxed. The riots of the populace increased in audacity. A criminal was all but rescued from the hands of justice, and his execution suspended until night. The King had a wise dread of mob violence—and saw how it was encouraged by the weakness at headquarters;—he thought it 'time a remedy should be found for those evils; if he suffered force to be put upon him by opposition, the mob would try to govern him next.' (*Gren. P.* ii. 193.) Grenville could see nothing of this—and while the ground, to every eye but his own, was crumbling beneath his feet, he learnt with surprise from the King that it was absolutely necessary the ministry should be strengthened. He remonstrated at the idea of change;
but

but Lord Egremont died suddenly, and some new arrangements became inevitable. Bedford, summoned to the King's closet, advised that Pitt should be sent for.

Of the two interviews of Pitt with the King we have circumstantial accounts transmitted to us—though at secondhand—by both parties. Lord Hardwicke derived his information from Pitt—Mr. Grenville from the King. Lord Mahon very judiciously gives his reasons for preferring the latter account on those points wherein the two differ. The King's memory was remarkable retentive; and in the following passages, reported by him to Grenville, we can recognize, not Pitt's ideas only, but his very words:—

‘Mr. Pitt told him [the King] that he was a poor infirm man, declining in years as well as in health, unable to go through a constant parliamentary attendance; that such little strength as he could bring to his Majesty was derived from the good opinion of his friends, and of such people as attributed part of the former successes to his poor endeavours; but that, if his Majesty thought fit to make use of such a little knife, he must not blunt the edge; that he and his friends could never come into Government but as a party.’ &c.—*Gren. P.*, ii. 198.

He proposed that the peace should be ameliorated, and that there should be a total change in all ministerial offices. The ‘great Whig families’ were to be gratified. To keep the boat afloat it was fit to break this Government, which was not founded on true Revolution Principles. The King occasionally interrupted him to say that his honour must be consulted; but when, after a three hours’ interview, he desired time for reflection, and told Mr. Pitt he would see him again on Monday, the Great Commoner retired under an illusion—which (like Parson Adams’s after the lecture on *Æschylus*) must have been produced by his own eloquence—that the arrangement would take effect;—and he accordingly despatched summonses to his friends to attend him.

Need we say that the King could never for a moment have entertained the idea of yielding to these terms? Had he done so, is it not clear that his personal independence would have been lost—that he would have been even more insignificant than his grandfather? Surely it is absurd to suppose that the influence of Lord Bute was required to persuade him to reject such terms. When Monday came, the King calmly heard what Pitt had further to propose, and then dismissed him saying, ‘My honour is concerned, and I must support it.’

Grenville was strengthened by the accession of the Bedfords—and to this government, as the best which could be formed, the King gave his confidence—till they forfeited all title to it. From

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this date to the close of 1764, when the second volume ends, the Papers bear ample testimony to the good faith of the King and the cordiality with which he supported Grenville against not only the attacks of opposition, but the intrigues of his own colleagues.

Grenville tells in his Diary that the King spoke to him with an openness and confidence with which he spoke to no other of his servants (ii. 217); that his Majesty talked to him with great ease and kindness (ii. 239); that he was full of the same gracious expressions which he had so often used to him (498); that he was pleased with the conduct and success of his affairs (505); that he received him with the greatest good humour, and talked with the greatest openness to him (514). That minister certainly had every reason to be satisfied with the King. He hardly made a single request which was not cheerfully granted. When, on the death of Lord Macclesfield, the reversion of the Teller's place was open to his eldest son, 'the King was happy to give him that mark of his favour;' and when he asked the grant of a lighthouse as a provision for his younger children, the 'King was graciously pleased to grant it with expressions of great kindness to Mr. Grenville' (512). We see the man in the manner of this application. He feared that 'his younger children, from various circumstances relating to the unhappy state of his family, might be left in difficulties.' Temple had no issue, and could settle the estates as he pleased; Grenville was next in succession; and he doubtless wished the King to understand that his children might be cut off from their inheritance through the devotion of their father to the will of the sovereign. Temple, we dare venture to say, never harboured a thought of such injury to the line of his own family.

Yet the minister, who expected so much for himself, was churlish to his sovereign. When Bute resigned the Privy Purse, and the King proposed to confer it on Sir William Breton, whom he had known from childhood, Grenville strongly remonstrated against the appointment, and begged he might have the disposal of it. Sir William was obnoxious, he said, as the friend of Lord Bute. The King exclaimed warmly, 'Good God! Mr. Grenville, am I to be suspected after all I have done?' 'Not by me, Sir,' replied Grenville; 'but such is the language and suspicion of the world.' Lord Mahon notices his ungracious refusal to ask Parliament for a grant to purchase some ground overlooking the gardens of Buckingham House. Though the civil list was not equal to the royal expenditure—moderate as the monarch was—Grenville insisted that the increased income which His Majesty proposed for his brothers should be eked out of it.

The principal measure of Grenville's administration was the Stamp Act. It does not appear that this scheme, so momentous
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in its consequences, ever came directly before the King. From a curious note of the editor we learn that it originated with one Mr. Henry M'Culloch, residing at Turnham Green. He not only sketched out proposals for imposing a stamp duty on vellum and paper in America, but drew up a bill embodying them. The example should be a warning to all Chancellors of the Exchequer on the danger of credulously listening to the ingenious theories of amateur financiers.

Grenville, raised to the height of his most ambitious hopes, had every reason to be satisfied with his position. But one fear continually tormented his mind. In his Diary he has recorded every rumour, whether born of calumny or badinage, which represented Lord Bute as still exercising influence over the royal mind. Beckford, the city friend of Pitt, had bought an estate near Luton, and had dined with Bute; thence arose suspicions of a new alliance between *the favourite* and the *great commoner*. On one occasion, when Grenville alluded to the former negotiation with Pitt set afoot by Bute, the King said frankly, 'Let us not look back, let us only look forward; nothing of that sort shall happen again.' Grenville could not profit by this wise counsel. Somebody had told Bedford that the Dukes of Grafton and Devonshire had boasted they could come into office whenever they pleased, with Lord Bute in their hands; and down goes this idle gossip in Grenville's Diary as matter of serious import. The last entry for 1764 reveals his uneasiness:—

'Mr. Grenville feels the effects of some inferior persons who get about his Majesty, and seemingly indispose him to his principal servants.'

We shall wait with curiosity the publication of his account of those circumstances which led to his dismissal. But the leading facts are well known. Bedford had great ascendancy over Grenville. The fate of the ministry was in his hands; without him and his 'connexion' it must inevitably fall. He was an uncompromising Whig in his assertion of ministerial power over kingly prerogative. He took a leading part in excluding the name of the Princess Dowager from the Regency Bill. The progress of this shameful intrigue is related with great clearness by Lord Mahon, and he exposes with happy pleasantry the absurd position of Bedford—that the mother of the King was not one of the royal family. The Commons inserted the name of the Princess Dowager when the bill came before them; and the King, whose consent to the exclusion had been extorted under pretence that it would be insisted on by the legislature, was cruelly wounded when he discovered the deception which had been practised on him.

To get rid of a ministry now justly odious to him, he had
recourse

recourse to his uncle the Duke of Cumberland. They had not hitherto been on very good terms. The Duke conceived that he had been slighted on the Regency question, and highly applauded the conduct of Bedford in excluding the Princess Dowager. But he honourably undertook the mission intrusted to him;—and fortunately he has left a full and circumstantial account of the negociation in which he bore part. His narrative is published for the first time in the Rockingham Memoirs. For the reasons we have stated, it is not likely to be unduly favourable to the King.

At the commencement the Duke frankly stated to Lord Northumberland, who came to him on the King's part, that—

‘he was fully sensible of the déboires and indignities which these gentlemen in power insulted his Majesty with each day, instead of applying themselves to the good of the public in general, or to restoring to his Majesty the affections of his people.’—*Rock.* i. 188.

He sketched out a ministry to include the principal Whig families, with Lord Northumberland at the head of the Treasury, Pitt as one of the Secretaries, and Temple as President or Privy Seal. The difficulty was to obtain the consent of ‘the brothers’ to this arrangement. Their conditions were so hard, that the Duke had to abandon his mission in despair.

In the mean time the safety of the town was threatened by the weavers' riots; and, though the Duke of Bedford was particularly obnoxious to the workmen from favouring the introduction of foreign silks, the ministerial party thought the occasion favourable for distressing the King. It was well known that he purposed to give the command of the troops to his uncle, Halifax, on the contrary, pressed for the appointment of Granby. He wrote—

‘Lord Granby is a very popular man, and might save the lives of these deluded wretches, which may be exposed and sacrificed by another commander, equally well-intentioned, but less a favourite with the people.’—*Ib.* i. 208.

The reply of the King was characterised by his usual decision. He ordered the regiment at Chatham to be advanced, and immediately wrote thus to his uncle:—

‘I must desire you to take the command to-morrow morning as Captain-General. I should think Lord Albemarle very proper to put your orders in execution. I have sent this by one who has my orders not to deliver it to any one but yourself, and to bring an immediate answer, and also your opinion where and how soon we can meet; for if any disturbance arises in the night, I should think the hour proposed for to-morrow too late.’—*Ib.* 209.

The promptitude of the King saved the blood which in all probability.

bability would have been shed by the appointment of the 'popular commander' of the Ministry. The Bristol riots have taught us that for a favourite of the mob to head troops is not the surest mode of quelling tumult.

The Duke of Bedford took the most prominent part in calling the King to account for the ministerial negociation a-foot. He indecently charged the King with breaking his word; and as if that were not enough, communicated his violence to Mr. Rigby, that it might be spread over the town. Deeming themselves secure in the strength of their connexion, the ministers arbitrarily insisted on five concessions as the condition of their remaining—the chief of them being that the King should hold no intercourse of any kind with Lord Bute, and that his Lordship's brother, Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, should be dismissed from the Privy Seal in Scotland. In vain the King pleaded that he had passed his royal word that Mackenzie's appointment should be for life. Grenville was inexorable. 'I will not throw my kingdom into confusion,' said George III.: 'you force me to break my word, and must be responsible for the consequences.' For some days after the King, in great indignation, kept himself secluded; he complained to his servants of the force put upon him; and the next Sunday it was remarked that he declined to take the Sacrament—no doubt from the continued agitation of his mind. This humiliation was not thought enough. Other conditions were demanded, and the King again called on his uncle for aid. A new application was made to Pitt and Temple. The Duke says that Pitt actually accepted. He declared that he would not displace the King's friends, and that Mr. Mackenzie should be restored to his office. But Temple positively refused to come in on such terms.

Again the Bedford party was in an ecstasy of delight. The Duke, in a letter to Grenville, acting probably on the hint of Mr. Rigby, proposed an alliance with Pitt and Temple, and, to guard against the 'folly and iniquity of Lord Bute,' and 'the weakness' of the King, to insist on the total exclusion of Lord Bute from the royal counsels and presence for ever, 'and a total removal of his friends from employments either about the King's person or elsewhere.' The King was spared the indignity of receiving these new conditions. His uncle thought his own honour engaged to free the throne from the audacious violence which threatened it; and, to the infinite mortification of Grenville and of the Bedfords, he succeeded in forming the Rockingham ministry.

Grenville, in resigning the seals, could not forbear an unusual trespass on the royal patience. We learn, on the authority of Lord Sandwich, that he had a very long audience, and that, as if
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he had been addressing a public assembly, 'he asked his Majesty several times what complaint he had against him?'—Before he withdrew, he gave the King to understand pretty plainly that he meant to lose no opportunity of exposing the misconduct of the new ministry—and this before the ministry had been formed. The King took a resolution never more to admit him to his councils, and two years later we find Grenville speaking of his exclusion as finally determined on. Lord Albemarle says that 'the Bedford administration experienced no better treatment than its predecessors';—but he overlooks the statement of his grandfather to the Duke of Cumberland, surely worth something, that 'the King's ministers had taken such possession of the closet, that they scarcely acted with decency to their master' (i. 193).

Standards-by soon formed an opinion adverse to the stability of the Rockingham administration. It was certainly wanting in parliamentary influence and official character. But the most fatal objection to it, in general opinion, was the absence of Pitt. So great was his ascendancy at this time, that it was thought no administration could be lasting which did not include his name. 'The whole must necessarily centre,' wrote Chesterfield, 'before it is long, in Mr. Pitt and Co.'

Rockingham himself had few merits to inspire confidence in his name. He had a good estate, and he was a stanch Whig, and here ended his qualifications for Premiership. He could rarely be prevailed on to speak, except when some direct attack excited his indignation. 'I am glad,' wrote the King to him on one occasion, 'that opposition has forced you to hear again your own voice.' He had previously filled no higher post than a Lordship of the Bedchamber, and then the King thought he had no one about him of less mark or likelihood. His proper patronymic was *Watson*, but he was descended in the female line from the great Wentworth, whose head the Puritans brought to the block, and that higher name had been assumed together with much property. The father of the Marquis began life as a plain country gentleman, but, perceiving which way the wind blew, he attached himself to Walpole, and received an ample share of the patronage which that illustrious Whig so liberally showered on his adherents.

In the course of nineteen years Mr. Wentworth became a Knight of the Bath, member for the West Riding of York, Lord-lieutenant of the same county, Baron Haith, Viscount Higham, Earl of Malton, Baron Rockingham, Marquis of Rockingham. So rapidly had some of these honours descended upon him, that Sir Robert Walpole said jokingly, soon after his being created an Earl, "I suppose we shall soon see our friend Malton in opposition, for he has had no promotion in the peerage for the last fortnight."—*Ib.* i. 137.

Friend Malton's son, educated in the principles of his father, was so zealous for them, that he ran away from home in '45 to join the royal camp. He made common cause with the great Whig families by resigning his Bedchamber appointment during the ministry of Lord Bute. In an interview with the King he somewhat presumptuously said that 'he saw with concern that those persons who had hitherto *deservedly had the greatest weight* in this country were now driven out of any share in the government.' The King replied calmly that he did not desire any person should continue in his service any longer than it was agreeable to him. It is doubtful whether the Marquis ever forgave the serenity with which his resignation was received.

Parliament met earlier than usual, owing to the disturbances which the reception of the Stamp Act caused in America. The King clearly discerned the importance of the intelligence, and wrote thus to Conway—

'I am more and more grieved at the accounts of America. Where this spirit will end is not to be said. It is undoubtedly the most serious matter that ever came before Parliament; it requires more deliberation, candour, and temper than I fear it will meet with.'—*Ib.* i. 256.

His fears were justified by the event. The 'small factions' of the day only considered how they could best turn those disturbances to their own advantage, and Pitt—in this instance far less principled than Temple—exerted all the force of his eloquence to foment the disaffection, that it might aid his own return to power.

Much is said here, in Lord Albemarle's usual loose and reckless style, of the insincerity of the King upon the American question. Thus he asserts (i. 250),—

'*The King would fain have brought the refractory colonists to obedience by measures of coercion*, but the Rockingham administration, desirous of restoring the loyalty of the Americans by the removal of the cause of their disaffection, early announced their intention to stand or fall by the repeal of the obnoxious law.'

Some pages further on (301), are printed three papers in the King's hand, obtained by Lord Rockingham as explicit declarations of his Majesty's opinion on this point. When the choice lay between enforcing the Stamp Act and the repeal of it, '*the King was clear that repeal was preferable to enforcing*,' but he adds that he should have preferred *modification* to either. So far from these papers showing 'the treacherous conduct of the King,' as Lord Albemarle holds, they prove his perfect consistency and good faith.

Of all the courses open to the ministry that which they chose was perhaps the worst. The authority of Parliament is too important

portant to be sacrificed to partial clamour or party views. In losing stability it loses strength; and plainly its enactments can possess little force if they are represented as mere temporary provisions which may be repealed the next session or by the next ministry. In this instance the concession rather encouraged the Americans to further resistance than disarmed their hostility. The sting of the Act was left behind. The Rockinghams decided on its repeal, but with a distinct declaration of the legislative right of taxing the colonists. In every point of view this was unwise. Nothing can be more unstatesmanlike than to maintain an abstract right, for purposes of irritation, when all substantial benefits to be derived from its exercise are given up. Had the idea of the King been acted on, and the Act been maintained, but with such modifications as would have removed all reasonable objection to it, the result would probably have been less disastrous and certainly less dishonourable. But beyond this expression of his opinion the King made no attempt to control the deliberations of his Cabinet. When their decision was made known to him he seems to have felt himself bound by it, and he exerted his influence to give it effect. He congratulated Rockingham on the first division in the Commons:—

‘The great majority must be reckoned a very favourable appearance for the repeal of the Stamp Act in that House.’—i. 276.

And to Conway he writes—

‘Nothing can in my eyes be more advantageous than the debate in the House of Commons this day. I shall not fail, when I see you this day, to ask you for a list of speakers, that I may more fully hear the colour of the language of those that spoke; it will give some kind of rule to judge of their future conduct this session.’—i. 277.

This was the King’s language from first to last. In obedience to his wishes several of those persons commonly included among his friends, who had voted for the Stamp Act on its first introduction by Grenville, now supported its repeal. The Lord Steward was amongst the number:—

‘Talbot,’ writes the King, ‘is as right as I can desire—strong for our declaring our right, but willing to repeal—and has handsomely offered to attend the House daily, and answer the very indecent conduct of those who oppose with so little manners or candour.’—i. 271.

Others were less complying: they chose to hold opinions of their own, and to conceive that the repeal of an Act so recently passed, merely because it was angrily opposed, would be derogatory not only to the King’s honour, but to the dignity of Parliament. Lord Rockingham was highly offended at their presumption, and, urged on by Newcastle, pressed the King to take extreme measures against them; but he should, as Lord

Mahon

Mahon observes, have been the last to prefer a complaint against them, as he—

‘had suffered Lord Barrington to become Secretary-at-War, with the express understanding that he might oppose the course recommended by the Government on such questions as the Stamp Act and General Warrants.’—*Mahon*, v. 216.

There was another reason for the reluctance of the King. No act of the late Ministry had excited so much clamour as the dismissal of Conway, and more especially from the side of the Rockinghams. It had given the Opposition, in the words of one of its leaders, ‘a good meal’s meat.’ In all the late ministerial negotiations the restoration to offices of the persons dismissed had been prominently and offensively pressed on the King. Conway was now Secretary and leader of the Commons. The King had dismissed him only for systematic opposition. Was he now to discharge persons for whom he felt a personal regard, on account of a single vote? He made the most open declaration of his wishes—going in this respect quite as far as a constitutional monarch should. Newcastle, while clamouring for examples, said for himself and others, that ‘they had not the least doubt of his Majesty’s inclinations;’ and when Rockingham stated that he would stand or fall by the American question, the King wrote in answer, ‘Your resolution will certainly direct my language to the Chancellor’ (i. 297). The majorities by which the Stamp Act was repealed must have been influenced by the known sentiments of the King. What more could have been reasonably expected or desired?

Of the violent lengths to which these Whigs, who so loudly denounced any exercise of the King’s prerogative when *out* of power, would have abused the King’s authority when *in*, a single example will suffice. A Scotch election petition came before the House. The case, one would have thought, should have been tried upon its merits; not so thought the Ministry. With supreme indifference to the right on one side or the other, they adopted the cause of their man; and because some members of the household voted the other way, they made a formal grievance of it to the King. His answer to Conway shows the real spirit of their complaint:—

‘By what Lord Rockingham dropped to me, that both were *good men*, I did not know that Administration, as such, meant to be active on the occasion.’—i. 295.

Yet, because the King did not personally interest himself to secure a majority for the ministerial candidate on every election petition, Lord Albemarle avers that the King led the opposition to that
Government.

Government. The greatest foe to the Government was, in truth, Lord Rockingham himself. Scarcely had he been installed in office when he became nervously anxious to secure the support of the Great Commoner. He laid his wishes before the King. His Majesty well understood the character of Pitt, and wrote an admirable reply :—

‘ I have revolved most coolly and attentively the business now before me, and am of opinion that so loose a conversation as that of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Townshend is not sufficient to risk either my dignity or the continuance of my administration by a fresh treaty with that gentleman, for, if it should miscarry, all public opinion of this Ministry would be destroyed by such an attempt. I shall, therefore, undoubtedly to-morrow decline authorising the Duke of Grafton to say anything to Mr. Pitt, and don’t doubt that, when I set the example of steadiness, most of you will see the propriety of that conduct, and will follow it also.’—i. 266.

Later the King wrote,—

‘ You have very properly put an end to the idea of writing to Mr. Pitt. I don’t doubt of success, but, if you in the least seem to hesitate, inferiors will fly off.’—i. 267.

Rockingham wanted spirit to follow this wise and manly advice. When Pitt came down to Parliament, it was to deliver his famous ‘no confidence’ speech. This should have taught Rockingham, if anything could, how vain must be any endeavour to enlist Pitt under *his* banner—but he was only the more anxious to secure his alliance, and conceived hopes of detaching him from his family connexion, on account of his disputes with Grenville. The King no longer opposed his wishes, but gave him some excellent counsel, and recommended him to persevere. ‘ *A steady perseverance, unattended by heat,*’ wrote the King, ‘ *will overturn all oppositions—even in Parliament.*’ It is curious to observe with what scorn Pitt treated all the sneaking overtures which the Marquis made to him through different channels. He wrote to Shelburne (February 24th, 1766) :—

‘ Lord Rockingham’s plan appears to me to be such as can never bring things to a satisfactory conclusion, his tone being that of a Minister, master of the Court and the public, making offers to men who are seekers of offices and candidates for ministry. . . . The King’s pleasure and gracious commands shall alone be a call to me. I am deaf to every other thing.’—*Chat. Cor.*, iii. 11, 12.

It must not be concluded that Rockingham exposed himself to all this mortification on public grounds alone. He desired to secure Pitt, that the King might be completely at the mercy of his cabinet. Lord Shelburne relates a long conversation which he had with the marquis, in which the latter disclosed his policy :—

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'If nothing previous was settled, it would give his Majesty such advantage that everything would be given up, without anything certain, and a convulsion might follow which might bring in the late ministry, or no one knew what; while, if they went in united, and in good humour with each other, the King was so hampered by many things that had passed, that, without entering into any consideration of the interior of the court, he must certainly agree to it.'—*Ib.* iii. 9.

This, be it observed, was at the very time when the King was giving Rockingham signal marks of his confidence and support.—He is indignant at the opposition of Grenville and Bedford:—

'From that quarter,' he writes, 'I have no doubt but that every art will be used to hamper administration during every debate; but that is so poor a conduct that it must turn against its own author.'—*Rock.* i. 259.

And again to Conway:—

'I thank you for your attention in sending me the account of the very ungentlemanlike conduct of Mr. Grenville on this day; for others of the opposition undoubtedly act in the House of Commons by his advice. I hope people will be on their guard to-morrow, if he should try to give some pain.'—*Ib.*

It is impossible to read these papers without feeling how infinitely superior was the King, not in wisdom and abilities only, but in honesty, to the people who surrounded him.

Though Lord Bute had retired from political life, Rockingham and his colleagues were devoured by secret jealousy of his influence. And the strangest part of their conduct was, that, while they insisted on his exclusion, they were urgent for the support of his friends. Thus their suspicions kept the King between two fires. If he desired for his government the support of the Bute connexion, there was an explosion of wrath against the *Favourite's* reviving influence, and the King was charged with violation of his royal word. If he refrained from all interference, and suffered the Butists to take what part they pleased, he was denounced as disingenuous on system, and accused of undermining the ministry he pretended to support.

This folly meets with the entire approval of Lord Albemarle. All well-informed writers on the Whig side have long since repudiated the idea of a secret intelligence between the King and Lord Bute, but he still clings to it as an indispensable article of the orthodox creed. He is so thorough a partisan that, were he writing a life of Judge Hales, he would most likely avow his absolute belief in witchcraft. Lord Bute is his *loup-garou*. He laments over Bedford and Grenville as the victims of his malignant agency. They had insisted on his retirement from London; to gratify them he remained for some months at Luton-Hoo, but at last he got weary

weary of his confinement, as well he might, and Lady Bute endeavoured to make interest with Bedford through Lord Gower, to get her lord's proscription removed. He had his daughters to settle in the world, and other affairs to arrange in town. Would his Grace amiably allow him to come to London?—Bedford was inflexible, and Grenville commended the temper of his answer.—(*Gren. Pap.* ii. 433-4.) At length—perhaps urged forward by her ladyship—for how were her girls to get husbands at Luton?—Bute went to town in defiance of the ministerial interdict, and, more, had the audacity to go publicly to court, and to appear in the House of Lords.—(*Rock.* i. 176.) Here is the whole of Lord Albemarle's case against the Court. We make no appeal to him—it would be in vain. But we ask any reader of ordinary candour whether it is not monstrous that an indictment for treachery and falsehood should be laid against the King, on the ground that one of his nobles refused to be cut off—not from the privileges of his rank and station merely, but from the freedom which is the right of the meanest subject—because his presence at court or in town might displease a jealous minister?

It is not possible for evidence to be clearer on any historical point, than that Bute had no intelligence with the King after Lord Rockingham took office. We have Lord Bute's own 'solemn word of honour,' given in 1778, that from the date when the Duke of Cumberland was called in he never saw his Majesty but openly at court, and never presumed to speak to him one syllable on any political matter. We have the King's word to the same effect, and a mass of corroborative testimony sufficient to bring conviction to any mind not hermetically sealed by inveterate prejudice.

Of the depth of baseness into which their jealousy betrayed the Rockinghams we were ignorant until we read these volumes. Incredible as it may seem, these ministers, sworn to serve their King with fidelity, actually bribed some of his personal attendants to watch his movements, to report every arrival and departure at his palace, and to furnish an exact detail of everything that occurred. A report from one of these spies is printed at page 369 of the first volume. 'It is,' says Lord Albemarle, 'apparently in the handwriting of an uneducated person'—and it is evident that he must have been in the service of the King, from such expressions as this:—'I went afterwards into the closet, to ask when Monsieur Durand [the French ambassador] might have an audience.' If this detestable treachery has any parallel, we must confess to ignorance of it. In giving this spy's report, Lord Albemarle does *not* express disapproval of the practice, but adds almost immediately afterwards Burke's character
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of the administration:—‘They treated their Sovereign with decency—with reverence!’ We sincerely hope that Burke was ignorant of the infamous acts of his superiors.

As the King had foreseen, the ministry lost all credit by their applications to Pitt, and his scornful rejection of them. Thenceforth politicians of every shade regarded the advent of Pitt as inevitable. Grafton and Conway threw up their offices, the former openly declaring in the Lords that the Government wanted authority, dignity, and extension. Newcastle had anticipated these resignations, and had truly described what the effect of them would be:—

‘If the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway should resign their offices, I do not know how you will be able to fill them. The strength of the administration will be much lessened by the loss of those two very able and material men in both houses, and the weight of opposition so much increased by Mr. Pitt setting himself at the head of it, that I really do not know how you will be able to go on.’—*Rock.* i. 265.

The Marquis was further weakened by divisions in his cabinet, which broke out in Parliament. Even at the eleventh hour the King endeavoured to save the ministers from themselves. The second Lord Hardwicke (though his mind was warped by the prejudices of his party) relates how earnestly the King pressed him to join the cabinet, and how greatly he deplored its divisions. ‘I could not help,’ he relates, ‘heartily pitying his situation and that of the public.’ (i. 333.) In their extremity the Duke of Richmond, who had joined the ministry on the retirement of Grafton, was for ‘offering handsomely to take in several of Lord Bute’s friends’ (i. 350), while Rockingham was for trying ‘to get the Bedfords without the Grenvilles.’ (i. 349.) Their schemes were cut short by the Chancellor’s expressing his contempt for them, and carrying his resignation to the King.

As every one had foreseen, Pitt was sent for. The Duke of Richmond announced the event to Rockingham, but begged him to keep it secret; ‘for,’ he said, ‘if it is known, and that Mr. Conway’s sentiments get among our friends, it will be a race among them who shall go to Mr. Pitt first.’ This sentence sufficiently shows how untenable the position of the ministry had become. Lord Rockingham would have better consulted his character had he resigned earlier.

He had not, even at last, the grace to fall with dignity. No sooner was his successor appointed than he entered into a discreditable negotiation with the Bedfords, Grenville, and Temple, to form a party strong enough to force themselves on the King. Horace Walpole, hating the King as he did, was yet provoked by

by the pretension of the marquis into asking whether 'every man should depend on King Rockingham, and nobody on King George?' *

We are the less concerned to vindicate the character of the King from Lord Albemarle's aspersions, as the papers he prints—and particularly the noble high-principled letters of the monarch—tell their own story. The factious blindness which can misunderstand or misrepresent them is to be pitied, not reasoned with. When we are assured that the earnestness of Lord Rockingham was all for his country, and the earnestness of the King all for his prerogative; that the one was all honesty, the other all insincerity; that the King sought to govern a kingdom as an attorney manages an election; that the King was at the head of the unscrupulous opposition to the ministry; that he was disingenuous on system—and so on—we smile at the folly which defeats its end by such glaring perversion, and turn from it as we should from a caricature in which malignant intention is defeated by inability to draw with the slightest resemblance to nature.

Chatham, though he took the office of Privy Seal only, may be considered the fifth Premier of the reign. Freed from his connexion with Temple, he was not indisposed to consult his sovereign's honourable personal feelings. Mr. Mackenzie was restored. This was an important point, as indicating that the King was no longer in utter subjection to his Cabinet. He could now breathe more freely. That revolution in the Government which he had projected when he ascended the throne was already advancing towards success.

To Chatham the King gave his confidence from the instant he summoned him to his councils, as he had at first done to Grenville and Rockingham. With what sincerity he fulfilled and even anticipated his wishes—with what earnestness he supported him with the whole weight of his influence—with what patience he bore with his infirmities—with what kindness he considered his health, and endeavoured to avert the inconvenience of his long retirement—all this is well known since the publication of the Chatham Correspondence. Never did a monarch so gracious meet with so graceless a return. With all honour for Chatham's genius, it is impossible to regard his conduct from this date without feeling that it was opposed to every principle of honour and duty that should animate a public man.

We notice but one incident of his Ministry, and that as it bears on the personal character of the King. It has been a

* Lord Albemarle says that Walpole was in practice a 'thorough-going King's friend!' He takes care, however, to avail himself liberally of Walpole's libels on the Sovereign.

favourite assertion with Whig writers that America was lost through the obstinacy of George III. We might reply to this, that the King seldom attempted to control the general policy or measures of his Government. He was jealous of his executive power, as that fell legitimately within his kingly province; but he left to his Ministers the part which constitutionally belonged to them, of originating and carrying forward all legislative business. We have now before us his correspondence with Grenville, with Rockingham, with Chatham, and with North—all written in entire confidence and unrestrained freedom. We find him paying the minutest attention to the disposal of offices, both civil and military—to the maintenance of order and the repression of tumult—to the ascendancy of the law, so that 'no man should act against it'—to negotiations with foreign states—to the movement of troops—to the proceedings in Parliament, so far as they affected the stability of Government; but we do *not* find—and this is remarkable in a person of his energetic and decided character—that he attempted to control the discretion of his Ministers, by dictating to them any line of policy. He left to them the responsibility of their acts and the management of the Legislature, confining himself to the exercise of his duties as chief magistrate of the State. We do not know any single statute of his reign, with the exception of those which immediately concerned his person and family, which can justly be ascribed to his suggestion or influence.

This would be a sufficient reply to those who persist in attributing to him the legislative faults or misfortunes of his reign, but in this instance we have a more particular answer to return. Chatham was not the choice of the King but of the country. He came into office without conditions. It is notorious that the King gave him *carte blanche*; that he was less minister than dictator. He was free to choose his colleagues as he pleased, and no nomination was more emphatically his own than that of Charles Townshend as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Townshend, we know, was unwilling to exchange the Paymaster's place he had filled in the late Ministry with 7000*l.* a-year, for the post offered to him with 2700*l.* He hesitated, refused, repented, and finally accepted. He was a favourite with the Commons—and on that ground, at least, was as fit a person as could be selected to lead them. But the choice on Chatham's part was made without the slightest regard to principle. Townshend had favoured the Stamp Act: he was opposed to its repeal; he declared openly that his opinions were unchanged, and within six months of his accepting office under Chatham he applauded the principle of the Stamp Act in the House, and threw out no
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obscure hints that he intended to follow out its policy. At the commencement of 1767 his intention to impose port charges on America was well known. Lord Shelburne informed Chatham (Feb. 1, 1767)—

‘that Mr. Townshend has a plan for establishing a Board of Customs in America, and by a new regulation of the tea duty here, and some other alterations, to produce a revenue on imports there.’—*Chat. Cor.*, iii. 185.

At this time Chatham was as well as usual, and in full possession of his faculties; but the announcement called forth from him only some ambiguous bombast: ‘When the proposal shall be before the House, the ways to ulterior and final proceedings upon this transcendent object will open themselves naturally and obviously enough.’—Some months later both Grafton and Shelburne earnestly remonstrated with Chatham against Townshend’s continuance in office. They spoke of his intention to resign unless he was allowed to lay a tax on the American ports, and said his conduct was such as no Cabinet could submit to. Even the King distinctly suggested the expediency of his dismissal. But he was Chatham’s minister, and no one could act if Chatham did not. A word from him would have been sufficient, but that word was never spoken. As against his colleagues Townshend was strong in the support of the Commons. When Conway was appealed to by Grafton, he acknowledged that the House indicated, in a very decided manner, its resolve of obtaining a revenue of some sort from the colonies. (*Mahon*, v. App. xviii.) The Cabinet, in Chatham’s absence, had not strength to withstand him, and the darling of the Commons carried his acts ‘without opposition,’ says Lord Mahon, ‘and almost without remark.’

That the House, which had so recently repealed the Stamp Act, should now take an almost directly contrary course, is no doubt strange. It was influenced mainly, we believe, by the sophistry of Franklin. When examined at the bar of the Commons, he drew a specious distinction between internal and external taxation:—

‘An excise,’ he said, ‘the Americans think you have no right to levy within their country. But the sea is yours; you maintain by your fleets the safety of navigation in it, and keep it clear of pirates. You may, therefore, have a natural and equitable right to some toll or duty on merchandise carried through that part of your dominions, towards defraying the expense you are at in ships to maintain the safety of that carriage.’

It is marvellous that this flimsy reasoning should have had the slightest weight with a practical body. The real objection of the colonists was not to the mode of taxation but to the substance
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of it. They had resolved to contribute nothing to the Imperial Exchequer, and they must secretly have scoffed at the distinction attempted to be drawn between excise and import duties.

There was another reason which indisposed the House to treat America with tenderness. The repeal of the Stamp Act had not produced its anticipated effect in quieting the colonists. They had received it merely as a concession to their own strength. It rather encouraged than disarmed their hostility. The Assembly of New York set aside the Mutiny Act; and generally so much factious opposition was manifested by the Americans to the Imperial Legislature, that their best friends could say little in their behalf. Chatham himself was extremely indignant at their conduct. He writes to Shelburne (Feb. 3, 1767)—

‘America affords a gloomy prospect. A spirit of infatuation has taken possession of New York; their disobedience to the Mutiny Act will justly create a great ferment here, open a fair field to the arraigners of America, and leave no room to any to say a word in their defence. I foresee confusion will ensue. The petition of the merchants of New York is most improper; in point of time most absurd; in the extent of their pretensions most excessive; and in the reasoning most grossly fallacious and offensive.—I foresee that, determined not to listen to their *real* friends, a little more frenzy and a little more time will put them into the hands of their enemies.’

With such elements of discord at work there was little probability of any cordial reconciliation. Some months subsequently, Sir George Savile, one of the best and wisest of the Rockingham party, frankly expressed his opinion, ‘that these same colonists are above our hands,’ and that ‘Grenville’s Act only brought on a crisis twenty or possibly fifty years sooner than was necessary.’—*Rock.* ii. 76.

It was when the contest had commenced that the efforts of Opposition to encourage the colonists told with such fatal effect against the measures of Government. The name of Chatham, when he again appeared in public, was truly a tower of strength. The declarations of Ministry were borne down by the weight of his eloquence. He was still regarded as the master of the Government, and as sure to succeed to it at no distant date. The Americans had reason to raise statues to him. Not only did he champion their cause, but he recalled his son from the British ranks as a protest against our arms. With Chatham and his partisans to animate the colonists by exclaiming against the tyranny which would oppress them, the contest could have but one result. In emphatic phrase the King styled Chatham ‘a trumpet of sedition.’ The epithet will assuredly cling to his name as long as any title he ever acquired to public honour.

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Through him America was doubly lost. He stands answerable for the rashness of Townshend, which provoked the colonists to arms, and for the encouragement given to their resistance in this country. The main cause of the rebellion, he was also the chief promoter of its success. When the sword was once drawn, the continuance of the war was approved not only by great majorities in both Houses of Parliament but by the general voice of the country. Had the King been ever so well disposed to concede the independence which America demanded, he would have found no ministry to carry out his wishes while a chance remained of a more honourable termination to the contest. Inconsistent to the last, Chatham died in opposing the only terms of arrangement which the acts of his ministry first, and of his opposition afterwards, had left practicable.

The direction of affairs had devolved on Grafton during that retirement of his chief which, after all that can be said in its defence or excuse, remains an indelible blot on his name. As Chatham had sufficient bodily strength and mental composure to see and converse with Grafton, he must have had strength to resign a post he felt himself incompetent to fill. The explanation of his conduct may perhaps be found in the words he used on a previous occasion—'My plan continues fixed not to quit employments; merely quitting is annihilation.' His heart indeed must have been dead within him when that noble appeal of the King to the glory he had achieved in war, and to the glories reserved for his government in peace—'Such ends to be attained would almost awaken the great men of this country of former ages'—could call forth no better response than an alike false as slavish profession of Oriental homage.

Grafton's premiership, the sixth in succession, was but brief. At the commencement of 1770, the Opposition was warmed by hopes of success. Never had it appeared more formidable. Chatham, reconciled to his kinsmen—Temple, Grenville, and Lyttelton—appeared on the first day of the Session to disown the ministry he had formed. He scoffed at the moderate counsels of Rockingham, spoke like one possessed by devils of 'the treachery of the Court,' declared that he had been duped and deceived, and that the influence behind the throne was more powerful than the throne itself, and prevented the formation of any independent ministry. The Duke of Grafton rightly attributed these words to 'the effects of a distempered mind brooding over its own discontent;' but that voice, however unworthily prompted, at once combined the scattered elements of opposition. The Chancellor, Camden, declared he could no longer sanction the measures of a ministry he distrusted; yet, refusing to resign
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the seals, he threw on the King the odium of dismissing him for what seemed an expression of honest opinion;—a piece of treachery to all duty the suggestion of which came directly from Chatham! Granby yielded to the same influence, and, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the King, quitted all his employments. Temple induced his friend Coventry to retire from the bedchamber; the Duke of Beaufort gave up his key; Charles Yorke, who had yielded to the commands of his Sovereign, and had accepted the seals, died to avoid the reproaches of his friends; Sir Percy Brett and Sir George Yonge threw up their places for ‘the honour of Lord Chatham and the quiet of their country;’ the City of London sent up remonstrances to the throne; and Beckford stood forth to rebuke the King for withstanding the popular demands. The Duke of Grafton, believing that in these desertions and this general commotion the knell of the Government was sounded, resigned. The numbers of Opposition in both Houses increased, and George Grenville, as an independent member, succeeded in carrying his bill for the trial of controverted elections, and thus seemed to snatch the business of legislation from the feeble hands of the ministry.

On Grafton’s retirement, Lord North, who had succeeded Townshend as Chancellor of the Exchequer, took the Treasury also. Though deficient in administrative power, he was admirably adapted to soothe the asperity of faction. Like the citizen rulers of troubled governments in olden time, he wore for defence a quilted doublet, instead of a shirt of mail. While threats of impeachment were thundering in his ears, he sank into a quiet doze, or answered the most violent invectives only by a sally of humour.

Throughout the spring of 1770 the fall of his government seemed inevitable. ‘The ministry live upon moments,’ wrote Temple; ‘heaven and earth are in motion.’ Chatham was to the full as confident. The ‘counterfeited firmness of the ministry’ he pronounced to be ‘real despair, convicted guilt, and conscious weakness and incapacity.’ ‘The alarm at Court,’ wrote Calcraft, ‘is beyond imagination. If our friends stand firm, they own all is over with them.’ And a few days later he said that the ministers were divided, and that the ‘greatest person required cordials.’ Junius shared in the exultation of his party. ‘For God’s sake let this appear to-morrow,’ he wrote to Woodfall—enclosing a letter of bitter comment on the King’s answer to the City remonstrance—‘Now is the crisis. I have no doubt we shall conquer them at last.’

This was the *experimentum crucis* of the King’s character. If he yielded now, his past struggles would have been in vain. Like
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the Opposition he perceived the importance of the hour, and his masculine spirit defeated all the forces arrayed against him. Notwithstanding all the apparent heat and ferment, the temper of the country was changing—and that of the Legislature with it. The advances of trade and commerce, which brought more practical business before Parliament, indisposed it to the extreme violence of party warfare. Allusions to the Tarpeian rock and the axe became ridiculous. While the King set the example of respecting the law, people felt that their liberties could be in no real danger.

North, acting on the *laissez faire* policy which best suited his temper, allayed the Wilkes ferment by abandoning the prosecution against him, and quieted the City by raising no new questions of privilege. Wilkes and Horne fell into disrepute when they turned their talents for libel against each other, and Guildhall, ashamed of them both, indicated its returning good sense by electing a ministerial alderman to the mayoralty.

Death sorely thinned the ranks of the Opposition at the moment of its highest pride. Beckford died of a fever brought on, as was supposed, by the agitation attendant on his memorable address to the King. Grenville, to the last the favourite of business men in the Commons, died while yet the fate of the ministry was trembling in the balance. Lord Granby expired nearly at the same time. Temple, deeply wounded by the death of his brother, partially retired from public life, and was reproached by Chatham with his 'no plan' of action. Rockingham irritated the great Earl by still counselling moderation, and by refusing to co-operate in his factious and revengeful warfare. Politicians of all ranks began to understand that the King's closet was not to be forced; and those who were most impatient for place, and least accessible to shame, hastened to make the best terms they could for themselves by unconditional submission. Wedderburn, 'The wary,' who had raised himself into importance as a popular champion, gave the signal by accepting the post of Solicitor-General. The Duke of Grafton, convinced of the fallacy of his apprehensions, sought and obtained office as Privy Seal; and Suffolk, one of the chiefs of the Grenville party, became Secretary of State.

In the political as in the natural world, a period of violent agitation is usually followed by a state of profound repose. The strength of 'the great Whig families' had been much impaired by the changes of the last ten years; the most powerful 'connexion'—that of the Bedfords—had been purchased; and the defeat of the Opposition in their last attempt to storm the Cabinet, and the absence of any great question to stir the public mind, contributed to produce, as Lord Mahon has justly observed, a calm in

the political atmosphere, which not even the momentous events of the American war could greatly disturb.

‘Then,’ he says, ‘it was that Burke wrote to one of his friends, “After the violent ferment in the nation, as remarkable a deadness and vapidness had succeeded.” Then it was that Junius in despair flung down his pen.’—v. 454.

Here, then, the fixed design of the King, kept steadily in sight from the hour he mounted the throne, to dissolve that ‘evil called connexion,’ was achieved. Thenceforth new principles were introduced into the conduct of Government, and public men, to use the expression of Lord John Russell, began to move in ‘a larger and purer atmosphere.’ The Walpolean system of management was at an end. Political motives changed, and legislators no longer looked into their dinner-napkins for directions as to their votes.

The price which the Government was required to pay ‘connexions’ for their support may be seen even in the days of their decline. When Grafton succeeded in enlisting the Bedfords, the Duke stipulated that Lord Gower (his father-in-law) should be President of the Council; that Lord Weymouth and Lord Sandwich (two of his adherents) should be, one Secretary of State, the other Postmaster-General; that Mr. Rigby (his creature) should be Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, with the promise of Paymaster; that the Duke of Marlborough (his son-in-law) should have a Garter; that Mr. Brand (one of his friends) should be made a Peer, ‘with some other less considerable places for others of the connexion.’ The statement is Lord John Russell’s own; and he adds, to show the Duke’s magnanimity, that ‘he would accept no place himself.’—(*Bed. Cor.* iii. 399 n).

The change wrought by the resolution of the King in these ten years was signal and lasting. The offices of government were no longer to be the patrimony of a few overgrown families, nor was the Exchequer again to be at the mercy of an unprincipled and rapacious minister. With juster ideas of public duty we find a gradual improvement in private conduct. The King was at first compelled to take for his ministers those men whom he found in the possession of official experience, but he soon gave it to be understood that he considered purity of life a recommendation for office. Grenville notes in his Diary—

‘The King sometimes observes to Mr. Grenville that there are not among his servants too many people of decent and orderly characters; that Lord Hertford is respectable in that light, and therefore not lightly to be cast aside.’—*Gren. Pap.* ii. 514.

To rightly appreciate the benefits conferred by George III. on the country, we must carry our view twenty years beyond the period

period we have surveyed. Had he been of the same character as his predecessor, and content to rule by the same means, what, with a political system utterly and foully corrupt, with public men chiefly intent on the plunder of the national exchequer, with the Throne and the Court setting an example of scandalous immorality, would have been the position of England when the revolutionary tempest of 1789 broke forth? Would the tactics of Walpole have saved us then?

To the firmness and virtue of the King are due that purification of our political system, and that higher standard of public and private morality, which so remarkably renovated the whole structure of English society soon after his accession to the throne. He not only made monarchy respected, but he rooted a love of it in the hearts of the people, by exhibiting it as the protector of public liberty and the guardian of social order. To him, under God, may we attribute our escape from that terrible trial which France had to encounter—a trial which is yet racking every fibre and nerve of her frame—and the preservation of that Constitution under which (though since damaged) it is still our happiness to live.

We leave it for our readers to consider the many points of our own present situation as to which important instruction may and should be drawn from the period embraced in this review. They cannot fail to see how many of the old difficulties and scandals have revived—after a long lapse of years—under new shapes; and, above all, they will be set on their guard against the resuscitated mischief of jobbing *connexions*—Lord John Russell's 'small factions'—the worst foes of the Monarchy and the Nation.

ART. X.—*Histoire de la Restauration.* Par A. de Lamartine. Tomes III. and IV. Paris, 1852.

THE eight or ten pages of our September number which we spared to a notice of the two first volumes of this work, will have apprized our readers how little was to be expected from its continuation. As literature, it is nothing—as history, worse than nothing—and we might content ourselves on this occasion with a general reference to our former judgment. And we should have done so, but that the new volumes exhibit a considerable aggravation of the most prominent defects of the former—affectation, verbosity, extravagant mistakes—almost incredible inaccuracies. The leading features of the writer's story may be believed—to wit—that Buonaparte escaped from Elba—made a

rapid march to Paris—fought the battle of Waterloo—made another still more rapid journey back to Paris and La Rochelle—and was finally, after having tried many schemes and shifts for escaping, conducted as a prisoner to St. Helena;—but in all the observations, assertions, explanations, conversations, anecdotes, and amplifications with which M. Lamartine fills up the interstices of these facts, we fairly confess that—except where we happen to know them already on better authority—we have neither trust nor faith.

It would be an idle waste of space and time to attempt to track all his apocrypha through their details. It is quite as much as the subject is worth to exhibit a few samples.

At the very outset we are met by one of those still unexplained cases which, after such a lapse of time, we might have hoped that an historian of M. Lamartine's opportunities might have the means and the *courage* to develop, and to his account of which we therefore looked with more than ordinary curiosity—the secret history of Buonaparte's return from Elba. No one, we suppose, gives any credit to his statement at St. Helena—that he undertook that enterprise on no other grounds than his own conviction of the unpopularity of the Bourbons, and the wishes of France for his restoration—and that he had, up to the moment of his landing, neither confederates nor accomplices. The only real question can be as to the extent of the conspiracy—the number, character, and identity of his accomplices—and, especially, how close to the person and how deep in the counsels of the betrayed King they had insinuated themselves. M. Lamartine, of course, does not literally adopt Buonaparte's impudent story that he had *no communication with France*; but he is inclined to mitigate the falsehood of that assertion by supposing that the communication was of a very trivial and dubious character; and, true to his general system of *taking off his hat* to every one towards whom or whose friends he has any prudential motives of reserve, he selects either some obscure agent or some notorious delinquent, whom he may safely make the scapegoat of whatever offences he finds himself under the necessity of admitting. So, after stating that, no doubt, the Princess Pauline, who had joined her brother in Elba, must have had communications with his partizans in France—as she certainly had with Murat, who was trembling for himself at Naples—M. Lamartine takes no further notice of the intrigues or intriguers of that higher order and influence, but discovers the pivot of this great revolution in an obscure *quidam*—a mere fly on the chariot-wheel:—

‘Napoleon awaited only a signal from Paris. He received it. M. Fleury de Chaboulon, *one of those young auditors of the Council of State*,

State, whom he had been training up and moulding into the future instruments of his despotism, animated by the zeal which devoured in those days all the ambition of that impatient youth, arrived by night, and under a specious pretext, at Elba, and was immediately introduced to the Emperor. It is not known whether this emissary had received instructions from Savary, Lavalette, or Maret, or whether he derived them from his own zeal. However that may be, he opened himself fully to the Emperor, and the Emperor made him a half-confidence in return.—vol. iii. p. 18.

This is substantially the whole of what our historian tells us upon what we really think the most important, as it certainly is the most mysterious, point of the history of that period; and it happens unluckily that, either through the grossest ignorance or the most extravagant blunder which any *historian* ever made, there is not one syllable of truth in the whole statement, nor, of course, in all the consequences with which our practised rhetorician embroiders it.

We pause for a moment to notice, as a test of M. de Lamartine's sagacity and judgment, the vagueness and futility of his premises, were they ever so true. If it be *doubtful* that Fleury had any authority except from *his own zeal*, why is he designated as an *agent* and an *emissary*? If it be *not known* whether he had had any communications with *Savary, Lavalette, and Maret*, why are their names introduced—for what imaginable purpose, unless perhaps to take the place of others which it less suited M. de Lamartine's private views to bring into notice? We shall see more of this by and bye; at present we must pursue his Fleury fable.

We cannot, indeed, deny that there was a person who latterly called himself Fleury de Chaboulon, nor that he was an *auditeur* of the Council of State; but that he was a person specially selected, trained, and modelled by Buonaparte for posts of confidence is a gratuitous invention of Lamartine's own, introduced to give weight and consequence to the rest of his romance.

This Fleury, so far from being in any place of close confidence or special favour, was one of nearly 200 *auditeurs* who happened to be scattered through the provinces in the subordinate offices of *sous-préfets*, and he was personally so undistinguished from the crowd that even the almanack-makers were not agreed as to his name. Sometimes he was Fleury Chaboulon (*Alm. Imp.* 1811); sometimes Chaboulon de Fleury (*Alm. Imp.* 1813). After the latter date he seems to have called himself *Fleury de Chaboulon*—under which name he published his *Memoirs*.

The circumstances of the *sous-préfecture* of Château-Salins—which he filled for the four or five last years of the Empire and the

the best of his life—negative the probability of his having been in any favour or even communication with the Emperor. It is an obscure little town near the north-eastern frontier of France, above 200 miles from Paris, not having even the advantage of a daily post, nor half the inhabitants of some English towns which Lord John Russell would disfranchise as insignificant:—altogether a rather remote and humble position for a gentleman whom, as M. Lamartine would have us believe, Buonaparte had been specially training for the higher functions of government. But what cares M. Lamartine for such trifles? He wanted to make his emissary look respectable, and bedizened him in a suit of the imperial livery to which he had no pretence. From Château-Salins, Fleury was driven by the advance of the Allied Armies in 1814—but was immediately employed in the civil department of that army with which Buonaparte was manœuvring—so cleverly as a soldier and so unluckily as a statesman—in the plains of Champagne,—while the main body of the Allies took possession of Paris. In this short campaign Fleury, or as he then called himself Chaboulon, showed so much zeal and activity that Buonaparte took notice of him and appointed him to the temporary *Prefecture* of the city of Rheims, where, however, his proceedings appear to have been of so violent and unjustifiable a character, that, on the evacuation of the town, M. Chaboulon was forced to conceal himself ‘*pour échapper au supplice qui lui préparait l’ennemi.*’ During the Restoration he made a journey into Italy, from which he returned the very day that Buonaparte landed from Elba—and found himself opportunely at Lyons to present himself to the Emperor, and to be named as one of his secretaries. Such is the account given in an article of the *Biographie des Contemporains*, so absurdly panegyric that we have little doubt that it was furnished by M. Fleury’s own pen; as to the modesty and veracity of which, our readers may be satisfied by one of its assertions—that—‘so early did he take a part in public affairs’—he in his *thirteenth* year actually commanded a battalion (regiment in our phrase) of National Guards in the famous fight of the 13 Vendémiaire! The rest of the *Biographie* is so much in the same strain that the only particulars of its whole story to which we can venture to give any credit—and they are indeed all that concern our present purpose—are that he accompanied Buonaparte from Lyons to Paris, to Waterloo, and back again to Malmaison, but refused to accompany him in his exile, alleging for excuse *his filial piety to an aged mother*. He seems to have remained unmolested in France, where he wrote *Memoirs* of the period from his joining Buonaparte at Lyons

to the second abdication. These he published in London, in two volumes, in 1819; and of them, as of M. Lamartine's own History, the broad facts may be true enough—but the details are so frequently and so grossly incorrect that Buonaparte himself thought it worth while to disclaim his over-zealous apologist—while, on the other hand, M. Lamartine chooses not only to adopt all that M. Fleury has said, but to attribute to him much that he never said, and that happens even to be the very opposite of what he did actually say. This brings us to the astonishing blunder or deception on which the foregoing extract from M. Lamartine's account of M. Fleury's mission to Elba appears to have been founded.

In the first volume of his *Memoirs* Fleury relates that an anonymous friend of his, whom he designates as 'M. Z.,' was the emissary who proceeded to Elba, to decide Buonaparte to the attempt on France. He was, says Fleury, a military officer, who arrived at Elba in a sailor's disguise, and who was afterwards killed at Waterloo—but it is added that, in the interval, he had written and confided to Fleury a *memoir* of his mission, to be published if the *Secrétaire du Cabinet* should happen to survive him. This *memoir* is evidently on the face of it a *conte bleu*. Fleury's anonymous (and, we doubt not, imaginary) missionary of course makes the most of what he says he told the Emperor—but it is all mere bavardage and commonplaces, about how much the Bourbons were detested and Napoleon regretted:—not a syllable of any substantial information or practical directions that could either encourage or guide the grand enterprise; and what M. Lamartine calls the *half-confidence* with which the Emperor dismissed the real hero, Fleury, is evidently a clumsy invention, which, if true, would have been no confidence at all, but, on the contrary, evident proof of his mistrust of the intruder, for it sent him back a roundabout way on a sleeveless errand, which prevented his return to France till the blow was struck. In short, the whole is a mere *fanfaronnade*, which, nevertheless, Fleury thought proper, in honour of his chivalrous friend killed at Waterloo, to insert *bodily* in his own *Memoirs*. But by some neglect or misunderstanding with his English printer, it bore no marks of quotation nor exhibited any typographical distinction from the ordinary current of the main narrative, and M. Lamartine, who probably *reads* history in the same *dégagée* fashion that he *writes* it, appears to have read, as he certainly has quoted, the adventures of the defunct M. Z. as an original and integral portion of Fleury's own narrative—and consequently represents *him*—Fleury—as in his own proper person the missionary to Elba.

Such is the miraculous blunder of which, on the face of the two publications, it would seem that M. Lamartine has been guilty;

guilty; but upon looking a little deeper, we are disposed to give him the benefit of another possible solution of this enigma. He may have thought Fleury de Chaboulon such a liar and *charlatan* as to have endeavoured to conceal a real voyage of his own to Elba under the *pseudonyme* of M. Z. killed at Waterloo; and we ourselves should not be at all surprised if, in spite of the solemn denegation of his book, Fleury's vanity might have induced him to countenance such a version—which, indeed, seems to be obscurely hinted at in the *Biographie* before mentioned; but if he ever did so, the knowledge of it has not reached us, nor can we see what motive of either policy or personal prudence could have prevented his originally attributing that mission to himself, as he did somewhat vain-gloriously all his other devotions to the cause of Buonaparte. If M. Lamartine meant to accept this new mystification as true history, he ought at least to have apprised us of the variance, and to have assigned some motive for adopting a version of the story directly contrary to the printed narrative of his authority.

But—even if Fleury himself had given this new colour to the affair, and claimed for himself the dignity of this mysterious mission—this would not justify M. Lamartine's adoption of it;—for it turns out curiously enough that amongst the books which reached Buonaparte at St. Helena were those same 'Memoirs,' upon which Buonaparte thought it worth while to make—in no hostile spirit—a few notes—correcting some, and denying others, of Fleury's statements about himself, and especially this whole story of M. Z.—whose visit to Elba, his *memoir*, his death at Waterloo, and all Fleury's assertions and commentaries about it, he pronounced to be, from beginning to end, an *absolute romance*! To this assertion, notwithstanding our general suspicion of Buonaparte's dictations at St. Helena, we give entire credit—because, in the first place, we do not see what possible motive he could have had in denying the fact of *that* visit (as he states that he received hundreds of similar ones), even if he had seen occasion to correct the details; but secondly, because, long before we ever read those dictations, we had arrived, as we think every reader of Fleury, except M. Lamartine, must have done, at the same conclusion.

M. Lamartine's studied caution not to give us any reference to his authorities induced us to follow the clue which the name of Fleury de Chaboulon afforded, and our readers will judge with what effect on his credit as an historian.

The next step of his narrative brings us to what was going on in the army quartered at Lille and the other northern fortresses, while another army was, as it seems, selected and distributed in
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the south so as to favour the invasion. The chiefs of this northern army, Lamartine says, had *some weeks* before the landing entered into a plot for the release and restoration of Buonaparte—but, finding this thwarted by a considerable division of opinion amongst their own body, the conspirators, they suddenly turned it into a project for throwing Buonaparte quite overboard, and for marching with their army direct upon Paris—there to expel Louis XVIII. and to place the Duke of Orleans upon the throne.

‘The principal leaders of this *Orleanist* conspiracy were Drouet d’Erlon, commander of the garrison of Lille and of that important military division; General Lefebvre-Desnouettes, colonel of the mounted chasseurs of the imperial guard; the two Generals Lallemands—all commanding corps disseminated from Paris to Lille. Fouché—not only informed, but a silent accomplice of this conspiracy—could not but see that a military insurrection to which the popular and *soldatesque* name of *Napoleon* should be wanting, and the object of which was only to substitute one Bourbon for another, would be a mere juggle, which—whatever politicians might think—the common sense of the people and the army would never understand. It was therefore agreed, that the Guard, the Line, and the population of the north and centre of France should be called into revolt *in the name of the Emperor*, and should march under that *nominal* banner to Paris, but that in the meanwhile the captive of Elba should be more closely guarded and watched than ever, and that, when the insurrection had dethroned and expelled the elder Bourbons, a revolutionary crown, *liberal and military*, should be placed on the head of the Duke of Orleans. This was the state of things, and the generals awaited but the signal from Paris to take the field, when the Emperor, who had discovered their intentions, and who feared that he might be cheated of the imperial throne—which he never for a moment lost sight of—resolved to anticipate this new rival, and accordingly *accelerated* his departure from the island of Elba.’—iii. 69.

This strange story is not all of M. Lamartine’s invention, but he has rendered it still more enigmatical by the addition of circumstances new to us. He found no doubt in the *Histoire de la Restauration par un Homme d’Etat* (Capefigue) that—

‘In the month of February, while the Government were grouping an army about Lyons and Grenoble, the two Lallemands, Drouet d’Erlon, and Lefebvre-Desnouettes were preparing a military movement in the North, of which the projected result was to get hold of the royal family, reserving for further consideration what ultimate arrangement of the Government should be then adopted.’—ii. 202.

He would also read in Lacratelle’s *History of the Restoration* a slight allusion to the same story—with the addition that *another name*—(other than Buonaparte’s)—was to be brought forward; which M. Lamartine, on the authority, it seems, of
some

some phrase in the dictations of St. Helena, has interpreted as meaning the Duke of Orleans. We know not, however, where either Capefigue or Lacratelle could have found any authority for this story, unless in some vague passages of that notorious imposition called the '*Mémoires de Fouché*,' or some similar fabrication. We ourselves can discover no authentic trace of it—and believe that it is a fable got up to negative the idea of any conspiracy or even disposition in the army for Napoleon's return, and especially to persuade us that the insurrection in the North was not only not connected with that event, but absolutely hostile to him and his imperial pretensions.

Such a coincidence of movements with such a contrariety of purposes seems already sufficiently improbable; but M. Lamartine makes it still more so, for he states that Fouché, the head of this plot, hearing in Paris on the evening of the 5th of March of the landing of Buonaparte, dispatched instantly one of the Lallemands, who happened to be in Paris, to D'Erlon and the other Generals to urge them to take the field immediately and march upon Paris with all expedition—Fouché, however, concealing from his emissary and all the rest the actual landing at Cannes, and intending to obtain by this sudden movement military possession of the capital *before and against* Buonaparte. Lallemand arrived, says Lamartine, at Lille *that same night*, and Drouet immediately put his troops in motion, on a pretence that an insurrection had broken out in Paris and that the Minister of War had ordered up this army. Lallemand, pursuing his mission, set the corps of Lefebvre, of his brother and himself also, in motion. These advanced rapidly to Cambray, and thence pushed their light troops so near to Paris as Compiègne, but, being resisted by General Aboville and the garrison of *La Fère* in an attempt to seize that strong and important arsenal, the three Generals endeavoured to make their escape out of France—Lefebvre only succeeding. On the other wing of the movement, Marshal Mortier, who was proceeding from Paris to take the command of the northern departments for the King, happened to fall in with Drouet's army, and, seeing at once that there was some mischief intended, caused Drouet to be arrested by his own officers, and conducted a prisoner to the citadel of Lille; and the whole of the troops, who, it is said, had to that hour had no idea of the treasonable object of the movement, were marched back to their original quarters. Of these latter facts there can be no doubt; but that Fouché, with a knowledge of Buonaparte's debarkation, could have for a moment entertained so wild an idea as occupying Paris against both the King and the Usurper seems to us incredible—

credible—and not less so the other statement that the Northern Generals and the messenger, himself a General, should have been kept in ignorance of the landing at Cannes so long as to have time to commit themselves and their armies so deeply. We ourselves have little doubt that the whole movement was in concert with Buonaparte, and was interrupted by the unexpected resistance of La Fère, and the accidental interposition of Marshal Mortier.

But there is a circumstance which none of these historians allude to, and which throws something of additional mystery over the affair. There was a certain General Quesnel, known to be a strong republican, and who, it seems, was supposed to be intimately connected with Drouet, Lefebvre, the Lallemands, and whatever they had of accomplices in Paris—to be, in short, the central agent and, according to the French phrase, to hold in his hand all the threads of the great plot. Buonaparte arrived at the Tuileries on the 20th of March—and in the night between the 22nd and 23rd General Quesnel disappeared. He was soon after found drowned in the Seine in his usual dress, with his money, watch, rings, and shirt-pins still about him. His acquaintances asserted that there was no reason whatever for imputing to him an act of suicide—and the opinion which they seemed inclined to spread was that there really had been an *anti-Buonapartist* conspiracy, and that the parties who now found it expedient to affect devotion to the Emperor consulted their own safety by waylaying their fellow-conspirator as he was crossing the Pont des Arts late at night, and burying him and their secret at the bottom of the Seine; and this suspicion, it was added, was much confirmed by the utter indifference, or at least silence, with which the whole affair was treated both by the Government and the most confidential friends of Quesnel. For our own part, recollecting that this same Quesnel had been, when governor of Oporto in 1809, one of the officers most implicated in the conspiracy in the French army against Marshal Soult—(see *Wellington Despatches*, vol. iv. pp. 252, 288), we think it more probable that he might have some *personal* reasons for suicide than that his associates could imagine that the murder of a single man could erase all traces of so extensive a plot. But however that may be, we still find no justification for M. Lamartine's calling this an *Orleanist* plot. He dilutes a little indeed the odium of such an imputation by adding that it was '*à l'insu de ce Prince*:'—but presently he goes so far as to say that—

'The Duke of Orleans, in his last interview with the King, had, it is said, revealed to his Majesty the culpable project which the military conspirators

conspirators of the North had entertained in his favour, and the propositions which had been made to him to induce him to countenance these intrigues at least by his silence.'—iii. 72.

And on the next page, after relating the failure of Drouet's attempt, he adds—

'This conspiracy, thus arrested half way to Paris, made a great impression throughout France. It at first alarmed, and afterwards reassured the capital, but it remained an enigma for everybody. The King, *who knew from the Duke of Orleans the real object*, affected to be deceived, and to think it only a Buonapartist audacity.' &c. &c.—iii. 73.

This statement of the Duke of Orleans' perfect knowledge, and frank confession of the ultimate object of the conspiracy, would not be altogether consistent with the previous assertion that all this was *à l'insu de ce Prince*—but we have the best reasons for believing that there is no truth whatsoever in the story. It is well known that Louis Philippe kept an accurate journal of many, if not all, the principal epochs of his life, and we know that he did of this period, when he was particularly anxious to put all his communications with the King on record, and took extraordinary trouble to communicate the circumstances of their conversation and correspondence to all their common friends. He went so far as to print by a private press, in his villa at Twickenham,* the portion of his journal that relates to this period, where he minutely details all his conversations with the King. This little work, though not published, was freely given by Louis Philippe to his private friends, and it has since the February Revolution been published in Paris. Now in all the correspondence and conversations with the King thus recorded by the Duke of Orleans, there is not only no trace whatsoever of any such confession as M. Lamartine attributes to him, but every word and line that he speaks and writes is positively irreconcilable with any such idea. And we may be quite sure that, as the communications were of an *aigre-doux*, and indeed rather polemic character, Louis Philippe would have taken care not to have given the King the advantage of complaining that there had been any misrepresentations or concealments on so very essential a point. We, therefore, can have no hesitation in totally discrediting this, the most important part of M. Lamartine's statement—and with that additional reason, we are confirmed in the disbelief of the whole story from beginning to end.

We can well understand that there should exist a natural and national repugnance in Frenchmen to acknowledge so infamous a

* See Quarterly Review, vol. lxxxvii., p. 568.

system of treachery as, we believe, pervaded every movement, from first to last, of Buonaparte's invasion; and, we must admit, after what we have since seen of the weathercock and disgraceful subserviency of the whole country to the audacity of any handful of knaves who choose to make a revolution, that there seems no great necessity for a long and complicated conspiracy to bring about such an event: but the matter was not quite so easy before the Hundred Days, which constituted in truth the unhappy precedent and cause of all the extemporized revolutions that have followed—of Monsieur Lafitte's Revolution in 1830; of M. Lamartine's in 1848; of M. Louis Buonaparte's in 1851. These have been all generated by the corruption, the prostration, the prostitution of the public mind consequent on the experiment of 1815. It is with nations as with individuals—faith once broken, honour once sullied, and shame once braved, never can be retrieved—and the precedent of the 20th March, 1815, has been, as the present Buonaparte candidly confesses, the natural prologue and incentive of the 2nd December, 1851—with this difference, natural and inevitable, but still remarkable, that a breach once made in order and legality is widened by every new revolution that passes through it, and that, as we believe, if Napoleon had ventured to treat Paris in 1815 as Louis Buonaparte has treated it in 1851, the re-installed Emperor would have been exterminated in as many days as it may take months to get rid of his would-be successor. With these opinions, we arrive at the conclusion that the Hundred Days were the result of an extensive conspiracy; the July Revolution the work of a deliberate but narrow faction; that in 1848 of a mere mob, excited the day before by a dozen short-sighted place-hunters, who became its victims next morning; and that in 1851 of a single madman, of whose probable fate we have already sufficiently expressed our anticipation.

M. Lamartine—whose impartiality is of this convenient character that he admits whatever cannot be decently denied, but who endeavours to slip into all the interstices of admitted fact such a slice of deception as alters very essentially the truth of his narrative—M. Lamartine, as we have seen, allows that there was a conspiracy for the re-establishment of Napoleon; but he designates as the most important conspirators Queen Hortense, and half a dozen other ladies, and—dubiously withal—MM. Lavallette, Savary, and Mallet. Now, nobody doubts that all these persons were zealous partisans of Buonaparte, probably in the secret of his designs, and working by the various influences of their *salons* and circles for the subversion of the Bourbons. But if ever the whole truth shall be told, it will, we are satisfied, appear that it was neither men nor women of this class, and still less

less such creatures as Fleury, who had the higher and more effectual direction of the master-strokes in treason and treachery which prompted the return of Buonaparte and ensured his success. These people were in no confidence, and could therefore betray no trust: they were suspected by the Government and watched by the police, and had therefore no power of active mischief. It was not *they* who could have managed that Elba should be left unwatched by the French marine; it was not *they* who gave the command of the large body of troops sagaciously *disseminated*, as M. Lamartine phrases it, from Paris to Lille, and along the northern frontier, to Drouet, Lefebvre, and the Lallemands; it was not *they* who had the power of assembling at Chambéry another army of 30,000 men, with an advanced guard thrown out, as if to wait on Buonaparte, at Grenoble, in which Labedoyère's regiment, and others notoriously infected with the same spirit, *happened* to be included. On this last point Lamartine admits that appearances were so strong as to create a general impression that the King's own Minister of War had made those arrangements in preparatory aid of the invader; but he adds, that

'the fidelity of the garrison of Antibes, the loyalty of Masséna, the *unforeseen* resistance to Buonaparte of General Marchand, and, finally, the fact that this army was assembled in consequence of a secret treaty at Vienna for the ultimate object of dethroning Murat, sufficiently cleared (*l'avaient assez*) Marshal Soult of all culpability in this matter.'—iii. 66.

This is but a poor defence—M. Lamartine produces it evidently in the tone of one who does not himself give it much weight; and assuredly the fidelity of the little stationary garrison of Antibes, which formed no part of the army at Chambéry—the individual fidelity of Masséna, who had no connexion with that army—and the personal resistance of General Marchand—which M. Lamartine, strangely enough, confesses to have been *imprévue*—would go but a little in whitewashing King Louis's Minister-at-War. It is not for us strangers, and of course imperfectly acquainted with all the various details that may be produced on both sides of the question, to pronounce any decisive judgment on the possible share of Marshal Soult in the return of Buonaparte—though we are entitled to observe that the exculpatory statement of M. Lamartine seems not very conclusive. As to the assertion that the army of 30,000 men assembled in the South was intended to dethrone Murat, it is obvious that no minister could have ventured on such a concentration of troops without *some* pretext; and it seems possible that it may have been represented to Louis XVIII. as a measure of precaution against the turbulence and treachery of Murat, while, in truth, the

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arrière pensée of the Minister-at-War might be co-operation with Buonaparte—for which latter purpose nothing could be better calculated than the location and composition of that force. But even this meagre defence M. Lamartine does not extend to the other circumstances of suspicion, and especially to the appointment of notoriously disaffected generals to the army of the North, which, even if Buonaparte had been checked in the South, was ready to make—and, as we believe, actually did make—an insurrectionary diversion in his favour.

As we are on this subject, we think it worth while to place on record some extracts from the order-book of the 28th regiment of Infantry, quartered at Lille and St. Omer's, picked up on the field of Waterloo, and now under our eyes, which seem to us to afford reason to suspect that the Minister of War contemplated some *unusual* military movements about the time when Napoleon's invasion did actually take place. We read in the work of Lacratelle already mentioned, and from which M. Lamartine has largely and silently borrowed, that the army was particularly offended at the discharge of the old soldiers, and that—

‘this disaffection was so strong as to become ingratitude; for even the prisoners who arrived from Russia—*those veterans who owed their deliverance from that cruel exile to the Bourbons*—still regretted their eagles and their Emperor.’—*Lacr.* ii. 202.

We need hardly stop to observe the absurdity of reproaching the Government with selecting the oldest soldiers for retirement; if France was obliged to reduce her armies from the enormous scale at which, after all his disasters, Napoleon left them, how could it be more fairly and usefully accomplished than by releasing the seniors, and afterwards, when the regiments were complete, by not receiving as supernumeraries the veterans returned from captivity? In short, was it not clear that policy, economy, and the efficiency of the army required that it should be as much as possible *rajeunie*? This principle, so unreasonably complained of, seems to have been acted upon during the whole of the year 1814; but—about a month before the invasion of Buonaparte we find, in our Waterloo Order-book, the Minister of War taking a directly opposite course. The following *ordre du jour*, addressed to the General Commanding the 16th Division, is dated Paris, 31st Jan., 1815, and signed by Marshal Soult:—

‘Général,—Vous m’avez demandé si, dans les régimens qui se trouvent portés *par suite de la rentrée des prisonniers de guerre* au delà du complet déterminé par les ordonnances du 12 Mai 1814, on pouvait continuer à envoyer en congé illimité les sous-officiers. Mes ordres précédents, qui suspendent la délivrance de *tout congé*, s’étendent à *toutes les hypothèses*; et dans aucune les militaires, *quelques soient leurs*

leurs grades, ne peuvent quitter le corps où ils se trouvent pour rentrer dans leurs foyers, tant que je n'aurai pas autorisé la délivrance des nouveaux congés de semestre.'

A second missive of the same date carries these precautions a step further, by directing that even men regularly surveyed and found *unfit for service* shall not be discharged till further orders:—

‘Général,—J’ai reçu la lettre que vous m’avez fait l’honneur de m’envoyer le 12 de ce mois, et qui contient des observations sur les militaires *reconnus hors d’état de service*. Messieurs les Inspecteurs généraux désignés pour l’année 1815 sont autorisés à statuer à leur égard et à régulariser ce qui a été fait d’après les premiers ordres. Il convient de *suspendre, jusqu’à leur arrivée, toutes les mesures ayant pour base de débarrasser les corps des hommes inutiles.*’

For what loyal purpose—at that moment of recent but apparently permanent peace—could such severe and exceptional orders for suspending the regular furloughs and burdening the regiments with invalids and supernumeraries have been given—with what design at all, except to keep at hand, and ready for some projected scheme, *toutes les vieilles moustaches de l’Empire?*

Again, under date of the 21st of February, we find:—

‘D’après des nouveaux ordres, Messieurs les officiers qui devaient partir *demain* pour se rendre au semestre sont prévenus que *toute disposition à cet égard est suspendue indéfiniment.*’

Here we have a *sudden* departure from the routine of service to prevent the absence of a single officer at a moment when there was no apparent reason for any such irregular strictness. About the same time another general order was issued to the garrison of St. Omer’s, which, coupled with the others we have quoted, seems to indicate the expectation of an early, sudden, and unusual call for the services of the troops. The alleged object of this order is the disposal of the garrison in the event of an accidental fire. It is singular that it should be so close upon the enterprise of Buonaparte that the chance of an accidental fire in the town of St. Omer came to be so very alarming—but still more so that the portion of the order which relates to a *fire* is very short, and that much the greater part of it seems to be rather directed to the assemblage and disposition of the troops in some other and more serious emergency. It is of too great length to be given *in extenso*, but we shall select a few passages:—

‘St. Omer.

ORDRE DE LA PLACE.

13 Fév. 1815.

En cas d’incendie.

‘Lorsqu’on entendra les cloches d’alarme annonçant un incendie, les troupes prendront les armes et se tiendront dans leurs quartiers respectifs prêts à exécuter les ordres qu’elles recevront. Messieurs les officiers auront soin de se rendre à leurs quartiers, *sans se permettre,* ainsi

ainsi que les sous-officiers et soldats, de se porter de leur personne sur le point de l'incendie?—

A wise precaution; because in the case really (as we suspect) contemplated there would be no *fire* to be seen;—but the Order then proceeds:—

'*En cas de Générale* [when the 'general' is beaten], les troupes du grand quartier d'infanterie se porteront promptement sur la Grande Place, se placeront vers les maisons au nord, et, s'il n'était pas possible qu'elles puissent toutes s'y développer, elles placeraient le surplus devant celles de l'orient. Messieurs les chefs feront faire l'appel, et enverront chercher les officiers qui ne se seraient pas encore rendus à leurs compagnies.'

The Order directs detachments of infantry to be sent to each of the four gates, and provides special instructions how the rest of the garrison shall be placed in different quarters of the town. It goes on:—

'Messieurs les commandants de la cavalerie enverront de suite un brigadier et trois cavaliers à chacune des quatre portes de la ville, pour entretenir la correspondance avec l'Etat Major de la Place, et donner avis de ce qui pourrait survenir.'

All this may have been usual and proper; and of course every garrison town must have standing-orders to meet certain or possible cases; but *here* our suspicions are excited by the critical date of the document—by the special position assigned to the various corps in particular streets and squares—which could only apply to the amount and disposition of the garrison *at that moment*; and, finally, by the somewhat lame conclusion, that this elaborate arrangement and display of troops should seem to have no more distinct purpose than to watch *ce qui pourrait survenir*. We have little doubt that the fire-bell was rung, and the *Générale* beat, on the arrival of General Lallemand with Fouché's message; and indeed these preparations seem to account for the incredibly short space of time within which the garrisons of the North were in full march on Paris.

We do not pretend to say that these entries in the regimental-order book may not be capable of an innocent interpretation; but they seem to us worth recording, as circumstances—*valeant quantum*—in a case which is in itself already so doubtful, that, when Buonaparte heard at St. Helena that Soult was about to be tried for his supposed co-operation in the invasion of 1815, he said

'that he, Napoleon, knew individually *how far* (*jusqu'à quel point*) Soult was innocent; and yet, if he, Napoleon, were a private man, and on his jury, there was no doubt whatsoever that he must pronounce him guilty—*so strong was the concurrence of appearances against him*.

Ney, in his defence, from some motive which it is hard to understand, had falsely attributed to the Emperor a declaration that Soult had been in concert (*d'accord*) with him. All the circumstances, indeed, of the conduct of Soult, and the confidence which the Emperor reposed in him on his return, *et cetera*, confirm that supposition. Who, then, would have hesitated to find him guilty?—And yet,' added the Emperor, '*Soult is innocent.*'—*Journal de Las Cases*, tom. i. p. 364.

Whether this acquittal on the part of Buonaparte—*motivé* on a phrase that seems to us either very awkward or very ambiguous—*qu'il savait jusqu'à quel point Soult était innocent*—how far Soult was innocent—whether this should satisfy public opinion, we shall not decide; but we may observe that if the statement of the three historians we have quoted be true, that the conspiracy in the North was entirely independent of Buonaparte, we might account for the St. Helena verdict of acquittal, *as far as he was concerned*. The evidence of our order-book, at least, applies only to the forces of Drouet d'Erlon and Lefebvre-Desnouettes. We wish we happened to possess the order-book of some regiment of the army of Grenoble.

The other events of the Hundred Days, which occupy the entire of these two volumes, are told in a style so confused and puzzling—with such unauthorised variations, such gross inconsistencies, such frequent self-contradictions—that the historian, it seems to us, can hardly have revised his own pages.

We have said that we will not waste time or space on the details of a work which we now consider as a mere specimen of bookmaking for hire. There are, however, one or two passages which tempt us to reproduce them. Our readers know that M. Lamartine is a native of Macon, and has been two or three times its representative. He seizes, therefore, the occasion of Buonaparte's having passed through that town, on his way to Paris in 1815, to give to its inhabitants a character of republican independence and dignity, in unison with M. Lamartine's own lately assumed republican character. Buonaparte, he says, arrived

'on the evening of March 14th at Macon, a town where he *hoped for an enthusiastical reception*—he was deceived. The spirit of republicanism, betrayed and persecuted by Napoleon, pervaded all classes who were not either nobles or emigrants. Between those royalists and those republicans there was no room for imperial enthusiasm. Plebeian, but not servile, Macon and its neighbourhood had openly rejoiced at the fall of the despot. Napoleon remembered it, and was *afraid of this proud and jealous people*. [He had told us just before that Napoleon had reckoned on an *enthusiastic reception*.] He was struck with the solitude and silence in which he was left by the population. A few groups of children brought together by a distribution of halfpence, men in rags, and infamous women, were hired to raise under

under his balcony the usual flattering cries, which found no echo in the town. He opened his windows, looked at the wretched assemblage below with disdain, sent for the mayor, and said, "Have you nothing to show me but that populace?" then passing from disdain to rage, he violently reproached the magistrate.' &c. &c.—iii. 100.

All this—at least all of it that is not self-contradiction—is, no doubt, very honourable to the high spirit of Macon and its inhabitants, and of course of M. Lamartine as their *representative*; but let us see how M. Lamartine's favourite authority, M. Fleury de Chaboulon, who was an eye-witness of the scene, represents it in his Memoirs:—

'We slept at Macon. The Emperor would not alight at the Préfecture (for the prefect had retired), but alighted at the inn. There was no longer, as there had been at Grenoble and Lyons, any impediment or delay at the gates of the town. *The people and the magistrates ran forth to meet him, and disputed amongst themselves the honour of being the first to offer him their homage and devotion.* The next morning he received the *congratulations* of the National Guard, the municipal body,' &c. &c. &c.—*Fleury*, tom. i. p. 288.

Which of these stories is the true one we cannot venture to decide, and can only say that, notwithstanding his fable about M. Z., we incline rather to give credit to Fleury who witnessed the scene, than to the *representative* of Macon, who is too apt to give even to indifferent things the colour of his fancy.

About sixty chapters—making the greater part of the fourth volume—are taken up with the three days' campaign that ended in Waterloo. Nothing can be at once more trite and more stilted. He affects to follow every detail, as if in a *procès verbal*, and he endeavours by a profusion of apocryphal incidents, exaggerated epithets, empty excuses, laboured apologies, and pompous declamations, to prove that the French ought to have won the battle—and, but for a few circumstances not possible to be foreseen, must have done so. *If* Grouchy had done one thing, *if* Girard had done another, *if* Drouet had done anything, *if* Ney had not alternately done and undone the very contrary of what Napoleon expected, and *if* Napoleon had not blundered all the morning and hesitated all the evening, it would have been the most glorious of victories. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*—though we feel some little difficulty in guessing how or why all these great officers should have shown less of either skill or courage on that critical day than they had in all the foregoing part of their lives. We cannot, however, but smile at the confidence with which M. Lamartine decides these strategic questions between Buonaparte and his unlucky generals, and supports his theories on the most minute circumstances of the inequalities and accidents of the

field, when it must be evident to any one who has studied a good map, and still more so to any who ever saw the ground, that he knows nothing whatever of the localities—that he happens to be under the most extraordinary mistake as to the site of Waterloo itself.

He opens the ball with an event with which Buonaparte would have been too happy to conclude it; he represents that on the evening of the 17th General Subervie was closely following, and sometimes charging the rear-guard of the English as they were retreating to their position—but where that position was M. Lamartine has not the slightest idea.

‘The Emperor overtaking Subervie arrived with him up to the edges of the immense forest of Soignies, *in which were disappearing the last columns* of the retreating army. There he halted—it was WATERLOO!’—iv. 136.

It was no more Waterloo than it was Wagram! No portion of the retreating army either reached Waterloo or entered the forest of Soignies. The last collision of that day was the brilliant affair of cavalry in front of Genappe, about nine miles from Waterloo—brilliant on both sides—but which ended in Lord Anglesey, by a gallant and decisive charge of heavy cavalry, driving the French back over the bridge and through the town; after which our cavalry retired, *at a walk*, to the position which the main body of the army already occupied—the identical ground the Duke of Wellington had selected for it some days before, and in which it remained till the conclusion of the fight next day. This position was on an open plateau totally clear of wood, nearly three miles south of Waterloo,* having in front, about a furlong nearer the French, a farmhouse called La Haye Sainte, close to the roadside, which we had garrisoned and in a hasty way fortified, and which assuredly Subervie never could have approached, much less passed. We guess that M. Lamartine’s blunder may have arisen thus:—This Subervie was, after the February revolution, appointed Minister at War in the Government of which Lamartine was the real head. He was soon dismissed for utter incapacity; but Lamartine may have talked to him of the transactions of that day, and Subervie, who probably never heard the name of *Waterloo* till he read it in the Duke of Wellington’s Despatches, gave in a loose way that name to the spot where his skirmish of the 17th took place, which no doubt was at Genappe,

* The appearance of the whole field has been changed, and especially all the distinctive features of the English position have been obliterated, by the removal of the surface-earth for the purpose of erecting the gigantic mound on which has been modestly placed the *Belgic Lion*—a monument which stands to remind us that, in the battle it commemorates, nothing *Belgian* could be induced, either by persuasion or even force, to stand its ground.

and certainly very short of the English position. This is a charitable construction in favour of poor old Subervie—but it is no justification of M. Lamartine's repeated blunders on this point. For instance, proceeding in the next page to give us a general view of the field of battle from the French side, he says:—

'The undulating plain rose gradually, and at first imperceptibly, *from [à partir de]* the little village of Waterloo, shaded by the great trees much injured in the battle, and since cut down. It *then* rose by a pretty sharp acclivity, over which the Nivelles road passed, until it reached at last the long edges of the forest of Soignies.'—iv. 137.

From this and several other passages it is clear that M. Lamartine imagined that the village of Waterloo was in the valley, 'whence the ground began gradually to rise,' but where there neither is nor ever was either village or grove. So that a profusion of strategical commentaries with which M. Lamartine treats us, as to the dispositions made by the Emperor that evening, are mere ignorant nonsense; and, if we gave them any credit, would make one believe that Buonaparte knew as little about the matter as M. Lamartine. Buonaparte, he says, halted his army on the French slope *opposite to Waterloo*—and having but two hours of daylight left, and not being able to pierce

'all the mysteries of the forest of Soignies, and not knowing whether that screen of wood [*rideau d'arbres*] sheltered a mere rear-guard or the whole of the English army, the Emperor was forced to restrain his impatience and to employ the rest of the day and night in preparations for the great trial of the morrow.'

All this, and a dozen similar passages, belong to the same mistake: the Emperor could see nothing of Waterloo—no part of the English army was hidden in the forest of Soignies. But, in any case, M. Lamartine would have to explain why, if the Emperor had any doubts of the position of the English army, he did not push out a reconnaissance, by which he would have easily ascertained that, instead of being two or three miles off in the forest, they were actually on the open plateau, within half a mile of him. We have heretofore (Q. R., vol. lxxvi. p. 212) made some remarks on Buonaparte's habitual negligence to *reconnoître* his antagonists, but it seems never to have been pushed so far as in this case.

It seemed to us as well, once for all, to extinguish, as we think our extracts will have done, the historical and strategic authority of which our *docent* (to use old Müffling's favourite term) seems to be so ambitious. But before we part with him, we are glad to say, as we did of the two former volumes, that, inaccurate, vainglorious, and

and partial as he is, he shows on many occasions the influence of a certain gentlemanlike spirit; he is at once more candid and more wise than to refuse to the victorious army the merit of endurance, discipline, and courage; he does not pretend, as so many other French writers have done, that the General and the troops that beat them were totally unworthy of that 'accidental' honour; and M. Lamartine censures, with the regret which a French *Gentleman* must feel, the absurd, unfounded, and to himself only disgraceful calumnies in which Buonaparte's blind rage used to vent itself at St. Helena on him whom he could not deny to have been his conqueror.

As this subject is thus presented to us, we think it not out of season to remind our readers that before the Duke of Wellington had had an opportunity of measuring himself with Buonaparte in person he had beaten in succession *all* his most eminent Marshals and Lieutenants;—JUNOT at *Roliça* and *Vimiera*—VICTOR at *Talavera*—MASSÉNA at *Busaco* and *Fuentes d'Onor*—NEY during the whole pursuit after *Torres Vedras* and at *Quatre Bras*—MARMONT at *Salamanca*—JOURDAIN at *Vittoria*—SOULT everywhere—through *Portugal, Spain, France, Flanders*—from *Oporto* to *Waterloo*. If we had the slightest respect for any part of Buonaparte's character, we should regret for his sake the poor crazy spite that can attribute to nothing but the mistakes of adversaries and the blind caprice of accident, the uninterrupted triumphs of one who alone, we believe, of all Generals, ancient or modern, had won so many great battles without ever having lost one! Marlborough indeed, like him, won all his fights, but they were not quite so many.

We shall conclude by extracting M. Lamartine's sketches of the attitude and feelings of the two Commanders towards the close of the day. That of the Duke of Wellington is sufficiently known to all the world, and upon better authority. M. Lamartine's account is, as usual, full of inaccuracies, and of what he means for embellishment; but it is worth quoting, not only to pick off some misplaced and absurd *embroidery*, but, still more, because it affords, in its broader and more authentic features, a remarkable contrast with the accompanying picture of Buonaparte, of whose bearing towards the close of the day M. Lamartine speaks more freely than we are accustomed to hear—although it was very well known that, audacious as he was in prosperity, he had always shown a want of presence of mind and of personal resolution in difficult circumstances.

Of the Duke of Wellington M. Lamartine tells us that—
'About six o'clock in the evening he had been almost forced in the
last

last line of his position, stormed by Ney and the terrible Imperial Guard—his troops already decimated—thousands of dead left behind on the forward slopes of his position, *twelve generals dead* at his feet—and amongst them his friend and right arm, General Picton—eight of his aides-de-camp killed or wounded round him—Blücher beaten and lost in the plains of Namur—and Bulow, whose appearance he had watched for in vain the whole livelong day, still out of sight. But the fortune of Wellington, vanished and irretrievably lost to all appearance, was still alive in himself, and in the immutable resolution to die or to conquer which he had communicated to his army. Having had *seven horses killed or tired out* under him, he mounted an *eighth*, and galloped from brigade to brigade to inspire them with the spirit of discipline, of energy, of confidence, of intrepidity, of contempt of death, in short, of *DUTY*—the cold and calm, but invincible heroism of a free people; and he returned immediately to resume his station under the lofty *oak* of Waterloo, that his officers might have no difficulty in finding him if any new turn of the battle should seem to require a reinforcement here or an order there. It was there that he stood exposed to the bullets and balls that showered down on the tree, as immovable as he, expecting no longer victory, but night—for in the night alone did he expect that the Prussians could make their way through the darkness and defiles of St. Lambert.—iv. 168.

We here beg leave to correct some matters of fact; there were but two generals and eleven aides-de-camp and staff officers of all ranks killed in the whole battle; and the Duke rode through the whole day no other horse but his celebrated favourite *Copenhagen*, who for many years after might be seen recognizing his master in the park of Strathfieldsaye. The tree, if it be worth while to note such a trifle, was an *elm*. A little later the prospects of the English, M. Lamartine tells us, grew still more desperate:—

‘Death showered down around Wellington: his last companions of the day, Vincent, Alava, Hill, gave up all as lost. He alone still hoped. “What orders do you give us?”—inquired his chief of the staff, with a hesitating voice, which seemed to intimate the necessity of a retreat. “None,” replied the General. “But you might be killed, and you should communicate your designs to him who will have to take your place.” “I have no other design,” replied the General, but to stand on this ground till the last man.”—iv. 168.

Here, as usual, M. Lamartine embroiders what was much finer without his tinsel additions. It is but half the merit of a great soul to *feel* confidence; the other, and the higher, is to *inspire* it. Neither Baron Vincent nor General Alava nor Lord Hill despaired of the day any more than the Duke himself, as we ourselves have heard from the mouths of two of them. Nor is it true that any chief of the staff was so silly as to ask him for a *legacy* of his opinions: it is only true that, in a conversation,

sation, he expressed, in simple and energetic terms, his resolution to stand to the last extremity on the ground he occupied.

There is a small, but not trivial, anecdote, which shows how the Duke's *sang froid* and resolution were communicated to all around him. His cook, an *Englishman* we are glad to say, and by name Thornton, who we believe is still alive, was employed all day in the little inn at Waterloo in preparing the Duke's dinner, and was frequently advised, and even importuned, by the wounded and the runaways to make his escape with the plate and *batterie de cuisine*, but, worthy in his way of such a master, he answered quietly, 'I have had the honour of serving his Grace these six years, and I never yet knew him to miss a dinner he had ordered, and I don't think he will to-day.' And this leads us to complain a little of M. Lamartine, who, though he has the moral courage to repudiate and disprove the bombastic phrase attributed to General Cambronne of '*La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*,' leaves us in his narrative under the impression that the gallant Cambronne was killed in the last moment of the action—whereas the truth is, that when the Duke of Wellington returned to eat the dinner which his confiding cook had prepared for him, the first person he saw in the room was the illustrious Cambronne, who had very quietly surrendered himself to a *drummer*, and had the modesty to think that he might *invite himself* to the conqueror's table, who, however, declined that honour (with others not less courteously suggested) on the plea of not knowing how far it might be agreeable to his Sovereign's ally, the King of France.*

Let us now see how M. Lamartine describes the conduct of Napoleon, even before his circumstances appeared so desperate as the Duke's have just been described to be. At the repulse of 6000 of the grenadiers of the Old Guard—

'Napoleon *turns pale*, and begins to doubt of the victory. He collects all that he has of cavalry, infantry, guards, line, and artillery, and puts himself at the head of this new army for a fresh assault. When it was formed, *he drew his sword, placed himself at the head of the column* of the Guard, waved with his hand that the staff which surrounded him should fall back right and left, crying out—"Everybody to the rear;" and he marched the first, and alone, as if to climb the sharpest and most murderous acclivities'—[*pentes les plus escarpées et foudroyantes*. There happened to be no acclivity, in the chaussée at least, steeper than we have trotted up in a limonière with three post-horses.]—'A melan-

* This Paladin lived for many years afterwards. In his native town, Nantes, a fine new Place is called in his honour *Place Cambronne*, and in the centre is a furious bronze statue of him as wrapped round with the Imperial Flag, brandishing his sabre, and uttering the immortal *La Garde Meurt*, &c.

choly silence surrounds him—every one feels that he is about to seek his fate, and that, if it does not give him a victory, it will at least afford him the asylum of death . . . every one is silent behind him—they leave him to his thoughts—they feel that he is measuring himself with fate. He proceeded in this manner for a few moments within reach of two hundred pieces of English cannon, which did not yet open their fire, reserving it for the attack. At this moment, *turning his own movement back* to his army, and *sheltering himself* in a little hollow on the left of the road, which covered him from fire, he addressed each of the battalions as they passed him, with his eye, his hand, and his voice, crying “Forward, Forward!” while the generals, officers, and soldiers, under a tremendous fire, rushed on with cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” They were followed by the battalions of the Old Guard and the artillery, which were to give the finishing stroke to the day. His old soldiers, calm, grave, severe, and silent, passed successively by the hollow where the Emperor stood sheltered (*abrité*) with his brother Jerome, his aide-de-camp Drouot, Bernard, Labedoyère, Bertrand, &c.

‘Napoleon encouraged these old soldiers as they passed with a motion of his hand and a smile: they responded by raising their hairy caps into the air and brandishing their arms, with cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” But they could *not conceal their surprise* that in such an extremity Napoleon should have placed himself *so far* from the field of battle, and in *shelter* from the chance of that death which so many thousand men were braving for his sake. They expected that he would have joined their ranks. Hundreds of wounded, saturating the road with their blood, passed by him in their retreat. The din of the battle was heard all around him. Jerome, his brother, *blushing at such an ignoble safety* whilst so many lives were sacrificed for him, murmured, in a subdued tone, at the Emperor’s inaction—“When,” said he to Labedoyère, “does he mean to show himself?” The Emperor soon sent him away at the head of a column, where he braved fire and death with the intrepidity of a grenadier.’—iv. 187.

A *coup de chapeau* for Jerome, who is now a great man in Paris; and M. Lamartine is, we know, in the habit of preferring a living dog to a dead lion—not that we would call poor Jerome a *dog*, any more than his brother a *lion*, but the homely proverb conveys our feeling of the convenient courtesy which M. Lamartine is so ready to deal about where he either hopes for reciprocations or fears the reverse. He proceeds:—

‘Napoleon, who did not believe that the battle was yet lost, might with justice think that he ought not, at the last moments of a *victory*, to risk the fortunes of France, the empire, and himself against a bullet; but others said that *both his mind and body, worn out with cares and fatigues, were, towards the close of the day, reduced to a state of languor and insensibility* that seemed disposed rather to await his fate passively than to retrieve it by his energy. . . . While Buonaparte remained in this hollow the Old Guard was beaten back in horrible disorder. Cries of despair and treason were heard. At this sight

sight Buonaparte could not subdue his impatience; three times he attempted to join the Old Guard in person; three times Bertrand and Drouot seized the bridle of the horse and backed him into the place of shelter. "What are you about to do, Sire?" said these brave officers; "remember that the safety of the army is in you alone; if you were lost, all is lost." The Emperor yielded, and reassumed his position, where he *neither saw anything nor could himself be seen till the end of the struggle.*

We consider these remarks on Napoleon's over-care of his person as on the whole hypercritical, and agree with those who then and since have thought that he ought not to have rashly risked his life, and—what depended upon it—the safety of his army. The blame and the ridicule that justly attach to his behaviour were for the bravado of affecting to lead his columns *sword in hand*, and then slinking aside when he came to the point of danger.

'In the mean while, Wellington, now mounted on his eighth horse, sword in hand, charged the repulsed Guard at the head of his invincible cavalry like a common trooper.'

Very coarse embroidery. We need hardly say that the Duke was not a man, and that this was not a moment, to forget that a Commander-in-Chief is not a trooper. Lord Anglesey indeed was conspicuous, *sword in hand*, in every cavalry movement in the three days, as became the general of cavalry; but the duty of a General-in-chief is of a very different order; and it so happened, we believe, that the Duke of Wellington never once drew his sword that whole day.

'The French viewed each other with anxious eyes, and said—looking back to the place where they had left the Emperor—*But where is HE? What is THAT MAN about? is his genius gone? has he lost his head?* When an army arrives at that state there is nothing but the personal presence, the voice, the heroism of the chief which can restore confidence. *Napoleon appeared no more!*'—iv. 188.

By-and-by—when he had escaped to the rear and saw the wreck of his army rolling in—

'he cried out,—*Then all is lost!*—He contemplated for a moment the disastrous scene, *turned pale, began to stammer and shed tears*—the first that he had ever shed on a field of battle.'—iv. 190.

He made some efforts to rally enough of the fugitives to protect his own escape;—

'But they hurried him off like a torrent; night fell upon them and covered him from the eyes and from the *reproaches* of his soldiers. . . . Men who *die* even at the summit of their reverses leave behind them a pity which enhances their glory. Buonaparte proved, three times

times over—at Moscow, at Fontainebleau, and at Waterloo—that he was not of these men. He clung to life and to hope when it ought to have been his glory to despair. St. Helena, and the littlenesses he there practised, and the annoyances he suffered, punished him for having mistaken the kind of death that became him.’—iv. 190–193.

This sounds mighty fine; but may we not ask M. Lamartine, who turned out Louis Philippe, and was himself turned out in three months by Louis Blanc—who was elected to one Assembly by nine departments, and proclaimed himself ‘greater than Alexander or Cæsar’—but who at the next election had not a single vote in all France, and is now scribbling for the booksellers—may we not ask *why M. Lamartine is still alive?*

The epilogue to these discreditable scenes of Waterloo was of the same character. The great Emperor soon outran all the fugitives and reached Philippeville, where he stopped for a few moments to leave orders for the retreating troops to endeavour at all risks to protect *his* retreat.

‘In this short halt he was rejoined by Maret and his private secretaries, who had escaped with difficulty; but his carriages, his portefolios, and his imperial wardrobe had fallen into the hands of Blücher. At the sight of Maret—this old witness of his prosperity and now of his distress—he again *could not retain his tears.*’—(ib. 204):—

—which pathetic incident M. de Lamartine improves by the appropriate observation—wherewithal we close our review of these two heroes—military and literary—*C’étaient les larmes d’ACHILLE!*

ART. XI.—*Two Speeches delivered by the Right Honourable the Earl of Derby, First Lord of the Treasury, in the House of Lords, on the 27th February and 15th March, 1852.*

TO understand the true causes of Lord John Russell’s resignation—the motives and prospects of Lord Derby’s administration—and the real state in which these two parties stand before the country, it is necessary to take an historical review of the system or rather the no-system of Government which has prevailed amongst us since the passing of the Reform Bill.

I. On the 29th of January, 1833, the first Reform Parliament assembled, under the auspices of the Ministers who had carried that measure, and who appeared to be permanently established in popularity and power beyond perhaps any administration that had ever existed. Not only had they already had in the last unreformed Parliament a powerful majority, but the Reform Bill itself had

had removed from the House above one hundred and forty members of disfranchised boroughs, and had introduced about seventy for newly enfranchised boroughs;—both the disfranchisement and the enfranchisement having been astutely calculated and carved for the exclusion of Tory and the promotion of Whig influences. The ministry was powerful also in its official capacities, by having united with the old Whig interest the most prominent of the Tory adherents of Mr. Canning—who contributed to that Cabinet the three Secretaries of State and the President of the Board of Trade. It had moreover all the *prestige* and influence, both in Parliament and with the public, naturally commanded by its foremost leaders—Lord Grey and Lord Brougham—the most brilliant orators, and (excepting only the Duke of Wellington) the most popular statesmen of the day:—in short, it was reared on so broad a basis—of a construction apparently so solid—towering to so lofty an eminence over every other party or combination of parties, and so deeply rooted in the grateful hearts of the new constituencies which it had called into life, that assuredly no administration had ever offered a more flattering prospect of success and stability. But there was a quicksand at the foundation of the edifice—there was a canker in the heart of the tree. The Reform Bill had disturbed the old and prescriptive Constitution; its promoters had exposed the authority, which the people had so long not only obeyed but respected, to ridicule and contempt; they had degraded, first by their calumnies and then by their measures, the legitimate weight of Parliament, and even of the House of Commons itself. By lowering the scale both as to intellect and property of the members of that Assembly they had diminished its influence for any good purpose, and increased it formidably in a revolutionary direction—in short, they hoped to be able to ride in a snaffle that democracy for which the old *practice* of the Constitution had provided a powerful and necessary curb.

It was then that the sagacious mind of the Duke of Wellington inquired ‘how,’ with such elements, ‘the Royal Government was to be carried on?’ What followed answers that question.

II. In July, 1834, within eighteen months from the coming into operation of that Reform Bill by which, we were told, Lord Grey had insured the gratitude of present and future ages, his Lordship was expelled contemptuously from the Cabinet constructed by himself—which had already (June, 1834) lost Lord Ripon, Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, and the Duke of Richmond; and he was succeeded on July 18th—by whom?—Lord Melbourne, the latest, the most reluctant, and the *stingiest* Reformer of the whole Cabinet or party.

Lord

Lord Melbourne, with considerable talents, elegant accomplishments, high personal honour, a bold and yet pliable and accommodating spirit, and—notwithstanding his tardy conversion, or rather, all the more on that account—a sincere inclination to give Reform not merely fair play, but all possible countenance and support—this amiable and admired minister *lasted just four months*:—and then his Government fell to pieces, not by reason of any pressure from without, not from any Tory opposition, but from some interior difficulty, which neither we nor the public ever understood, about the choice of a Chancellor of the Exchequer after Lord Althorpe.

III. This disruption (November, 1834) took the country and the Tory party so much by surprise, that the King was forced to throw himself on the patriotism of the Duke of Wellington to provide, by a kind of dictatorship, for the ordinary functions of Government, until Sir Robert Peel, then travelling in the south of Italy, should return to England, and decide whether he would take up the slippery reins that had escaped from the hands of Lord Melbourne.

IV. Sir Robert Peel consented, and on the 26th of December, 1834, was gazetted First Lord of the Treasury—the fourth within six months. He, too, like Lord Melbourne, lasted just *four months*; and though he attempted to break the force of the factions that were banded against him by a dissolution, the very first act of the new Parliament exhibited the intractable and implacable spirit of the Whigs in a remarkable way. Mr. Manners Sutton had filled the chair of the House of Commons with universal approbation *for eighteen years and seven Parliaments*,—for the two last at the request of Lord Grey, who very wisely desired his experienced assistance in managing such a disorderly body as even its creators expected the Reformed House to be. But notwithstanding this claim upon the Whigs, when Sir Robert Peel proposed him for re-election the *eighth* time, the combined factions set up against him another person so notoriously inadequate for that situation, that after a three years' painful exhibition of incapacity they were forced to put him aside—*rewarding* with a pension and a peerage the shortest and smallest amount of public service that had ever led to such comfortable results.

Sir Robert Peel, we say, lasted but four months. He might, perhaps, have struggled with the divided and eddying streams of the factions for some time longer;—but it was not his nature to struggle with anything—*nil in adversum* was not his motto, and he never showed what passed for courage but when he had a secret understanding with his adversary. On this occasion the
adversaries

adversaries had no measures to keep with him, and they formed that celebrated coalition known by the name of the *Lichfield House Compact*, in which (strange inconsistency!) the Irish brigade was taken into Whig counsels and pay.

V. The result was that Sir Robert Peel, with the full confidence of the Crown and the House of Lords, and even of the people at large, was forced to give way before this Lichfield House Conspiracy—and on the 18th of April, 1835, Lord Melbourne became again nominally First Minister. We say *nominally*, because the coalition of factions which had recalled him to office deprived him at the same time of independent power. He was from the first, and every hour more and more, forced to submit to their dictation in matters repugnant to his own principles and feelings;—but even his condescension to those exigencies would not have kept him in office, if Sir Robert Peel, warned by the signal failure of his own recent experiment, had not abstained from any attempt to displace one weak ministry for another that might be weaker. So it went on for four uneasy years. Then Lord Melbourne's position became, notwithstanding his systematic abuse of his official influence and the wholesale abandonment of his patronage to his Radical and Irish followers, so untenable, that he took the opportunity of—not even the loss of a sugar question, but—the carrying it by too small a majority, to throw up the Government—May 7th, 1839. Nothing could be more frivolous than the actual pretext: few Governments have existed in England,—not even Mr. Pitt's,—which have not been occasionally beaten on tax bills, and, we believe, in two or three special instances, on sugar duties. Lord Melbourne's real motive was probably combined of a feeling of personal vexation with his mutinous followers and a hope of frightening them into better discipline for the future.

VI. Sir Robert Peel was now again invited to form a ministry, and was prepared with one in every way unexceptionable; but some misunderstanding intervened about certain ladies of the Household, and on this small hitch Lord Melbourne slid back into the government so quietly and smoothly as to confirm the original suspicion that the resignation might only have been a menace *in terrorem* to his refractory auxiliaries.

VII. In this precarious state Lord Melbourne's government continued for eighteen months longer. They forfeited all their pledges, they ventured to produce little of what they promised, and half of what they produced was stifled as fast as it was announced; and Lord Melbourne himself, as a man of the world, used to acknowledge with a bitter smile his impotence as a minister. At last, on the 4th of June, 1841, a direct vote of want

of

of confidence, 312 to 311, afforded, to his own great personal satisfaction, we believe, a decisive signal of retreat. His colleagues however were not so willing to give up the contest, and with an extraordinary inconsistency, considering how slight was the pretext for the resignation of 1839, they persisted to hold their offices, and to perpetrate an unusual number of jobs both personal and political; and they finally resolved to die so hard as to try a dissolution of Parliament. Of an appeal to the country no constitutional statesman could have complained, if it had not been obvious that those who were so over-ready to resign in 1839, on the most futile pretext, could have no honest excuse for holding out in 1841 against the express censure of Parliament.

It was on the occasion of this dissolution that the Whigs, and particularly Lord John Russell, connected themselves—not with the entire abolition of the corn laws—they did not yet venture on a full apostacy, but—with a modification of the existing forms which they hoped would satisfy the immediate clamour, without essentially damaging the landed interest in which the Whig aristocracy have so large a share. They began by proposing a *fixed duty* against the existing policy of a *sliding* or, to speak more correctly, *self-adjusting* scale; but as the agitation waxed warmer they joined in the full cry of '*free trade, cheap bread, no monopoly*,' and so forth. Then the *Peel loaf* of the size of a penny roll, and the '*Russell loaf*' as big as a bushel, were paraded through the streets. Then the ministerial candidates promised in the words of JACK CADE, the reformer of four hundred years ago—'*that henceforth seven halfpenny loaves should be sold in England for a penny*.'

VIII. But the Whigs, instead of rousing, as they had hoped, the turbulence of the country, awakened its common sense. Even amongst the working population the moderate-sized loaf with good wages outweighed the pretended big loaf with consequent low wages;—and a Parliament was returned which speedily called Sir Robert Peel to Downing Street as the *pledged* as well as the chosen champion of agricultural protection. Of all the apostacies that disgrace the political history of mankind, that which Sir Robert exhibited in the fourth year of his second government is at once the most personally disgraceful and the most nationally deplorable. This unhappy defection was no doubt partly caused by the individual temperament of the man; but also by what in our present view is still more important, his deep-seated doubts whether the ancient constitution of the country could be maintained with such a House of Commons as—notwithstanding his own recent success—he thought futurity was threatened with.

with. He therefore conceived the plan of amalgamating the discordant elements by sacrificing his own friends, who he fancied would not resist, and by adopting the measures of his enemies, whom he hoped to conciliate. He accomplished the mischief; but was miserably disappointed in his own expectations. The most important members of his Cabinet dissented; and on the 10th December, 1845, all resigned. And thus this administration, which—in the hands of any man of half Sir Robert Peel's talents, with an ordinary portion of honour and courage—might perhaps have existed to this hour, committed suicide before its fourth year was accomplished.

IX. Lord John Russell was now invited to form a new Ministry; but after a ten days' endeavour to reconcile the discordant elements of his own party, he was forced to abandon the attempt; and,

X. On the 20th December, Sir Robert Peel was intrusted with the reconstruction of his Cabinet, and under the apprehension with which he inspired his colleagues, that the Queen might be driven to the *dernier ressort* of a *Cobden Ministry*, he for the moment succeeded. We doubt indeed whether there were four men in that Cabinet that cordially adopted their leader's new opinions, but one only had ultimately the firmness to resist his persuasions or his alarm—that was Lord Derby—around whom almost every member of the Conservative party immediately rallied: and the dislocated and discredited administration only lingered on for a portion of the session of 1846 by the sour yet strenuous co-operation of the Whig and Radical parties, who saw in Sir Robert Peel's treachery to his own friends and principles the certain prelude of their success. They judged rightly.

XI. On the 6th July, 1846, Lord John Russell was gazetted as First Lord of the Treasury, having reconciled, it seems, those who, six months before, had declined his proposals. We will not attempt to recapitulate all the expedients with which he has ever since endeavoured to manage his unmanageable House of Commons. His history may be reduced to two categories—abortion in most of his designs and mortification in most of his attempts. He lived precariously through four sessions from hand to mouth—that is, by what the Treasury *hand* puts into the *mouth* of the hungry member.

On the 21st of *February*, '50, on a motion favourable to agriculture, the ministers had in a House of 530 members a majority of only 21, including Peel and Peelites, so that in a *party* view the Government was in a decided minority—but they had their usual remedy at hand—another concession to democracy,—another extension of the franchise; and their Irish organs suggested something

something like a new *Lichfield House Compact* on the basis of the new Irish Franchise Bill.

Lord John took the hint—the Irish Franchise Bill was urged on with an activity and an obstinacy that was thought, even amongst Whig jobs, violent and indecent. And by arts and shifts like these that session was tided over.

XII. But insolvent Governments, like needy individuals, find their difficulties come round with the new year. On the 13th February, '51, the Government had, on another agricultural motion of Mr. Disraeli, in a House of 548 members, a majority of only 11; and on the 20th was actually defeated—two to one—by a section of its own habitual supporters, on Mr. Locke King's motion for a still more extensive parliamentary reform. This blow Lord John Russell endeavoured, after his usual fashion, to avert by promising a reform of his own; but on this occasion it came too late, and we shall see by and by some reason to suspect that Lord John was not very sorry for the result. At all events, he played on that occasion just the same game that he has done this year—resignation on little or no provocation. Next day, Friday the 21st, he apprized the Queen of his inability to carry on the business of the country, and on Saturday the 22nd formally resigned.

XIII. After an ineffectual attempt on his part to reconstruct the Government with the aid of Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham, and a declaration from Lord Stanley of his inability to do so—the Ministry, which three days before had recorded its inability to carry on the business of the country, resumed the places which they were confessedly unable to fill; and having quieted their mutinous radicals by promising a further extension of parliamentary franchise, they continued, with the help of the anti-Popish excitement and the contemptuous sufferance of the Conservatives, to misconduct, or non-conduct, the affairs of the country, till—

XIV.—at the opening of the present session of 1852, at the same, as it were, fated epoch of the 19th of *February*, they found themselves exposed to a similar series of mortifications and defeats, from which they again saw no chance of escape but in another resignation, of which, as of the former, the alleged pretext was absolutely futile, and (such as it was) arose from one who had been, a few days before, the most influential member of their Cabinet. Lord Derby, though he had as little share in creating this crisis as the last, and probably as strong a personal reluctance to take a part in its solution, could no longer hesitate, under the circumstances in which the country was placed, in making Lord John Russell's resignation, on this

occasion, *conclusive*, by accepting, and in four-and-twenty hours executing, the duty—high and honourable, but wholly unexpected—of presenting the *Queen and the Country* with a new Ministry, which we know is able and honest, but which it depends upon the *Queen and the Country* to make powerful and stable.

From this historical summary it will be seen that in the eighteen years of what has been, by 'the courtesy of England,' called *Government* under the Reform Bill, no less than *fourteen* ministerial convulsions have in a greater or less degree shaken the State—not the mere shifts and changes of individual and subordinate Ministers (which also have been numerous beyond all precedent), but twelve resignations, appointments, and re-appointments of the Prime Minister himself:—and in every case (except those in which Sir Robert Peel was concerned) the changes were made upon what seemed on the surface the most inadequate pretexts—changes which, whether the alleged motives were sincere or sham, it must at least be admitted were not occasioned by those who are usually called the Opposition, nor by any Court intrigue, nor (to any serious extent) by differences in the Cabinet; but substantially, if not solely, by the intrinsic jealousies, cupidities, and pretensions of interested individuals or turbulent factions, which, when united against their common enemy the Conservatives, constituted the strength of the Ministers, and—when that pressure was off—their plague and their weakness. What was called *governing* the country came to be nothing else than the art of keeping this heterogeneous and discordant body together and in any kind of discipline—which could only be accomplished by a constant subterraneous traffic of patronage with private jobbers, and by frequent sacrifices of the Church and the Constitution to Dissenters and Radicals. This was the real difficulty of the case, and the cause of every ministerial crisis.

Surely, then, it is high time to try whether the Government of this great empire cannot be carried on—even under the Reform Bill—by more open, more respectable, and more legitimate means,—whether it be not possible to get together a majority with such a community of principle, such confidence in their leader, such loyalty to the Constitution, and such a stake in the country, as may render them independent of such miserable intrigues with individuals, and impolitic capitulations with factions, as exhausted even the *poco curante* patience of Lord Melbourne and the liberal propensities of Lord John Russell.

This consideration, if it stood alone, would more than justify Lord Derby's resolution to endeavour to put an end to a state of things

things not only so unconstitutional, but so morally disgraceful; and he is of all men the fittest, and, indeed, the most pledged, to do so, because, having in his early political life concurred in the Reform Bill, he has a private as well as a public motive for wishing that it may be possible to harmonize it with the other institutions of the country. If this cannot be done, farewell to the Peerage and the Throne!

We had long looked with dissatisfaction and suspicion at the measures of Lord John Russell's administration, but our readers will remember the reluctance we so often expressed to his being displaced or even embarrassed by a Conservative Opposition. We hoped—we almost believed—that it was his poverty, and not his will, that consented to the measures we most disapproved. We were disposed to anticipate that a man of his talents, rank, station, and above all *experience*, would, when the inevitable pinch came, be found not only sincere, but firm, in deprecating *another Revolution*. But we confess that all our feelings of forbearance towards Lord John Russell vanished, when, contrary to our last charitable hope, we saw the *First Minister of the Crown*—the original mouth-piece of the Reformed Cabinet—he who justified the extreme length to which the Reform Bill had gone, on the plea of barring the possibility of ever going further—he that, in a moment of sober revision, called it a 'Revolution,' and deprecated any more of them—he who, in short, obtained from his disappointed partisans the significant sobriquet of '*Finality John*'—when, we say, we saw *Him* announcing last year, and introducing at the opening of this session with an alacrity so unlike the character of his lazy and evasive administration, a bill for rendering still more democratic an assembly which in *February* '50 he had found, and in *February* '51 had confessed, to be unmanageable, and which he well knew in *February* '52 to be still more so—a bill which, whatever might be its detail, could be considered no otherwise than a compromise with Mr. Locke King and his clique of reformers, and a *precedent and a pledge* for every future concession in the same direction, out of which any fraction of his supporters might combine to *bully* him. The phrase, we confess, is not dignified, but it is suitable to the occasion.

We say nothing here of Lord John's personal conduct with regard to this Bill, nor of its absurd and mischievous details. We are now looking at it in a larger view, as a measure which, under whatever secret motives it may have been concocted, is of that indelible revolutionary character which cannot be mistaken.

Here then is another and still more important—indeed we may say all-important reason why Lord Derby could not for a moment hesitate to come to the rescue of the Constitution. Even if Lord

John had not anticipated the Conservative Party by a resignation, it would have been *now* their imperative duty to take every possible means to disable him from carrying out this incendiary project, and of affording the Country a *fair opportunity of deciding whether It is inclined to check or to accelerate the march of Democratic Revolution.* THIS is the clear, broad, vital question, to which all others (important as they individually may be) are subordinate and ancillary. Before we can hope to have a stable government or a stable policy we must decide whether or no the Constitution itself is to be stable!

We have thus stated the two grand reasons why, in our opinion, and in that, we believe, of the vast majority of sober-minded people, Whigs as well as Tories, the time had arrived when a change of ministry and of measures was—whoever might be the successors—not only expedient, as Lord John Russell himself bears witness, but imperiously necessary. We shall now venture to call our readers' attention to the circumstances which directed the Queen's choice to Lord Derby—to his Lordship's own selection of his colleagues—to the principles which he announces—and to the prospects of his ultimate success.

In the first place, Lord John Russell himself has stated that he recommended Her Majesty to commit the government to Lord Derby; advice which could surprise nobody; though the factious proceedings with which he followed up that advice surprised everybody. It must be confessed that her Majesty's option was not very wide. The combination of parties, by which Lord John had contrived to keep his head above water, was—as his Lordship proclaimed—dissolved, and none of its separate elements could pretend to anything like the numbers, consistency, and weight required for even the semblance of a government. Lord John had found the year before that a junction with the Peelites was impossible; and so had Lord Stanley. The Peelites, thus incompatible with both parties, could do nothing alone. Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham, who, it appears, had been applied to by the Queen in '51, then declined to attempt forming a government, probably from feeling that their forces were not sufficient to garrison the posts. The Radicals and the Manchester School were out of the question. We do not pretend to be perfectly informed as to either their numbers or their aptitude for public business, but it is certain that their *principles* are wholly incompatible with what has been hitherto considered the duty of *Ministers of the Crown.* And there may have been, as we shall see hereafter, another and more personal reason why Lord John might not have been desirous of seeing an attempt at a Cobden ministry. In short, the only distinct and well-defined party in a condition

a condition to form a Government was—as Lord John Russell stated to the Queen—Lord Derby and his Conservatives. It is the most numerous, as well as of the greatest station and weight, in the country—the main body of that victorious and, if it had not been betrayed, invincible army which the Peelites had deserted.

It was said at the outset of the French revolution that the army of the Emigrants at Coblenz were all officers and no soldiers, while the Republican army on the other side of the Rhine were all soldiers and no officers. This has been recently applied to the Peelites and Conservatives, as if the former were officers without an army, and the latter an army without officers. There seemed something of truth in the pleasantry, though neither branch of the antithesis is quite exact. There are but two or three gentlemen amongst those commonly called Peelites whom we could rank in the higher class of *officers*; and if we chose to enter into a personal comparison, we should not be afraid to parade the Conservative staff with any and every rank of theirs. But even if we admitted that the French joke was perfectly applicable, we should console ourselves by recollecting that that army of Coblenz dwindled into nothing, and that the army that was called upon à *l'improviste* to find officers for itself, produced Moreaus and Hoches, Soult and Massenas, Neys and Macdonalds, in abundance. But the sober truth is, that, as her Majesty had no option but to send for Lord Derby, so Lord Derby, in the existing state of parties, had no great range in the choice of his colleagues. But he had under his eyes a salutary warning, and in history more than one great example—he saw before him a numerically powerful Government dissolved by the want of unity; and prudence and honour equally forbid his attempting to construct another from incongruous elements; he would neither make any sacrifice of his own principles nor suggest any unworthy compliances to others. The negotiations of last year left no doubt of both the indecorum and inutility of any attempt to renew them, and he boldly and wisely resolved to depend altogether on his own great Party, as the leader and representative of which he was aware that the Queen had been pleased to select him; and that Party, we trust, will justify her Majesty's confidence.

It may be frankly admitted that a large proportion of Lord Derby's administration consists of gentlemen new to office, but they are not so to public and parliamentary duties. We know not in what other school of political education any members of the late cabinet have fitted themselves for office than *that* in which their successors have been their at least equally distinguished schoolfellows. The House of Commons is at once the

Academy

Academy and the *Agora* of political business amongst us; and we feel that we should be doing a great injustice to the least experienced of Lord Derby's colleagues to compare him with several of the late administration. The country, we believe, is very far from having any objection to the trial of a proportion of new hands in the work of government, and it certainly was very much dissatisfied that the late administration had so much the character of a family party. We do not think the breeding *in and in* gives strength to political any more than to animal races; and we are sincerely glad that a combination of choice and circumstances placed Lord Derby in the condition of doing what Mr. Pitt and Mr. Perceval had done in their somewhat analogous cases.

In 1784 Mr. Pitt was placed by the unnatural coalition of Fox and North in much the same personal circumstances as Lord Derby was by the no less unnatural alliance of the Whigs and Peelites. So was Mr. Perceval when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1807, and still more so by the subsequent secession of Castlereagh and Canning. They were both in minorities, from which there was no extrication but by a dissolution, and Mr. Pitt was harassed by every kind of factious pressure to force him to a declaration on that point. In the House of Commons both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Perceval stood alone—irremediably separated from almost every man of official experience. But their spirit was equal to the emergency. They never hesitated as to their duty, nor doubted as to the result. They called to their assistance the untried capacities of their party, and then first introduced into public life a number of eminent and many of them illustrious men, who for the fifty years preceding the Reform Bill were prominent in every successive cabinet, and are now historically ranked as the ablest statesmen of their times. Even the Reform cabinets have been glad to borrow from that source; and it was but the other day that three or four of the more considerable leaders of parties in the House of Commons—Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Goulburn, and Mr. Herries—were of Mr. Perceval's promotion. We are but too well aware that the constitution of the reformed House of Commons affords little hope of a similar result for the future. Except in a few nomination boroughs carefully preserved by the Whigs for their own ends, we have no more opportunities of introducing into public life a Fox and a Wellington* *before they*

* He was elected to the Irish Parliament of 1790 before he came of age, but took his seat a little after. His first speech appears to have been at the opening of the session in 1793, when he seconded the address to the Crown, approving the first concession to the Roman Catholics.

were of age—a Pitt, a Peel, and a Liverpool at twenty-one—a North, a Grenville, a Lansdowne, and a Palmerston at twenty-two—a Shelburne, a Wellesley, and a Canning at twenty-three! We must needs be content for the future to take our ministers at a riper age, and without the same degree of political training. And in these circumstances we repeat our deliberate opinion that Lord Derby's administration is better manned and more entitled to support on the combined merits of capacity and character, not only than the last, but than *any* that could be brought together without such serious sacrifices of consistency and principle as we hope the public would not have submitted to.

Having thus stated the great public principle of Lord Derby's acceptance of the Government—namely, the rescuing the Crown from revolutionary advisers—and the considerations that led to its personal arrangements, we proceed to notice his promised measures and his probable success. As to the first of these, our task is easy. We have only to refer to the two admirable speeches—admirable equally for their frankness and their discretion, by their tone of conciliation and their high spirit of truth—which Lord Derby delivered in the House of Lords on Friday the 27th, in announcing his administration, and again on the 15th of March, in reply to what Lord Beaumont was pleased to call a question, but which seemed much more like an accusatory declamation of an hour and a quarter long, founded on a petition, so ridiculous as to deserve the notice that Lord Derby condescended to take of it, as a sample of the factious absurdities by which already the new administration is assailed.

The petition purported to be from '*Occupiers of land in the County of York*,' complaining of the great anxiety they are suffering because of the uncertainty of the policy intended to be pursued by her Majesty's Government in respect to the importation of foreign corn; their agricultural and commercial undertakings being paralysed by this uncertainty. Our readers will see how serious this looks: a body of *agriculturists* from the *great county of York*, whom one might expect to be volunteers for the Protectionist leader's body-guard, declare against him! No wonder that his Lordship should examine with some curiosity this formidable document. His mind must have been somewhat relieved on finding that it only came from the parochial district of *Snaith*; and that of the said parish, comprising about 12,000 souls and 35,000 acres, the petition was only signed by 13 persons, occupying 1841 acres—whereof 500 were in the hands of *one* farmer, and the rest were divided amongst such great landed proprietors as *Mr. Jonathan Wright, auctioneer*, who, with his lawn, his garden, and his paddock for two cows, occupies twelve acres;

acres; and *Mr. Thomas Perkins, surgeon*, who has a broader estate of not less than twenty acres, including, no doubt, a similar proportion of ornament and *agriculture*; and these were the men who from the uncertainty of Lord Derby's opinion of the price (within a few shillings) of wheat (wheat!) next October are paralyzed in all their farming and commercial enterprises! The *three tailors of Tooley Street*, who headed their manifesto '*We, the people of England*,' are well nigh rivalled by Lord Beaumont's thirteen *agriculturists* of Snaith. Lord Grey wondered that Lord Derby should descend to criticise such a piece, but he chose to forget that this contemptible piece was the theme on which Lord Beaumont and himself had chosen to get up a long and angry debate. It was no fault of Lord Derby's if their selected text turned out to be as ridiculous as it was false.*

In the first of his speeches Lord Derby offered, and in the second repeated, a full and fearless explanation of his position, his immediate objects, and his ultimate policy. He stated that he had not *sought* the responsibility of office, but had *accepted* it; that it was with him a matter of duty, not of choice; and that the country having been unexpectedly left without a Government, he obeyed the call which had been made upon him, because, in fact, he did not see in the present state of parties where any other government was to be found. He acknowledged that he was in a minority in the present House of Commons; he meant, therefore, to carry forward the current and necessary business of the session, public and private, with all reasonable despatch, and to endeavour to execute two measures announced by his predecessors:—one already before Parliament, '*the military defences of the country*'—and the other, not less desirable, which, though solemnly promised, the late ministers had shown no great alacrity

* Since the above was printed there has appeared a letter, which, in justice to Mr. Perkins, and as a further explanation why Lord Grey disliked criticisms on the petition, we think it right to reproduce, though we know nothing of the writer:—

'To the Editor of the Standard.'

'SIR,—Though Lord Derby so ably displayed to the country the paltry petition presented by Lord Beaumont the other night, and also of whom the principal part of the petitioners consisted, it is but justice to some of the latter that the country should know a little more about the matter. *It was the solicitor and agent for Lord Beaumont* who called upon the parties for their signatures, and I am told by Mr. Perkins, to whom Lord Derby so strongly referred, that he signed the petition thinking it was one to Lord Derby to support a protective duty on corn; and he states, and I am told, that many other parties signed it labouring under the same mistake. Mr. Jonathan Wright, the auctioneer, also strongly alluded to, is not, I am informed, even a voter for the county, and Mr. Marmaduke Langdale, another of the 13 petitioners, lives in a cottage of 10*l.* rental, and does not own or rent an acre of land in the kingdom. The petition has called forth general derision and disgust throughout his lordship's (Beaumont's) district.

Yours faithfully, ROBT. JOHN PARKER.

'Selby, March 22, 1852.'

in promoting—‘*Law, and especially Chancery, Reform.*’ He added, that the present parliament was of necessity approaching its dissolution, and therefore that this would be a very unfit season to raise questions of disputed or experimental policy, which could not be satisfactorily disposed of, or even fairly discussed, without having been submitted to the previous opinion of the constituencies. He particularly alluded to the question, which, for party purposes, would be forced forward into exaggerated as well as untimely prominence—the various interests which were involved in the general term *Protection*. He avowed that he remained firmly convinced of the impolicy as well of the general principles adopted in 1846, as of their unnecessary and injurious application to some special subjects; but he did not feel himself called upon to anticipate those questions at this moment. They had been sanctioned by the legislature, and had been for five years under trial with the country; for the result of that trial on public opinion he meant to appeal to the national constituencies as soon as the state of business would allow of a dissolution, but that in the mean time it was not for him nor any minister, whatever might be their individual opinions, to preconcert any alteration of a whole existing *system*, before the judgment of the country on it should have been pronounced through a future Parliament. In his first speech Lord Derby said—

‘I have that confidence in the good sense and judgment of the House of Commons, that I do not believe they will unnecessarily introduce questions of a controversial and party character, for the mere purpose of interrupting the course of sound and useful legislation, and of driving the Government out of that moderate and temperate course which it is prepared to take.’—*Speech*, Feb. 27.

We hope that Lord Derby’s reliance on the good sense and patriotism of the *House of Commons* at large may be justified; but since this speech was delivered it has become but too notorious that the proceedings of the ex-ministers and their immediate supporters had assumed that deliberately factious and obstructive character which Lord Derby deprecated; having, it seems, no ground of complaint of what Lord Derby has done, or proposes to do, they endeavoured to raise a clamour against him for not doing that which they, his antagonists, would in their enmity wish that he had done. ‘*Protection*,’ they say, ‘is your principle; and you do not deny that you hope at a convenient time to bring it about. Why, then, not have the honesty to tell us the whole extent of your project, and to set about your work openly and immediately? Why do you not at once boldly place the whole edifice of your administration on that *its real basis*?’

To this the plain answer is, first—that the *Protection* question

was

was not, and is not, the sole, nor even the first, nor yet the second of Lord Derby's objects in complying with his Sovereign's invitation. His first object was to provide, in an unexpected and undesired emergency, her Majesty with a Government—with *the* Government admitted by all to be the only one then possible. His next object, one of still greater prospective importance, was to endeavour to construct a new administration untainted by revolutionary principles, independent of revolutionary influence, and affording such a hope of unity and stability as might permanently rally round it all the real friends of our Constitution in Church and State. *These* were the *immediate and imperious* objects; others of great, but as we have before said of subordinate importance, were in prospect;—amongst which Protection, though no doubt the most prominent, so far from being the *basis* of the Government, could only, even by its most sanguine friends, be looked up to as a more or less distant pinnacle. And would it not have been an inexcusable and insane impolicy in men pretending to be statesmen to anticipate and drag forward by a kind of Cæsarean operation this difficult and dangerous question—not with the purpose or possibility of carrying it, or any part of it, but, on the contrary—to ensure its mortal defeat, and to have irremediably lost the earlier and more urgent objects for which the Government was formed? This, indeed, would have been to follow not only the advice of the modern Whigs, but also the celebrated example of *All the Talents* in building up a wall to run their own heads against.

These are no new opinions of ours got up for this occasion. We have frequently had occasion to express our reluctance to a premature struggle in a cause which we believed would grow stronger by a fuller experience. A year ago, when Lord Stanley had declined to form a Government, and Lord John Russell's administration seemed to have acquired by that refusal something more of stability—even then we thus announced our views on this point:—

‘We need not repeat our devotion to the principle of *protection* to all classes of national industry, nor the arguments by which we have so strenuously supported it. It is, however, more of a practical question—more a matter as it were of mere *account*—than those [of more general policy] we have been discussing, and one in which the *constituencies* themselves are more immediately concerned and of course more competent judges. *We pause to see what the result of a future election may be* on this point. . . . It is a question which, though a Government may and ought to bring it before the people, the *people themselves must answer at the next general election.*’—*Q.R.* vol. 88, p. 579.

Some of the Whig orators are so kind as to regret the disappointment

pointment that the Protectionists must feel at Lord Derby's not having made an immediate assault on the existing Corn Laws; but they cannot deny that those of the Protectionist party whose opinions we, in our humble sphere, endeavour to represent, were perfectly prepared for the line of policy and for the style of argument which their more powerful and authoritative organ, Lord Derby, has now by his own voice announced. And we can now, on the authority of our agricultural friends throughout the country, assert that the great majority of landlords and tenants approve the principles and the purposes of their noble leader. They feel that the first *protection* they have to look to is *protection against Revolution!*

There is an old maxim of the civil law which is still more applicable to politics—*fieri non debuit, factum valet*—a thing which it was not originally right to do is not therefore necessarily to be undone. For instance, Sir Robert Peel was called to office two years after the Reform Bill. Nobody knew better than he the fraud and the violence by which the measure had been concocted and carried; nobody, we know, was more alarmed at its effects; yet we don't remember to have ever heard him blamed for not opening his Government in 1834 by an attempt to repeal the Act of 1832, or charged with a want of candour or consistency for not having, the first day of the session, brought in a bill for placing—as the precedent and principle of that very Act required—Calne in Schedule A, and Tavistock in Schedule B—a measure of such obvious and now acknowledged justice, that these two boroughs make a figure more prominent than respectable in Lord John's new Reform Bill—but, such as they are, we should be sorry to see them the victims of a new experiment.

But since Lord Derby has not been mad enough spontaneously to play his enemies' game for them, he and his friends must be questioned and cross-questioned as to the exact time and extent of the measures which he may hereafter produce. His Lordship very properly declines to answer an hypothetical case where the solution of the hypothesis will be, not in his own hands, but in those of the people at large at a future election. But, in addition to this answer, founded on common sense, Lord Derby has *estopped*, as the lawyers say, Lord John Russell by an argument not only *ad hominem*, but almost *in rem* :—

'In 1846,' says Lord Derby, 'the late Sir Robert Peel's Government was rejected from office, and Lord John Russell appeared in the House of Commons as first minister of the Crown. On that occasion Lord John Russell was taunted by one of those honourable members who is now supporting him (Mr. T. S. Duncombe, of Finsbury), and called upon to state the principles on which he intended to construct

struct his Government, and the course which he intended to pursue with regard to particular and important measures. To the attention of the noble Lord (Beaumont) I recommend the very detailed and elaborate answer made by Lord John Russell, standing in the position of First Minister of the Crown. "He denied the right of Parliament to put such questions (*hear, hear, from the Whig benches*); he denied that it was the duty of the Government to answer such questions; he declared that to such questions he would give no answer whatsoever; he declined to pledge himself to any particular course," &c. &c.—*Times' Report*, 16th March, 1852.

This is irresistible *ad hominem*. But indeed the whole course of Lord John Russell and his allies throughout this affair is such a succession of inconsistencies and self-contradictions as seem at first sight utterly inexplicable—and it is not till by a careful combination of circumstances we discover the *word of the enigma* that the matter becomes intelligible. The *word of the enigma* in this case seems to be, that Lord John Russell wished to break up his old ministry and to compose a new one on what he calls a *broader basis*, and thus to secure by a short resignation—*reculant pour mieux sauter*—a longer as well as easier tenure of place. With this clue we invite our readers to follow us through the details of this complicated embroglio.

We must first revert to the notorious futility of the pretexts for his two resignations—the first, in '51, on a difference with a section of his own supporters; the other, last month, on a still more trivial one, raised by an ex-colleague. On this last he resigned at a moment when the Protection question was quiet if not asleep; Tariff and Free Trade were in no visible jeopardy. But no sooner had he resigned than a cry was raised that *Free Trade was in peril*, and it was announced that all other questions, however important, urgent, or even necessary, were to be drowned in that all-absorbing principle. There was even some talk of *stopping* or *limiting the supplies*. This, however, it was thought, would have been too violent even for Lord John's majority, and has been, we are told, discreetly abandoned. But enough was said and done to mark the inconsistent and factious spirit of the New Opposition.

Lord Beaumont, Mr. Villiers, Sir James Graham, and Lord John himself, are importunate with Lord Derby to relieve the feverish anxiety of the public mind by a clear declaration of his principles, while the very next sentence that they utter is an assertion—generally supported by quotations from the speeches of Lord Derby and his friends—that his principles are alarmingly notorious and obstinately fixed. Now we admit that the men of Snaith may be pardoned some degree of ignorance as to Lord Derby's principles, but Lord John Russell at least has no such
excuse

excuse, and we are entitled to ask his Lordship why, with the intentions so plainly announced of *immediate* opposition, he, with his eyes open, and with no provocation on Lord Derby's part, *transferred the Government into Lord Derby's hands*? At that moment he was as fully aware of the extent of Lord Derby's Protectionist feelings, and must have been as prepared as he can now be for all their consequences. *Who* then, we ask, was it that placed *Free Trade in peril*?

Sir James Graham's speech on the 15th of March is hardly less inconsistent in its arguments, though, as he had no official responsibility in the transfer of the Government, we are not entitled to make the same serious complaints of him as of Lord John Russell. He took great pains and considerable time to prove, by several quotations from the speeches of Lord Derby and his colleagues, that they had been, and still were, opposed to the Free Trade policy. We really think that so logical a mind, and one who seldom throws his words away, might have taken all that for granted, particularly as he laid great stress on Lord Derby's having lately and frankly reasserted those opinions. *Cui bono* then was a long elaboration of an uncontested truism? Simply we fear *ad augendam invidiam* and to warp the truism into a fallacy—to create an idea that, because Lord Derby had disapproved the extent to which the Free Trade policy had been pushed, he was therefore pledged to *repeal* all the measures that resulted from it—an assumption not merely gratuitous but contradicted by the very speeches referred to.

But prevention is surer than remedy; and may we not therefore venture to ask Sir James Graham why, if he be so devoted to Free Trade policy that 'there is,' he says, 'nothing that he will not do, no effort that he will not attempt, no sacrifice that he is not prepared to make for it,' why he did not in February '51, and again in February '52, come forward to save it and Lord John Russell's Government together? It was notorious on both those occasions that Lord John's defeat must have brought in Lord Derby, and therefore, as they say, *perilled Free Trade*; why then did not Sir James and his Free Trade friends openly ally themselves with Lord John in face of the common danger? Why did he then hold aloof from what he now thinks his highest duty as a statesman? It seems admitted that, under our parliamentary system, a junction in *opposition* involves just the same political and conscientious consequences as a junction in *Government*, and we cannot see on the face of the cards why Sir James Graham was not as much at liberty to have joined Lord John Russell at the opening of the Session on the Speaker's right hand, as three weeks later on his left—Our own belief is, that Lord
John

John was, even as early as '51, concocting a scheme which would be better helped by postponing an open junction with Sir James Graham.

We are confirmed in our solution of Lord John Russell's enigma by the flagrant inconsistency and undisguised faction exhibited at a meeting assembled by him on the 11th of March at his private residence in Chesham Place, and which, as Lord Derby justly said, seemed to be an attempt, at least on Lord John's part, at another *Lichfield House Compact*. But though the design was certainly much the same, the result has been widely different. This meeting was, even for its professed object, ridiculously ill-timed: it was too late to prevent, and, if there were not some secret motive behind, too soon to repair, the mischief that the Whigs had already suffered. The *Times* of the morning after this meeting asked (what at first sight appears a most natural question), why these 150 gentlemen who attended at Chesham Place did not choose to do so in the House of Commons, when their votes would have averted the catastrophe which they were there assembled to deplore and repair; but a closer analysis of the composition and proceedings of that meeting showed that the real wonder was not why they stood aloof in the House of Commons, but how they happened to come together at Chesham Place. For it appeared in that contradictory palaver that neither the spirit of revenge for their late defeat, nor the hopes of triumph by a new coalition, could operate any permanent amalgamation of the discordant elements that were thus—the Lord (John) only knows why—brought together. The same radical differences that had split the parties in the House re-produced themselves as broadly at Chesham Place; and Lord John, even in his own dining-room, could keep up a semblance of unity only by insisting that all debatable questions should be adjourned, and that they should still continue to appear, as they have done for the last six years, unanimous against the Tories, however disunited on everything else.

The most remarkable circumstance of the day was, not only the appearance of *Mr. Cobden* as a professed follower of Lord John Russell, but that, after a few words from Mr. Villiers, consenting, at Lord John Russell's request, to postpone a Free-trade motion of which he had given notice, this meeting of *Lord John Russell's* friends, thus assembled in *Lord John Russell's* dining-room, called loudly for what they seem to have thought the weightier opinion of—*Mr. Cobden*! This sounds very like a mutinous call of the *Pretorians* for a new leader, or at least for the adjunction of some *Philip*—a bold man of the people—to the highborn but feeble and unlucky *Gordian*. *Mr. Cobden* answered—
—but,

—but, we suspect, disappointed—the call by saying little more than ‘ditto’ to Lord John—a Free Trade war upon the Tories, but silence as to everything else—and this in a tone that induces us to suppose that he is destined to be a member of that future cabinet which Lord John announces his hope of erecting on a *broader basis* than his old one; and of which we shall presume to prophesy that, if erected at all, the broader its basis, the wider will be its cracks, and the speedier its fall; and so from fall to fall we shall arrive at anarchy. Mr. T. Duncombe spoke out at this strange meeting frankly and boldly, as is his wont, and Mr. Hume, after his own fashion, growled about the paramount importance of Parliamentary Reform, and (very much in the style that Lord Beaumont and Lord John Russell catechise the present Ministers as to what their Protectionist measures are to be) urged Lord John to declare explicitly his own intentions as to Parliamentary Reform. This called forward Mr. Bright, who, as the first joint of Mr. Cobden’s tail, and probably not indifferent to the coalition Lord John had hinted at, endeavoured to retrieve Mr. Cobden’s temporising and ambiguous speech by adding to a like echo of Lord John’s a few general and indefinite words in favour of Reform. But to these appeals, direct or suggestive, Lord John made no reply—and on the subject of Reform, as indeed upon every other, the meeting dispersed no wiser than it had arrived.

The truth seems to be, that it was assembled less in the hope of settling old differences than on the chance of facilitating a new coalition, which Lord John has been probably contemplating for some time past; and with that view the great object was to find in Free Trade a plausible excuse for postponing any explanation as to *Parliamentary Reform*, though everybody sees *that* to be the question by which any Ministry to be constructed by Lord John Russell must stand or fall. But though his Lordship declined to afford any satisfaction to his friends on this point, we think that the following observations, comparing the proceedings at Chesham Place with what has passed in Parliament, may throw some light on the subject.

It will be recollected that, rickety as all the Whig administrations have been, the most direct and serious shake that Lord John Russell’s received was the vote on Mr. Locke King’s motion for Parliamentary Reform on the 20th of February, ’51. On this vote he resigned; and though the Ministry was reinstated, and, as we have seen, lingered a year longer, that division—Ayes for Locke King 102, Noes for Lord John 54—was its death-wound. Now of the 167 gentlemen whose names have been printed in the Chesham Place list, no less than 53 voted in Mr. Locke King’s

King's majority, and 22 only supported their leader, Lord John, and about 90 others of them absented themselves altogether from a question on which the fate of the Government was at stake.

There were some other remarkable circumstances attending that division. Small as Lord John's minority was, half of them did not attend the Chesham Place Meeting; and 13 or 14 others were Conservatives, who, happening to be in the House, thought it right to support the Government against what looked like a surprise. But the Conservative body at large abstained—feeling, as they well might, very indifferent between Mr. King's and Lord John's schemes of reform, and indignant at seeing that the Ministers were obviously paltering with the question, making no adequate exertions to bring down their own friends, and contriving rather to implicate the Tories in whatever unpopularity might arise from its rejection. The Tories were not afraid of any such unpopularity, but they did not choose to be tools of the tricky ministry. The 13 or 14 Conservatives who took part in the division must have felt that their generosity was ill requited when they saw that the most favoured friends and connexions of the Ministers were allowed to consult their own election interests, some by actually voting with Mr. King, and others—several in high office—by not appearing at all.

We know not whether the Ministers wished to be beaten on that occasion as an excuse for their projected resignation. All that we can be sure of is, that there is no suspicion of their inconsistency and insincerity which is not justified by the finishing stroke of this strange affair.

In December last, Lord Palmerston's *dismissal*—the first dismissal *eo nomine* of a minister by his colleagues that we ever remember—left a vacancy in the cabinet, which Lord John Russell hastened to fill up—and by whom?—by *Mr. Vernon Smith*, a gentleman of whose very private public life the only remarkable event that anybody remembers is his having *voted for that very motion of Mr. Locke King's which had dissolved Lord John Russell's Government!*

'But while we are writing these lines we learn that the private Theatricals of Chesham Place have been produced on the National Stage by nearly the same actors with a curious identity of general result, but with still less credit to the noble author. Mr. Hume's motion for Parliamentary Reform, on the 25th March, and Lord John Russell's reply were tautologous with their former sham fights on the same subject, with, however, one practical difference—that Lord John, instead of opposing to Mr. Hume, as heretofore, a vague sketch of his theories, had, while still First Minister of the Crown, placed upon the table of the House, the specific scheme

scheme which he recommended—so that the issue was narrowed, as regarded the Reformers, to a choice between the plans of Lord John Russell and Mr. Hume. The division compared with that on Mr. Locke King's motion and the Chesham Place muster-roll is exceedingly curious, and chiefly from its possessing so little novelty; for the following analysis will show that Lord John Russell, now aspiring to form a ministry, is, with respect to his own party, in exactly the same position that he was when he dissolved his ministry last year. We have seen that on that occasion, of the 167 Cheshamites, only 22 had supported him, 53 voted against him, and about 90 had chosen to be absent.

On the late division, we find that of the said 167 Cheshamites, only 19 would back their leader against Mr. Hume, while 50 voted for Mr. Hume against their leader, and no fewer than 98 of his visitors in Chesham Place absented themselves altogether; and what is perhaps still more remarkable and of deeper importance as to Lord John Russell's position in his party—among the absentees who thus deserted their leader, there were a majority (4 to 3) of his Cabinet colleagues—every one, we believe, who had held what is called *Privy Councillor's office*—and (with one or two exceptions) every other member of the late Government, including the Judge Advocate, the Attorney and Solicitor General—the law-officers of the Crown!

What can be added to those facts? What can more undeniably establish that, as far as the public sees, the position of Lord John Russell since the Chesham Place meeting is in no respect better than it was on the day of his first resignation, in '51, or of his second, in '52? and that any expectation of his being able to ride on the Reform whirlwind and direct the storm seems thoroughly dissipated.

On what principle then, or with what prospects, can he propose to reconstitute a Government? If we are to be told that his hint of a new administration on a *broader basis* may portend a union of him and the Whigs with Sir James Graham and the Peelites, and with Mr. Cobden and the Radicals, we have only to say that such a coalition was practically exhibited whenever it was a question between the Government and the Conservative Opposition, and that an avowed and official union was just as open to all the parties on the 19th February last as it was a fortnight later. If Sir James Graham has overcome whatever difficulties held him back from Lord John Russell in '51, as from the recent and very significant accession of Mr. Frederick Peel to that Government we suppose he has, and if Mr. Cobden is prepared to accept a convenient instalment of Parliamentary Reform *en at-*

tendant the Ballot and Universal Suffrage, why, we ask, might not that triple alliance have been concluded as well before as after Lord John Russell's resignation?

According to our hypothesis of Lord John Russell's series of manœuvres there may have been two reasons for such a delay—the first, the difficulty, and perhaps the danger to their crazy vessel and mutinous crew, of getting rid of the superfluous hands—the other, the conviction of the contracting parties that such a heterogeneous mixture would not be very palatable to the public, unless it could be presented in a strong state of effervescence.

Coalitions of this nature are seldom popular, and are susceptible, especially when abrupt, of disagreeable criticisms. Such jumps are reluctantly taken in cold blood; but in the excitement of what is called a crisis—that is, a jumble and a scramble—*defendit numerus*—individuals are for a moment lost sight of, and the public is less nice in criticising any change of position resulting from such a *mêlée* than they would be if one, or even two great performers were to attempt it in a *pas seul* or a *pas de deux*.

This hotchpotch process disposes also of the other difficulty. If it favours the junction of the incomers, it softens, or at least facilitates, the sacrifice of the unlucky outgoers. The ex-premier might say, 'The Government is dissolved—we are all out—and all at liberty. Farewell, Lord B.! Good bye, Mr. S.! I shall always remember with pleasure our *former* connexion; but as to the future, you know that nobody—*except Lord Derby*—can be reasonably expected to answer for the future!'

If we may imagine Lord John to see this convenient principle of Cabinet-making in the same light that we do, we can at once understand his otherwise—to our minds—inexplicable proceedings; his fidgety anxiety to resign—his turbulent impatience to get back—the former on a pretext so trivial that nobody believed it; the latter by a device which, till his resignation, nobody was thinking about—a Free Trade agitation. But how was an adequate agitation to be got up on a question that seemed at rest and safely watched over by a Free Trade Ministry and a Free Trade majority? If the spirits of Machiavel or Loyola could be re-embodied in modern statesmen, we doubt whether either could have produced a deeper, yet more simple expedient, than the following:—Lord Derby is a Protectionist; and—though a wise and prudent one—so stanch, so fearless, so honourable, that, if the resignation can be so managed as to force *him* into office, the cry of 'Free Trade in peril' may be easily raised. And as to a pretext for the resignation which is to make way for Lord Derby, anything will do—indeed, the more trivial

trivial the better, as it will then compromise nobody. All that is wanting is a defeat, best, if *de lanâ caprinâ*.

So far is hypothesis—the rest is history. A trivial question was lost—the resignation took place—the *ex-Premier recommended the Queen* to tender the Government to Lord Derby. Lord Derby could not decline. Then the war-whoop of *Free Trade in peril* was suddenly raised by the ex-ministers, adopted by Sir James Graham, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright, and spread by the ‘*natural magic*’ of a seditious association, rich in fabulous subscriptions. Under that watch-word Lord John Russell collected and harangued—in bitter hostility to that very Government which he had so recently suggested to his Sovereign—an assembly of gentlemen, who were invited to merge all their innumerable differences of opinion in the single dogma of Free Trade—an invitation which seems to have been more acceptable to some aspirants to office in the new and broader administration hinted at by his Lordship, than to those independent parties who had been all along, as we have before said, the alternate strength and weakness of the late Government.

Now, supposing all such intrigues and cabals to be successful—supposing Lord Derby displaced, and Lord John Russell resuscitated—where would the country find itself, after three or four months of confusion, but just where we were before the resignation—that is, with a Ministry and a majority united, or affecting to be so, on the single point of Anti-Protection, but at variance on all the other elements of government—especially on *Reform*; and equally liable to be knocked on the head, as they were last year, or driven to an inglorious suicide, as they were last month?

We do not overlook that such an administration might have two or three noodles less, and two or three men of ability more; but we doubt whether the gain on the score of ability would compensate the loss of influence and authority which these heretogeneous and interested coalitions infallibly incur. And, besides, it really was not so much from a deficiency in personal talents that the Whig ministries had so constantly failed, as from their false political position—the republican tendency of their own private opinions and the democratical principles by which their government was conducted and supported, were irreconcilably at variance with, and, of course, embarrassed and nullified, their higher duty as *ministers of the Crown*. The most constant and the most compact section of their allies are men who do not conceal their at least indifference to the Monarchy and their hostility to the Church; and it was in attempts to manage this body (itself very discordant on minor points) that the ministers

charged officially with the protection of the Crown and the Church 'reeled to and fro, and staggered like drunken men, and were at their wits' end.'

In the *broad-bottom and broad-brimmed* administration with which the New Cabal threatens us, this difficulty and danger must necessarily become more prominent and more formidable both to Church and State; and, in truth, we are by every fresh consideration confirmed in our opinion that *the first and most pressing duty of the country is to try to preserve itself from a revolutionary Government.* This is the great danger that in our view swallows up all others. The antagonism of Free Trade and Protection is but a corollary of that greater question. The zeal for Free Trade began, and in a great proportion of its advocates is kept alive, by hostility to the Landed Interest, and we are daily told that the success of any Protectionist attempt to alleviate or modify the enormous oppressions imposed on British industry will be the signal for sweeping the Aristocracy—as the landed proprietors of all degrees are called—from the face of society. The Church, however, has more cause for immediate fear than the Land—and the Crown not less than the Church. Against the Land, considered as a distinct interest, *Free Trade* can do little more;—but if the Chesham-place Assembly is to be the staple of our future Governments, it is clear beyond any possible doubt that Parliamentary Reform, pushed rapidly to Universal Suffrage, must produce either a civil war if resisted—or, if acquiesced in, a total subversion of our present Constitution—a socialist confiscation of property in general—either direct or by *graduated* taxation—the spoliation of the Church—the extinction of the Peerage—and the degradation of the Crown, first to a name, and then to nothing!

These are conclusions by us reluctantly but conscientiously deduced from premises which we believe to be as sure as any that historical experience and political science can furnish. We humbly but most earnestly submit them to the consideration of all those who—whether Protectionists or Free Traders, Manufacturers or Agriculturists, Whig or Tory—may be desirous to avert a *democratic and socialist Revolution.* From this our last chance of escape seems to be in Lord Derby's success. *He* the country may be well assured, will do—for the *protection of British industry* in its various branches—all that zeal, measured by his power from the people and guided by statesmanlike discretion, can accomplish—and for the Constitution—all that genius, eloquence, courage, and, above all, faith to man and trust in Heaven, can inspire to a Christian patriot in a righteous cause.

NOTE—to p. 589 ante.

SINCE our sheets went to press, we have received the lists of the division on Mr. Berkeley's motion for the Ballot (30th March), and they confirm all we had said in page 589 about the *Cheshamites*. On this question—which we may consider as a test of *going the whole hog*—of the 167 Cheshamites there voted—

With Mr. Berkeley	75!!!
With Lord J. Russell	18
Absent	74
	<hr/>
	167

In the 18 that adhered to Lord John there were but *three* that had been in office with him; *six* office-men voted with Mr. Berkeley;—while among the *absent* were all Lord John's Cabinet Colleagues, except *one* (Lord Seymour), and all the rest of his administration, high and low, with one other exception—viz. the Hon. Wm. Cowper, late a Lord of the Admiralty.

NOTE—to the Article on *Highland Destitution* in No. clxxx.

SINCE the appearance of the last Annual Report of the Scotch Poor Law Commissioners, and especially since we published this Article, which included various extracts from that most able Report, the newspapers have teemed with letters from gentlemen of the Western Highlands complaining of statements in their opinion inaccurate, and tending to injure the suffering population of these regions by interrupting the course of external benevolence. Among others, several such complaints have come from Macleod of Macleod—well known to have, in the season of calamity, made most extraordinary exertions and sacrifices on behalf of the people of Skye—in which island he is a principal proprietor, the representative of a long and highly honoured line of Chiefs. We ourselves have lately received from him a letter, in reference to our late Article, the whole of which we could not, under present circumstances, publish;—but as to certain particular details we consider it our duty to afford him the earliest opportunity of contradicting the Report.

Macleod quotes the following passage from No. clxxx., p. 171:—

'The case of Skye is even more striking. In the year ending October 10, 1850, the sum paid for whisky consumed was 10,855*l.*—considerably more than double the amount expended in relief by the Destitution Fund during the same year, and more than double the consumption of the same district in 1845, the year before the distress commenced; that is, the increased consumption of whisky exactly tallies with the extraneous aid received; in other words, the whole amount of charitable assistance given went in whisky!'

Macleod then proceeds thus:—

'This statement was founded on a calculation made in Sir John McNeill's Report, p. 11—and his calculation again was supported by Returns obtained from
VOL. XC. NO. CLXXX. 2 R Mr.

Mr. Wood, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, purporting to show (pp. 138 and 139) the number of gallons of whisky sent out for consumption in the years 1849 and 1850, respectively. The number of gallons for Skye, in 1845, is stated in these Returns at 5944, that for 1850 at no less than 14,456; and Sir John M'Neill, reckoning an addition of one-fourth for diluting, puts the whole at 12s. per gallon, and brings the value as paid for by retail to the sum of 10,855/. Notwithstanding the enormous increase in consumption, as shown in the Report—impossible though it seemed to all who knew the country and people—it never appears to have occurred to any one until recently to question the accuracy of the Returns. A letter, however, addressed to the Board of Inland Revenue on the 4th of March, produced the following reply:—

‘Inland Revenue, Broad-street, 9th March, 1852.

‘SIR,

‘The officers’ Survey Books for 1845 are no longer in existence, and there are now no means of checking the account for that year. With respect to 1850, I find that the quantities brought from the duty-free warehouse into the distiller’s stock at Carbost have been inadvertently taken as representing the consumption of the part of the country comprehended in Portree Division, whereas the greater part of those spirits, having been sent by the distiller to other parts of the island, must have been taken account of a second time. The effect of this inadvertence has been to represent the consumption of Portree Division as 4896 gallons instead of 310, and the total consumption of the island as 13,273 instead of 8738. The Board exceedingly regret that this error on the part of their officers should have led to the misapprehension of which you complain.

‘I am, Sir, &c. &c.,
(Signed) THOMAS DOBSON.’

‘To Macleod of Macleod.’

‘From this it appears that not only was a very great inaccuracy admitted into the return for 1850, but, from the Survey Books for 1845 being destroyed, it is impossible to institute any fair comparison between the two years.

‘It would be easy to show that the greater portion of the whisky used in Skye is consumed by strangers coming to attend markets, or by herring vessels frequenting the harbours. This would, however, be travelling out of the record.

‘Very sincerely yours,

‘London, 24th March, 1852.’

MACLEOD.’

We are happy in adding that, however pained with these consequences of blunders and neglects among our *Revenue Officials*, Macleod appears to coincide entirely in the practical conclusion of Sir J. M'Neill's Report—namely, that the great evil in the Hebrides is over-population, and that the only effective cure lies in a large extension of emigration. In his own opinion, Australia would especially suit the habits of those whom he knows so well, and in whom he is so deeply interested.

I N D E X

TO THE

NINETIETH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A.

ADDISON, Mr. Willa's annotated collection of his papers on Sir Roger de Coverley, 235—Sir Roger compared with Falstaff, *ib.*—Addison as an author, 286—the club, *ib.*—visit at Coverley Hall, 287—the chaplain, *ib.*—on sermons, 288—haunted rooms, 290—play of The Drummer, 292—Sunday at Coverley Hall, 294—dress, 296—Sir Roger's love adventure, *ib.*—fox-hunting, 298—Will Wimble, 300—the Saracen's Head, 301—witchcraft, 302—the gipsies, 303—party spirit, and usages of society, 304—the knight in London, 305—his death, 307—Addison's acute observation, 308—his humour, 309—ease of style, 310.

Administration, the, changes in since the Reform Bill, 567.

Agriculturists, position of, 497.

Albemarle, George Earl of, 503—and see George III.

Alfred, King, 333—and see Epic Poems.

America, increase of every element of wealth in, 494—state of, during the early reign of George III., 524 *et seq.*

American war, the, 509.

Anatomy, comparative, 362—and see Owen.

Artillery, introduction of, in Europe, 461.

B.

Bautzen, the battle of, 12.

Bell, Sir Charles, on the Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression, 62-68—and see Physiognomy.

Birds, natural history of, 380.

Birth-wort, locality of the plant, 48.

Blücher, Field-Marshal, 11.

VOL. XC. NO. CLXXX.

Bohemia, early history of, 414; embassy of Leo von Rosmital, 416—and see Hye.

Britton, J., on the authorship of Junius, 91-93—and see Junius.

Buonaparte, Napoleon, 544—see Lamar-tine.

——— Louis Napoleon, 257—authorship of *Révision de la Constitution*, *ib.*—the Legion of Honour, *ib.*—alleged anticipation of conspiracy against him, 259—the Republic and the Constitution, *ib.*—the National Assembly, 260—constitutional position of the President, 262—interference with the press, 264—with the army, *ib.*—his salary, 266—differences with the Assembly, 267—universal suffrage, 268—composition of the Assembly, 269—the coup d'état of December, 1851, 271—arrests, 272—the High Court of Justice, 274—the *Parti Prêtre*, 277—government by the sword, 278.

C.

Caithness, progress of agriculture in, 184.

California versus Free trade, 493.

Cathcart, Hon. Geo., *Commentaries on the War in Russia and Germany* by, and other military memoirs generally, p. 1—Baron Mülling, 3—his sketch of the Duke of Brunswick, 4—joins the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, 5—Müller's Memoirs, 6—festivities at Erfurt, 7—Napoleon, *ib.*—Blücher, 11—battle at Bautzen, 12—Katzbach, 15—French generals, *ib.*—Mülling agent between the Prussian and English commanders in 1815, 17—intercourse with the Duke, 19—proceedings at Quatre Bras, 20—

- march to Paris, 22—General Wolzogen, 24—camp of Drissa, 25—intrigues at Smolensko, 27—battle at Leipzig, 30—Col. Cathcart's narrative, 31.
- Chaboulon, Fleury de, account of, 544—and see Lamartine.
- Chesney, Col., on the 'Past and Present State of Fire-Arms,' 445—and see Douglas.
- Clift, Mr., appointment of at the Hunterian Museum, 365.
- Conservative principles and policy, 492-501.
- Constitution, Révision de la—authorship of, 257.
- Cottle, Joseph, Alfred, an heroic poem, by, 333—and see Epic poems.
- Coverley, Sir R., 285—and see Addison.

D.

- Derby, the Earl of, speeches by, 567-579—administration of, 576.
- Douglas, Sir Howard, *Treatise on Naval Gunnery*, by, 445—the old musket, *ib.*—the rifle, 446—tactics of the Americans, 448—first publication of the treatise, 450—on projectiles, *ib.*—deductions, 453—point blank range, 454—the penetration of shot, 455—boring up, 456—shells, *ib.*—the pivot-traversing principle, 457—the French incendiary shell, 458—on the service of guns in action, 460—Col. Chesney's work, *ib.*—early use of powder, 461—artillery, *ib.*—its constitution, 464—the horse brigade, 465—basis for re-organization, 467—the Minié rifle, 470—the Zundnadelgewehr, 473—superiority of new over old weapon, 477—loading, *ib.*—discharge, *ib.*—angle of elevation, 479—distances, *ib.*—Rand's telescope, *ib.*—Beamish's, 480—stadia, *ib.*—the bore, 482—the Minié ball, 483—the range, 484—loading, 485—effect of rifles on guns and cavalry, 486—results of experiments, 489.

E.

- Emigration from Ireland and Scotland, 188-199—effects of, 200—on America, 203.
- England in 1466, some account of, 425—and see Hye.
- Epic Poems, *Recent*, 333—on epic poetry, *ib.*—poetic subjects, 335—Cowper's Task, *ib.*—Scott, *ib.*—Byron, 336—Crabbe, 337—want of originality in recent authors, 339—Joseph Cottle's

- Alfred, *ib.*—Fitchett's Alfred, 341—Harris's Napoleon, 344—'Sacred Incidents,' 349—proposed exhibition, 349—theory of Creation, 351—destruction of Pharaoh, 352—Hawkins's Wars of Jehovah, *ib.*—Dr. Stebbing's 'Jesus,' 355—Montgomery's 'Luther,' 356.
- Expression, anatomy and philosophy of, 62-65—and see Physiognomy.

F.

- Farini, L., *the Roman States*, by, 226—account and reputation of, 226—Italy and Austria, 227—discontents in Milan, 228—Count Gonsaloniére, *ib.*—Silvio Pellico, 229—right of a state to punish treason, 230—the papal Government, 231—political police, 232—Italian liberals and secret societies, 233—Leo XII. and the Sanfedisti, 235—Gregory XVI., 236—rebellion at Romagna, *ib.*—Louis Napoleon's plot, 237—Mazzini, 238—The Bandiera, 239—Pius IX., 241—the 'great conspiracy,' 241—the press, 242—Lord Minto's mission, 244—reason of the failure of the Italian cause, 245—rights of Austria, *ib.*—retrospect, 246—on the insurrection of Milan, 247—policy of Pius IX., *ib.*—Mr. Gladstone's letters to Lord Aberdeen, 249—state of Rome, 251—Count Rossi, 252—Mamiani, *ib.*—Lord Palmerston's policy, 254.
- Fire-arms, Observations on, 445—and see Douglas.
- Fishes, classification of, in natural history, 382.
- Francis, Sir Philip, claims of to the authorship of Junius, 94—and see Junius.
- Free-trade policy, 492—protection, 493—abolition of the Corn Laws, *ib.*—Californian gold, *ib.*—effect of influx of gold, 495—fluctuation of, 496—position of agriculturists, 497—full extent of free trade, 500—Conservative policy, 501—protectionists, 502.

G.

- Game Laws, the, deprecated by Junius and Lord Lyttelton, 146.
- Gardens, 34—and see Kew.
- Garland, the, by Horace Walpole, 311.
- George III., early reign of, 503—*Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham*, edited by Lord Albemarle, 504—conduct of Chatham, *ib.*—the Grenville Papers, 506—Lord Mahon's History

vols. v. and vi., 507—character of the king, 510—state of the government, 511—management of the House of Commons, 512—conduct towards America, 512—interview between George II. and Hardwicke, 513—character of Temple, 515—fall of Newcastle, 517—accession of Bute, 518—the Grenville administration, 520—the Stamp Act, 523—Weaver riots, 525—conduct of ministers, 526—Rockingham, 527—his conduct towards Pitt, 531—jealousy to Bute, 532—the Chatham administration, 534—loss of America, 539—the Duke of Grafton, *ib.*—Lord North, 540—change wrought by the king's resolution, 542.

Germany, campaigns in, 1—and see Cathcart.

Ghosts, on the appearance of, 290.

Gladstone, W. E., 226—and see Farini.

Gold, effect of influx of, 495—fluctuation of, 496—rise in prices, 498—standard of value, 499. See *California*.

Gonfaloniere, Count, anecdote of, 228.

Gordon, General Patrick, diary of, 314, 315—birth and early life, 318—studies at Dantzic, 319—joins the Swedish army, *ib.*—severe discipline, 320—is taken prisoner, and joins the Poles, *ib.*—Sobieski, 321—enters the Russian service, 322—mission to England, 324—aids the young Czar Peter against the Regency, 327—his death, 328—anecdotes, *ib.*

Government, Prevalent System of, since the Reform Bill, 567—Lord Melbourne's administration, 569—Sir Robert Peel's, 569—the Lichfield House Compact, 570—dissolution of Parliament in 1841, 571—Free Trade, *ib.*—Sir R. Peel's defection, *ib.*—Lord John Russell, 572—defeats of, 1851 and '52, 573—the new Reform Bill, 575—Lord Derby's administration, 576—speeches of, 579—the Snaith petition, *ib.*—Protection, 581—cause of Lord John Russell's resignation, 584—conduct of Sir James Graham, 585—the Chesham Place meeting, 586—analysis of members, 587—593—duty of the country to preserve itself from a revolutionary government, 592.

Graham, Sir James, speeches and conduct of, 585.

Grenville Papers, the, 503—and see George III.

Gunnery, Naval, treatise on, 445—and see Douglas.

Gunpowder, early use of, 461.

H.

Harris, William Richard, 'Napoleon,' an epic poem by, 333—and see Epic Poems.

Hawkins, Thomas, 'The Wars of Jehovah,' by, 333—and see Epic Poems.

Heron, Sir R., Notes by, 206—reasons for noticing the work, *ib.*—origin of the family, 207—family anecdotes, 209—curious mixture of notes, 210—political slanders, 211—Sheridan and the Regent, 212—political consistency, 213—the case of the Barrack Masters, 214—historical errors, 216—Soult at the Coronation, and the Quarterly Review, *ib.*—Pitt and Vansittart, 218—Castlereagh, 219—Duke of Portland, 220—royal visit to Ireland in 1821, 221—Lord Brougham, 222—the House of Commons, 223—Canuing, 224—Scarlett and Copley, *ib.*

Highlands, the, *Destitution in*, 163—the potato blight, *ib.*—Sir J. McNeill's expedition, 164—exaggerated accounts, *ib.*—Mr. Donald Ross, 165—encumbered estates, 166—sale of, in Scotland, 167—outlay by proprietors, *ib.*—inadequacy of eleemosynary aid, 168—peculiar character of inhabitants, *ib.*—similarity to the Irish, 170—the Destitution Fund, *ib.*—consumption of whisky, 171, 594—dislike to labour, 172—mode of living in the Hebrides, 176—manufacture of kelp, 177—hering fishery, 178—remedy for the distress, 179—experiments, 182—Caithness, 184—small holdings, 186—comparison between Belgian and Highland husbandry, 187—emigration, 188.

—————, note on, 593—case of Skye, *ib.*—error in Excise returns as to the consumption of whisky, 594.

Hooker, Sir W. J., 31—and see Kew.

Hunter, John—see Owen.

Hye, Isidoor, *Notices sur les Voyages faits en Belgique par des Etrangers*, par, 413—researches and discovery by, *ib.*—early history of the Reformation in Bohemia, 414—George of Podiebrad, 415—Rockysana, *ib.*—embassy of Leo von Rosmital, 416—objects of the mission, 418—its progress, 419—relics at Cologne, 420—at Aix la Chapelle, *ib.*—Brussels, 421—Bruges, 424—Dover, *ib.*—Canterbury relics, 425—arrival in London, 426—the court of Edward IV., 428—departure of the Embassy, 431—Salisbury, *ib.*—embarkation, 432—

general account of England, 433 — France, 434—Louis XI., *ib.*—Joan of Arc, 435—Spain, *ib.*—progress through, 436—bull fights, 437—Portugal, 438—Compostella, 439 — Toledo, Madrid, 442—Barcelona, 443—Venice, *ib.*—reception at Gratz, 444—return to Prague, *ib.*

I.

Incidents, Sacred, by Psychologist, 333, and see *Epic Poems*.

Ireland, destitution in, 174—public works on roads, *ib.*—sale of encumbered estates in, 190—decrease of population, 191—emigration, 192—misfortunes of, 194—comparative number of acres to each individual, 196—immigration, 196—peculiarities of the country, 198.

Italy, 226, and see *Fariui*.

J.

Jatropha urens, the, 48.*

Junius, the authorship of, 91—Mr. Britton's work, *ib.*, 93—Colonel Barré's claims, *ib.*—Sir Philip Francis, 94—descriptions by Junius, 96—of Chatham, *ib.*—of Welbore Ellis, *ib.*—Mr. Calcraft, 97—reasons against Francis being the author, 101—qualities united in Junius, 102—admiration of Mr. Grenville, 106—commencement of the letters, 107—position of George Lord Lyttelton, 108—negotiations of Pitt and Temple, *ib.*—Thomas Lyttelton (the second Lord) 110—his early life, 111—in Parliament, 114—his marriage, 117—political career of, 118—joins the ministry, 123—his vision, 128—his death, 129—general characteristics of, 132—extensive acquaintance, 133—Chase Price, 135—Colonel Bodens, *ib.*—the Selwyn coterie, 136—Tom Whateley, 137—Lord Chatham's infirmities, 139—connexion with the Bedford family, 141—similarity of sentiment in Thomas Lyttelton and Junius, 144—the American question, *ib.*—liberty of the press, 145—the game laws, 146—the Irish question, 147—parliamentary debates, *ib.*—religion, 149—extent of knowledge, 151—legal information, *ib.*—private letters, 153—quotations from Milton, 155—peculiar expressions, 158—notice of Lord Lyttelton's death by the Public Advertiser, 161—his general character, *ib.*

K.

Kelp, manufacture of, 177.

Kew Gardens, 34—on gardens generally, 35—Hervey's reflections, *ib.*—Gerarde, *ib.*—pleasure grounds, 37—scientific names of plants, *ib.*—pines, 38—the *Araucaria imbricata*, 39—conservatories, 40—the heating process, 41—tea shrubs, 43—the Moutan, *ib.*—sensitive plants, 44—the Victoria regia, 45—the palm stove, 46—poisonous plants, 47—*Jatropha urens*, 48—*Aristolochia gigas*, 48—the museum, 49—the pottery tree, 51—dairy plants, *ib.*—Darnel, 53—Lentil, 54—paper and bark, *ib.*—composition of potatoes, 55—the Director's Report, *ib.*—objects of the garden, 56—exports and imports, 57—the Arboretum, 58—number of visitors, 59—regulations, 60.

L.

Lamartine, A. de, on the Hundred Days, 543—character of the work, *ib.*—Buonaparte's return from Elba, 544—M. Fleury de Chaboulon, *ib.*—the Orleanist conspiracy, 549—Soul's share in the return of Buonaparte, 554—unusual General Orders, 556—Buonaparte's arrival at Macon, 558—campaign of Waterloo, 559—victories of Wellington, 562—feelings of, at close of the day, 562—anecdote of a cook, 564—conduct of Napoleon, *ib.*

Lavater on physiognomy, 66.

Lepidosiren, account of the, 371.

Luther, or the Spirit of the Reformation, by Rev. R. Montgomery, 333, and see *Epic Poems*.

Lyttelton; Thomas, 108, and see *Junius*.

M.

Mahon Lord, History of England by, vol. v. and vi., 503, and see *George III.* Microscope, the, use of, in physiological investigations, 384.

Milan, discontent and plots in, 228.

Military memoirs, 1, and see *Cathcart*.

Ministries, the old and new, 567.

Minto, Lord, mission to Rome, 244.

M'Neill, Sir John, Report of, on the Western Highlands and Islands, 163.

Montgomery, Rev. Robert, Luther by, 333, and see *Epic Poems*.

Monsters, Hunter's Theory of Cause and Origin of, 368.

Moutan, the, 43.
Muffling, Baron, memoirs of, 1, and see Cathcart.
Müller, F. von, recollections of, 1-6, and see Cathcart.
 Murchison, Sir R., on the Australian Gold, 427 n.
 Muskets, observations on, 445, and see Douglas.
 Mylodon, the, on the structure of, 398.

N.

Napoleon, an epic poem, 333, and see *Epic Poems*.
Napoleon, Louis, 257, and see *Buonaparte*.
 Newcastle, Duke, fall of, 517.
 Noses, the classification of, 62, and see *Physiognomy*.

O.

Ourang-outan, the, 372.
Owen, Professor, Works by, 362-370 n.—early career, *ib.*—interview with Abernethy, 364—the Hunterian Museum, 365—Mr. Clift, *ib.*—Mr. Owen's appointment, 366—compilation of catalogues, *ib.*—of the physiological series of comparative anatomy, 367—origin of monsters, 368—memoir on the *Lepidosiren*, *ib.*—the Ourang-outan, 372—effect of his labours upon the classification of the animal kingdom, 373—division of the class *Mammalia*, 374—experiments on marsupial animals, 375—the *Ungulata*, 378—*Birds*, 380—the *Apteryx*, *ib.*—division of *Reptiles*, 381—of *Fishes*, 382—*Mollusca*, 383—*Belemnites*, *ib.*—microscopic investigations, 384—parasitical animals of the human frame, 385—'Odontography', 388—structure of fish scales, 392—paleontology, 393—Hunter's observations, *ib.*—his collection of Fossils, 395—the *Megatherium*, 397—the Sloth and *Mylodon*, 398—the *Dinornis*, 402—works on British Fossil Mammals and Birds, 406—*Reptiles*, *ib.*—origin of our existing *Mammalia*, 408—the *Anoplothera*, 412.

P.

Paleontology, 393.
 Palmerston, Lord, conduct and policy of, 254.

Peel, Sir R., administrations of, 569-571, and see *Government*.
Physiognomy, on, 62—the human face, *ib.*—of likenesses, 63—means of recognition, 64—the eyes, *ib.*—expression, 65—on physiognomy as a science, 66—*Lavater*, *ib.*—*Le Brun's* passions, 68—Sir C. Bell, *ib.*—limited nature of theories, 69—the human and animal profile, *ib.*—Greek artists, 70—physiognomy proper to certain stages of life, 71—expression of intellect and the heart, 72—not confined to the face, 74—the nose, 75—beauty in women, 76—gradual development, 78—prevalent style of beauty, 81—general forms, 83—the forehead, *ib.*—the eye, 84—the mouth, 85—teeth, 86—unity of the parts, 87—the smile, 89—effect of sun, 90.
 Pines, varieties of, 38.
 Potato, composition of the, 55.
 Press, the, liberty of, upheld by Junius and Thomas Lord Lyttelton, 145.

R.

Reptiles, division of, 381.
Restauration, Histoire de, 543, and see *Lamartine*.
 Rifle, the, 470.
Rockingham, memoirs of, 503, and see *George III.*
Roman States, the, 226, and see *Farini*.
Rosmital, Leo von, embassy of, 416, and see *Hye*.
 Russell, Lord John, cause of his late resignation, 567, and see *Government*.

S.

Sermons, on the composition of, 288.
 Silvio Pellico, account of, 229.
 Spain in 1466, some account of, 435, and see *Hye*.
 Stadia, the, 480.
 Stamp Act, the, origin of, 524—American opposition to, 528.

T.

Teeth, the, investigations on, 388.
Temple, Richard Grenville Earl of, his correspondence, 503—character, 515—liberality of, 516.

V.

Vegetable Kingdom, the extent of, 37.

W.

Walpole, H., the Garland by, 311.*Walpole, Sir Robert*, corrupt profusion of, 511.*Waterloo*, campaign of, 550.*Wellington, Duke of*, victories of, 562—after *Waterloo*, *ib.**Wills, W. H.*, his edition of the *De Coverley Papers*, 285—and see *Addison*.*Witchcraft*, belief in, 302.*Wolzogen, Baron of*, memoirs by, 1-24, and see *Cathcart*.

Z.

Zundnadelgewehr, the, 473.

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Ad. Per.
Glas.

